THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY
823
W216t4
v.3
ENGLISH
SEMINAR

A. Shurieff Kensington

TREMAINE,

OR THE

MAN OF REFINEMENT.

FOURTH EDITION.

Robert Plumer Ward

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. L. COX, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

823
W216t4
v.3

English

TREMAINE,

OR, THE

MAN OF REFINEMENT.

CHAP. I.

SUSPENSE.

" The house doth keep itself,
" There's none within."

SHAKSPEARE.

It was the next morning but one after Tremaine had received the important packet from Georgina, that Evelyn, having heard nothing from him in return, rode over to Woodington. The lodges were tenanted as usual, and the gate thrown open with the customary civil salutes; and, when he arrived at the great hall door, a groom ran out from the offices, as he had been wont, to take his horse. The hall was unpeopled by servants; but as that, since Tremaine's seclusion, was but a common occurrence, it seemed nothing particular,

531596

and Evelyn, as he had been accustomed, made his way alone to the long dining-room, which opened on the terrace, and through that to the library, which flanked that end of the house.

That no master was there to be found, did not surprise him; his books were all open upon their desks, pens were still in the ink, some notes in writing lay on the table, and Evelyn, therefore, made sure of finding his friend in the garden or park, to which he immediately bent his steps.

But when, after full half an hour's search, he returned from the grounds without having seen the trace of a human creature, much less of the master, his heart took the alarm; and, aware of his friend's ebullitions, in conduct as well as in feeling, though not suspicious, he began to suspect.

Betaking himself to the bell of the library, he rang hard, in hopes of being answered by his friend, Monsieur Dupuis. Not even a lacquey appeared; and, fearing that there might be illness, he mounted the stairs to seek Tremaine in his bed-chamber. But not only the bed-chamber was tenantless, but all was solitary, vacant, and deserted. He coursed the gallery (above a hundred feet long), without meeting a soul; and, as a last resource, descended to seek in the stables for the groom who had taken his horse, in order to obtain from him the information that now seemed painfully necessary.

A better informant met him on the way, and he was really relieved at the sight of his respectable friend, Mrs. Watson.

"Oh! Sir," said this attached adherent, "I was in hopes you would have come yesterday, and I was just going down to the hall to ask after my poor master."

"Ask after him, my good Watson! what can have happened?"

"Ah, Sir! you know best, for it was your last packet that set him off; he was like wild to us all from the time he received it."

Here the good woman became too agitated to proceed, and could only wring her hands and bemoan herself. Evelyn, though he knew her, could not prevent some alarm in himself; but concealing it, inquired, with as much calmness as he could muster, where her master was?

"By this time at Belmont," replied Watson, "as be sure you must know from Mr. Dupuis."

"I have not seen Dupuis," said Evelyn, with surprise.

"That nasty Frenchman!" exclaimed Watson. "He went to you, as I thought, from my master, when he told me to pack up all his clothes."

"All his clothes!"

"Yes, all! for I asked him for how long he was going, thinking he might be only going to York, or

so; but he said he did not know when, if ever, he should come back. But Belmont is a vile place for him, Sir, as you know, and he won't stay there neither, for from what Dupuis said, I am sadly afeared he will go abroad again. Oh! who would have thought it,—so comfortable as we was all getting! Oh! dear Sir, if you and Miss Georgy ———, but, to be sure, I beg pardon,—to be sure I am but a servant."

Here the good creature, who was in sincere grief, was obliged to stop, though she might have gone on long for any interruption that Evelyn was inclined to give her. He was, indeed, somewhat quieted from the alarm he had at first experienced; but a long train of thoughts and fears, which what she was saying had conjured up to his imagination, occupied him so much, that he felt no necessity to question her farther than to ascertain, if possible, the route of his friend.

He learned that he had gone the first stage towards Ferrybridge with his own horses, which had long been returned, and were to remain, with all the table people, till farther orders.

Could Watson have told more, it is certain she would not have concealed it; as certain that she did all that was consistent with her own sense of decorum and respect to her superiors, and for Evelyn n particular, to gather, if possible, what had passed

between Tremaine and the Evelyn Hall family. That something critical had happened, she saw; and her malicious coadjutor, Monsieur Dupuis, had asserted most positively that Tremaine had offered, and been refused by Georgina; but this she would never believe. Nay, she was sure that he had only to offer to be accepted, as she often said, by the finest lady in the land. The valet denied this, partly to tease her, partly from a secret wish that some mortification might happen to Tremaine; which his affronts, as he called them, from his master, made him believe was not more natural than justifiable.

Evelyn, perceiving that nothing more was to be gained from Watson, took his leave of that good woman, with expressing a hope that better times would come.

CHAP. II.

A WONDERING.

"Your Provost knows the place where he abides."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
"That your poor friends must woo your company!"

SHAKSPEARE.

The return of Evelyn to his home was mournful and slow. He was lost in anxious doubt as to the

intentions of Tremaine, and the ultimate fate both of him, and of his daughter. That he should fly from Woodington, did not surprise—perhaps, at the moment, did not displease him; that he should choose Belmont as a refuge, grieved him; but the surmise that he might go abroad was the least satisfactory of all. What puzzled, and perhaps hurt him most, was, that he should take any resolution without informing them.

"He cannot be angry with us!" exclaimed he to himself. "And yet he is a proud man! Alas! if it had not been so, he perhaps had not been an infidel."

Better thoughts of him succeeded. "Poor, poor fellow! he is suffering to the bottom of his heart, and all from honour. He cannot close such a heart against us."

This was Evelyn's soliloquy, and this brought him home, but not to happiness, for it was no longer to a daughter's smile.

The brow of Georgina clouded more and more at the tidings he brought: and when he related the possibility, nay probability, that Tremaine might leave the kingdom, her heart sunk within her.

"Here, at least," said she, "we might know the state of his mind. But whatever happens, surely he will return, and tell it to us himself."

Still weeks and months elapsed, and no communi-

cation was received by this afflicted father and daughter, from the friend whose happiness or misery had so entirely depended upon them; and though they learned from Watson (the only informant they had left) that he had quitted Belmont, and that all the house servants had been discharged, yet they saw the long, long year close over their heads without receiving the smallest tidings from Tremaine himself.

What was almost worse, the sinking state of his daughter, exclusive of the pangs it naturally excited, began to be accompanied with reflections cruel and bitter to the good heart of Evelyn: for, firm as he was to the purpose he thought right, particularly when connected with his religious duty, he began to question whether both himself and Georgina had not dealt too hardly by their friend; and, therefore, whether much of the misery, both as to the past and the future, might not have been avoided.

Forgive him, Heaven, for this! forgive him, all the stoics, and all the critics of the world! When he saw the faded, sunken cheek of such a creature as Georgina had been—saw her struggling with a sorrow that seemed only becoming more and more rooted, yet assuming, or rather striving to assume, a smile to please him, which the ghostly paleness of her countenance seemed to convert into mockery—his heart must have been hard indeed, if it had not sometimes suffered itself to be affected by a weak-

ness of this sort. Heaven knows, it bore its own punishment along with it.

A journey to Belmont itself, by Evelyn, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether its master were again really buried there, or what had been his intentions when he quitted it, proved wholly unavailing. Neither could the servants, left there in charge, nor any one in the neighbourhood, nor Dr. Asgill himself (the sensible physician who had formerly corresponded with Evelyn concerning Tremaine), give the smallest tidings of his steps. That he had been there for a week, during which he had confined himself to the house, and at length had left the place with post-horses, and entirely unattended—was all they could relate, for it was all they had learned; and Evelyn returned home to his drooping girl, to see her droop still more; and though her mind was supported by her piety, her tender frame was evidently shaken by a struggle too violent for its strength.

Once, and once only, a little gleam seemed to open upon their melancholy. In Oxford, that beautiful Athens—where groves, and gardens, and towers, and cathedrals, and consecrated walks by mead or river, are mingled in delight; where contemplation at leisure prunes her wings, philosophy revels, ambition prepares itself for its career, or retreats after being satiated; in short, in that fairy land of genius and

instruction, so full of all interests, whether of elegant taste or learned lore, Evelyn, in very fondness for the nursing mother of his mind, had kept up an occasional correspondence (if so a letter in a twelvemonth could be called) with one or two of its resident members. One of them, a Mr. Davenport, full fifteen months after Tremaine's flight, wrote to Evelyn as follows:

"I think I never mentioned to you your neighbour 'Squire, Mr. Tremaine, who you once said had so interested and enlivened your old northern hall. Interested he may, but I should think he never could have enlivened it. At least we are all puzzled about him here, considering his station in the world, the busy hours of his former life, and his former distinction both public and private. Here, to be as little distinguished as possible, to be buried in the silence of his rooms, immersed in no one knows what studies (for with scarce any one does he converse), in short, to be a college machine, seems to be the changed lot of this once brilliant and conspicuous character. You never told me of his coming, and we are all strangers to him except the President, whom alone he visits, and with whom alone he converses. To us Fellows he is civil enough, but in his civility he is most melancholy. He reads and walks a great deal, but always alone, and the

latter chiefly at night. No evening but sees him for an hour, or perhaps two, in Addison's Walk, from which he always retires if any one invade him; which I must say no one is disposed to do: for, considering his rank, fortune, connexions, and present vacuity, we look upon him as little more than an illustrious mope."

Evelyn almost let fall this letter when it first came to hand. To read this account of his friend, both surprised and distressed him; but to hear of him at all was overpowering, and from such a place most unlooked-for. Yet to hear was a sort of pleasure of itself, though mingled with regret that he should have left them so long without intelligence. It was evident, however, from Mr. Davenport's style, that he had no thought but that Evelyn knew better than himself both the fact of his retreat, and the cause of it.

Two moments sufficed to take his resolution what to do—two days to carry it into effect; for it was no longer a time before Evelyn set out for Oxford in search of his unhappy friend.

During the first days of his absence the feelings of Georgina may be easily conceived. The natural buoyancy of her mind permitted it to be somewhat raised from that dull and listless weariness of spirit, which had taken the place of her charming vivacity. Her lovely beauty seemed almost to revive, and a

real rose nearly took place of the hectic on her cheek. She counted the hours to the first post from Oxford, and the seal of her letter was broken in an agony of mingled emotion. Into what did it subside, if it could be said to subside, when she read that the object of her father's search was not to be found; having, he said, withdrawn himself from Oxford the very day after the date of Mr. Davenport's letter. He had by chance seen this letter in Davenport's hands, and was astonished to find, upon questioning him, that he was the Doctor's old acquaintance and occasional correspondent.

Why Tremaine had withdrawn, neither Davenport nor the President of the College (to the last of whom he had merely signified his intention) could even guess, much less tell.

From the President, however, Evelyn was able, before he took his leave, to procure some few particulars, as to the life and habits of his eccentric friend, during his monastic seclusion: for such it seemed.

"One would have supposed," said the President, "that these had been the cloisters of the Paraclete, or La Trappe, instead of the rational retirement of a studious man; so much did our friend shun the very little society that presented itself to him; and, in regard to the silence, so nearly did he appear to have taken the vows. Had he been as devout as he

was regular in the discipline of prayers, or had he been as steady in his convictions as he was serious in his subjects of inquiry, I should have thought that Abelard or De Rancé had renounced the tumults and temptations of the world, and had retired hither to repentance and meditation.* And yet," added the President, "considering his extremely fair, nay his high character in the world, and also many acts of goodness that came to our ears,—he was a mystery which I own I could not unravel."

"Did he not communicate with you?" asked Evelyn.

"Little," said the President, "though more than with any one else. Our former acquaintance, and the turn of his studies, together, perhaps, with some little opinion he was pleased to have formed that I might be able to assist his objects, induced him to do me the honour of opening himself to me in a very

---

* De Rancé was a man of quality early in the seventeenth century in France; a scholar, but of most careless and dissipated life; in the midst of which, struck with several instances of providence in the preservation of his own person, his conversion was perfected, by the sudden sight of his mistress, whom he had gone to see (as he thought revelling in health and beauty), stretched in her coffin. At the age of thirty-seven he retired from court, where he had great power; gave away his estates, and shut himself up in his Abbaye of La Trappe, of which he restored the discipline.

small degree, when with others he was as silent as the night walks he was so fond of."

"May I ask those objects?" said Evelyn.

"I have miscalled them," answered the President. "I should rather have said the subjects he was upon."

"And what were they?" continued Evelyn.

"Metaphysics, and those of the deepest kind; all the high genera; the keenest subtleties of scepticism; Spinozism, Hobbes, and Des Cartes."

"You make me tremble!" said Evelyn.—"I would rather it had been the Bible, Newton, and Clarke."

"They were by no means wanting," continued the President; "and the avidity with which all were pursued, was more like that of a keen student about to take his degree in divinity, than a man so entirely of the world, for such he certainly was, however he might, from I know not what cause, be enamoured of retreat."

"Did he assign no cause?" asked Evelyn.

"He opened himself *as self* very little, or rather not at all," observed the President; "and it was not for me to ask his confidence. Yet it was evident there was something in his mind more than mere love of philosophy, or a christian desire to work out salvation."

"Was there *any thing* of the last?" inquired Evelyn with interest.

"I should say, not much," returned the President, "though it was certainly not altogether wanting. His aim seemed truth."

"A good aim!"

"No doubt! But with all this, there was a gloom, a fear, a doubt of himself, and all attended with an indescribable melancholy, that made me sometimes suspect all was not right in his head. And this was rather confirmed than weakened by his mode of living."

"As how?" asked Evelyn.

"In a manner wholly unworthy either his rank or fortune, or his known liberality. No acquaintance; scarcely a servant, or a horse; the mere College fare, abstemious as to that, and always alone. The hall scarcely ever saw him; and his lamp burned long after every other in Oxford was extinguished, and every soul in College at rest."

"You interest me greatly," cried Evelyn—"and his departure you say....."

"Was even more sudden and unexpected than his arrival. As he merely wrote me word a week before he came, of his intention to reside on his fellowship—which he had never, you know, renounced amidst all his gay or busy pursuits—so, the very day of his quitting us, he contented himself with announcing his intention to me, as his Superior in the place, and returning his thanks for what he was pleased to call my civilities as a friend."

It was with grief but ill disguised, that Evelyn felt forced, from this conversation, to give up all hope of the discoveries he had endeavoured to make. One thing only appeared; that Tremaine, whatever might have induced him to fly even the commonest intercourse with the friends who had once so absorbed him, was deeply and sincerely plunged in those subjects on which they had so cruelly differed; and if his object, as the good President said, was truth, he could not, as Evelyn hoped, long resist its demonstration.

This gilded a little, though but a little, the gloom with which he took leave of his College friends; from whom he carefully concealed the real intention of his visit, which passed for one of mere interest about the place he had always so much loved. He took London in his way back, on the thankless errand of inquiring at Tremaine's banker's, after that unfortunate friend;—thankless, because nothing could he elicit from the real or well-feigned ignorance of the cautious persons of whom he made the inquiry.

This overthrow to all hope, after it had been so excited, only made the situation both of father and daughter worse than it had been before.

That lovely flower again hung its head, under the very hand that endeavoured, with unremitting affection, to prop and protect it. Health seemed for

ever gone; the little medical aid that had been used was discontinued, as unavailing; and Evelyn agreed with his friend Dr. Asgill, who had come all the way from Northamptonshire to visit them, that the case was beyond his reach.

"The mind is always so," said this unpretending person, "nor do we affect to cure it: it is sufficient happiness if we can reach the ills of body. But mind may be soothed, may be diverted, and particularly by change of place. Evelyn is too lonely for one who is evidently

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

"You advise, then," said Evelyn, "a change of air, of place?"

"I do," said Dr. Asgill, "and as far from home as you please."

CHAP. III.

A TOUR.

"At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans."

SHAKSPEARE.

A sick mind finds no interest or pleasure, and therefore no ease, in cities. Where men and wo-

men, and even children, are shouldering one another in a perpetual race—where every nerve strives, and every pulse beats with some great passion, even to bursting—there is no room for the stricken deer to lie down though but to die, much less to endeavour to recover.

The chariot wheels of Lord and Lady St. Clair, of Mrs. Neville, of Tremaine's political friend Lord A. (who it may be remembered, had deserted him), and of a hundred other minions of splendour, who have their reward in this life, drove not one inch the slower than their usual pace, because Georgina might be dying of a broken heart, or Tremaine perishing by inches wherever he might be; the one in the cause of Heaven, the other of honour. No! like Macbeth, they were content to find the 'Be all, and the end all, here;' and provided that were brilliant, 'they jump'd the life to come.'

It was not, therefore, among such as these, that either Evelyn or Georgina could obtain that diversion for thoughts ill at ease, or remedy for health undermined, which both of them so needed. Yet something there was to both, in the little excitements occasioned by a change of place, which no heart, however monotonously disposed, but sometimes feels. This was not, however, in the towns they had visited. To Georgina, and Evelyn too, in their present state, London seemed one vast vacuity, and Paris a burning dream.

It was at the gate of a cottage garden in the Orléannois, in one of the softest evenings ever known in France, that a graceful little French girl, with brown but well turned hands, presented a scarcely browner loaf and a glass of milk to Georgina; and this little French girl looked so *naïve* and *éveillée*, and was dressed so piquantely, in a jacket and short jupe, shewing the most charming symmetry at every turn; and the simple rose with which she had decked her dark hair, just where it parted, Madona-like, across her oval polished forehead, was so tastefully disposed; and moreover she curtseyed her thanks so prettily for the little piece of silver bestowed upon her for the milk and bread she had supplied; she was so humble, yet so proud withal, to have done any thing for so sweet a lady—"Mademoiselle est si douce, et si malade," said the little French girl; all this, together with the scene around, excited more interest in Georgina than any thing she had met with since she left Yorkshire.

It was, indeed, a scene to do the heart good; especially if it wanted soothing: for not only was the air in that soft climate, and softest of evenings, a luxury sufficient for the most sickly sense, but the cottage garden, at the gate of which the poor exhausted Georgina had stopped, was a blaze of flowers, displaying such colours, and emitting such scents, as we poor islanders, with all our ruralities,

are condemned never to know. Then, again, in a large stack-yard, only just across the garden, the fragrant process of building several hayricks was going on. These were supplied by a succession of carts, drawn by oxen, from the plain of Orleans, which lay but a short distance off. The venerable pile of its cathedral could indeed be distinctly seen in the distance, and its curfew heard, as if warning all travellers to come within its protection before night should set in.

Georgina, however, was much more disposed to listen to a song of birds, perfectly ravishing, that arose from the echoing of a number, seemingly endless, of nightingales and thrushes, that lived on the banks of the copsy stream which passed the end of the little garden. This fairy rivulet ran winding under various root-formed banks, and gurgling over mossy stones, till it broke out of the valley into the great plain of Orleans above mentioned; where, uniting itself with the Loire, it proceeded in broad and majestic march, till, at a distance, it seemed lost among the ever-memorable walls and consecrated steeples of this old, eventful, and still respectable city. All this formed exactly a fit scene, both for father and daughter.

CHAP. IV.

ECCENTRIC.

" Though this be madness, yet there's method in't !"

SHAKSPEARE.

" You are a gentleman of my own way."

SHAKSPEARE.

We have exerted ourselves much in vain, if the reader has not by this time formed such a notion of Evelyn's character, or rather disposition, as to believe that whenever he was free from the trammels of his ordinary life. he was any thing but an ordinary traveller, over whatever road he chose to take. With all his practical knowledge and habits of business, he had been, particularly in his youth, and was even now, the child of his feelings for the time being. Those feelings, though always natural, approached sometimes even to the romantic. This had made him often be thought eccentric by the world; though perhaps the eccentricity was no more than to pursue a by-path, or a cross track, when the high beaten way was not so agreeable. I mean this not merely as a figure.

He was particularly fond of making journeys, whether of business or pleasure, on horseback; and

on these occasions no man alive, not of a similar mind, could make him out. A fine prospect would always take him a mile out of the road, perhaps over hedge and ditch; nor, magistrate as he was, did he scruple to commit a trespass on such an occasion, if he could not enjoy what he wanted without it.

Above all, what he could never resist when alone, was a clean village inn, or country garden, in any sequestered spot, if there was a rich, busy, or merely quiet landscape around it. Here he would sometimes loiter for days at a time, though expected elsewhere. This was the sort of solitude he enjoyed; and as he had always books, and read, wrote, and thought much, he traced many of his best acquisitions to these moments of seclusion.

Seclusion, indeed, he denied it to be; for though he might pass hours either in the window that had first tempted him, by overlooking a fresh garden, or a wood impervious to the sun in the heat of the day, yet he could, he said, return to the world whenever the stage coach stopped to water or change horses; and there was always the resource of the inn kitchen.

This liberty was so pleasing to him, that the proximity even of friends could not tempt him to interrupt it; and he is known to have passed two whole days at the gate of a park belonging to a very old acquaintance, without the owner of it ever knowing he had been there.

Many of his notes, with which his books were plenteously interlined, were dated from these out of the way places, which, to be sure, did not always seem congenial to the subjects revolved. Some of the deepest points in Adam Smith were dated from a goatherd's cottage on the Alps; and a Commentary on Colliber's Treatise on the Soul was signed from the Stag and Hounds in Windsor Forest.

And yet, I have often heard him say, that some of his purest enjoyments were the fruit of these temporary deviations; which, however, were generally much more agreeable to the master than to his unsentimental servant.

"You will lose ten hours if you stay here, Sir"—said his groom once to him, who was in alarm at his only eyeing the sign of the Royal Oak, hanging half way up a hill, embosomed in wood.

"But I shall gain ten years of existence," replied Evelyn, "so put up the horses."

John knew there was nothing left for it, for "Master," as he said to the ostler as he helped to unsaddle, "was in one of his whims." He therefore obeyed, whistling, not for want of, but to divert thought; for, in fact, he wanted to be home, and could not help lamenting that so wise a man as his master should know so little about travelling.

Such were some of the passages of his former, and particularly of his bachelor life: and his disposition

on these points was participated, till health forbade, by the partner of his heart. It had now rather subsided, but easily revived when occasion called it forth; and in these respects, and at the present moment, though little equal now to any thing out of the beaten track, he was not ill seconded by the drooping Georgina herself.

"And what is your name, *petite?*" asked the Doctor, of the little French hostess.

"Lisette, Monseigneur," returned she, dropping her twentieth curtsey very low indeed, at being spoken to, as she thought, from his black habit, and barouche à quatre chevaux, by a Bishop, or grand Vicaire, at least.

"And how far to Orleans?"

"C'est tout près," continued Lisette, "only the bridge is broke down, close to the city, and the ford is very bad."

"Ce n'est rien," said the postillion, striding up in his long jack boots, "and besides, there is a ferry boat, and we can shift all the luggage."

"And the inn?"

"C'est superbe," cried the postillion, "et pour le chef de cuisine, un Cordon bleu! You will be there in no time," continued the postillion—"You would have been there and at supper by this, if it had not been for this little *chose*, and her diantre de pain bis."

The postillion, though a Frenchman, was not

sentimental, and had little taste for cottages, when there were all the charms of the Lion d'Or, in the grande Place d'Orléans, close by the magnificent cathedral, and the evening promenade of the whole town besides, only waiting, as it were, for their arrival.

Both Evelyn and Georgina thought differently. They looked and looked upon the landscape, and scented the surrounding sweets again and again, and felt all the charms of summer twilight stealing over their senses.

"My dear," said the Doctor, "I'm thinking, if such a thing were possible, and we could stay here to-night, instead of going into a close town—"

"It would be delightful!" exclaimed Georgina—"and we might be amused with Lisette."

"Let us inquire," said Evelyn.

"If there is but bedding," added Georgina, "we shall want nothing else; I care little for the *cordon bleu*."

"I see an arbour of vine leaves," observed Evelyn, getting out of the carriage.

La petite Lisette wondered what all this was to lead to, seeing him and Georgina s travelling maid, (not Winter) descend from the barouche. She willingly, however, attended them, answering all their questions with great promptness; but when she found what was their aim, her countenance suddenly fell, she shook her head, and exclaimed, with that

pretty *ton douloureux* which none but a French girl can express.

"Hélas! c'est impossible. Nous n'avons rien digne de Mademoiselle—ni chambre, ni lit: et ma mère! oh! comme cela est malheureux!"

Evelyn answered with a "*comment?*" and found that this little Lisette, who at most was but thirteen, had been left with her father, a market gardener, for two days in charge of the cottage, while her mother was gone to put in order the château, on a neighbouring hill above, belonging to a gentleman who was expected every day from the south.

"C'est malheureux," repeated Lisette, "il n'y a rien, ni pour la cuisine, ni pour la chambre, point de salon, point de linge, rien que des fleurs," looking at her own face, and the rose in her hair, in the only bit of glass to be found in the cottage.

In effect, however, Evelyn was much better satisfied than he himself, much more Lisette, could have expected. The cottage was, in fact, a fishing-house, belonging to the château above; there was a good sitting room, and at least one good bed-chamber; and every body knows that in France, whatever else may be wanting, tolerable bedding is generally sure to be found.

The barouche contained all requisite linen, and all materials for Georgina's little messes; in short she got out of the carriage too, and seated herself,

after rather a fatiguing day, in the freshest of French windows, looking immediately into the smooth gliding river beneath, from which the last gleams of twilight seemed to be retiring, while a lovely moon was just beginning to rise. Here she continued, and endeavoured to sooth her weakened spirits, while her kind father, with her maid, a French travelling valet, and the proud and pleased Lisette, had soon put every thing in the best order the adventure (for so for want of a better it seemed) would admit of.

"This is better than the Lion d'Or," said Evelyn, pressing her hand, after both had in silence been contemplating the beautiful night vision, at the still open window of the pretty fishing-house.

"That river is not unlike the Wharfe in dear England," observed Georgina with a sigh.

CHAP. V.

A RENCONTRE.

"Will you encounter the house?"

SHAKSPEARE.

The next morning Georgina arose a good deal refreshed, and by no means the worse for having slept in a pure honey-suckled air, instead of the smoke of the

Grande Place d'Orléans. The pretty Lisette, too, continued to amuse her—performing all the duties of a hostess (by no means leaving out that of prattling) to admiration. Had she been deficient, indeed, the father had now come to her assistance. But he was a plain man, of not near so many words, intent upon his garden toil, which led him daily to the market at Orleans: and little more could be got from him, than regrets that *la bonne femme* should be absent at such a time. She was, however, l'amie, et la confidente de Madame la Concierge of the château on the hill; and as the announced return of the owner was very sudden and unexpected, she could not possibly be spared from her task of providing furniture, particularly beds and linen, from the most celebrated tradesmen at Orleans, where she at present was.

"And who is the owner?" asked Evelyn, while Jerome was tying up his bundles of flowers, and filling his pottles with raspberries for the market at Orleans.

He really could not tell, except that he was grand officier militaire, who had just succeeded to the estate by marrying the heiress.

"And who was she?"

Of that too Jerome was ignorant; for he was himself a mere vieux soldat, only lately settled in those parts; but la bonne femme, l'amie de Madame la Concierge, knew all about it, and would certainly

tell all she knew if Monsieur did not intend to proceed immediately on his journey.

'Twas the last thing that Monsieur did intend: for, pleased himself, and seeing his daughter pleased with their pretty quarters, he resolved to stay where he was, for at least that morning.

He proposed boating (for Jerome had a boat), and Georgina, too, said she should love a few hours by that pretty river's side, while the hay was strewed in its very sweetest fragrance, on both its banks. Evelyn was delighted that any thing could please her, and told her she was queen of the day. Accordingly, a garden chair was carried out into the pleasantest part of the meadow, directly opposite the château which rose on the other much higher bank of the stream. Georgina was soon established with some books, and attended by Lisette,—who, while she staid, supplied the place of them; and the Doctor had the delight of seeing, almost for the first time for many a long month, something like placidity on the cheek of his invalid.

The hearts of both seemed to dilate. They looked along the plain where every thing was so rich, with the broad road winding through it, between a double row of elms, and cattle of all kinds tended by herdsmen from the busy city. There the great church always closed the prospect, in grandeur more venerable for a thousand classical associations that

attended it, whether for a Frenchman, or an Englishman.

"We shall not be able to stir to-day," said Evelyn.

"I know not why we should," observed Georgina; "and I think you have a wistful eye on the château on the hill before us."

"It stands exactly where it ought," returned the Doctor, examining it critically. "Those grey brick turrets, heavy leaden roofs, and gilt vanes, are very much to my taste, and I question if that mass of yew, so closely shaven, just along the terrace overhanging us, may not actually be cut into a temple; perhaps even a peacock itself, could one but see the inside."

"Why not make the attempt?" said Georgina. "As for me, I am so much taken with Lisette's account of a fête she was allowed to go to this time last year at Orleans, that you need not fear leaving me alone."

Evelyn patted her cheek, and set off for a little bridge that led over the river immediately up the hill, to the Château de St. Jules. He was soon there, and found no other difficulty in entering the garden, along one side of which the buildings ranged themselves, than arose from the immense weight of the iron gates that let him in. The great door of the house was in the same heavy taste, and certainly had kept the interior safe from at least the days

of Louis XIV., when the front seemed to have been erected. That too was open, and led into a hall, from which, on each side, was a complete *enfilade* of apartments, handsome from their spaciousness, but all without furniture. As it never occurred to Evelyn that he might be taking too great a liberty even with an empty house, he became in a moment under the influence of that irregular impulse of feeling that has been mentioned, and gave way without scruple to his curiosity, or rather his taste for an old building. The style of it brought old Louis, and all his court, before him; Villeroy, Roquelaure, Brissac, Madame de Maintenon, La Valière, Sévigné, and a thousand others; and he paced the rooms, and afterwards the gardens, and then the rooms again, with all the liberty of an absent man. He was, therefore, almost surprised, in one of his wanderings, to be asked his business by an elderly female of good address; evidently, from the bunch of keys at her girdle, the Madame la Concierge of whom he had heard. Her fly cap and lappets, short crimson petticoat under her white jacket, slippers down at heel, and milkwhite cotton stockings, displayed the complete Orléannoise, and French bonne bourgeoise. Though asked with great civility, it must be owned the question was a puzzling one, and the answer to it still more so. It was at least not easy for a grave English divine like Evelyn to ex-

plain to a French housekeeper, that he was a man who, on his travels, generally followed the whim of the moment; and that that whim, combined with a great fancy for examining empty houses, and a particular taste for the style of Louis XIV., had led him, unbidden, and without permission, to scale the territory of Mount St. Jules, and invade her dominion in the manner she saw.

" C'est fort extraordinaire," said the Concierge, " bien qu'il n'y a rien à voir. Nous ne sommes pas même meublés;" and then she went on to say, that chairs, tables, beds, and *vaisselles de cuisine*, all were to arrive, only that very day, in barges, from Orleans. There was nothing but her own room, and the cabinet and *petite chambre de lit de Monsieur*, at the top of one of the turrets, that could be said to have any furniture in them at all. Evelyn would then have asked leave to see the style of the room which the top of the turret contained, and of which he supposed the correspondent turret at the end of the gallery was a counterpart; but the old lady, hearing a step from the little staircase at the bottom of which they had been debating, put her finger on her mouth, while she looked at the door of the staircase. That door opened, and to the utter and overpowering astonishment of Evelyn, he beheld Tremaine.

CHAP. VI.

AN EXPLANATION.

" I never heard of such another encounter, which
" Lames report to follow it."

SHAKSPEARE.

More extraordinary things than this have happened. That a man who thought himself in seclusion, beyond the reach of human interruption, in a large and empty château in a very retired part of France, should be annoyed at having his retirement interrupted by the chattering of a French housekeeper with a passing traveller, and, being interrupted, should shut up his books, and descend to see who, and what was the cause of it,—cannot be wondered at. That Tremaine should, in his anxious state, fly the world more than ever, and be glad to have found such a retreat, is as little astonishing; and how he found it, will be presently explained, without there being any thing marvellous in it.

On the other hand, that his two friends should, in their state, and with the medical opinion given, also have resolved upon visiting France, is in

nowise surprising; neither can it astonish, that having resolved to go to the south, and Orleans being in the direct road to the south, they should have taken that road in the pursuit of their object, and stop precisely where they did stop, to give rest and diversion (the very things they came for) to the poor Georgina.

Then again, that a French girl is a very amusing thing, and that Lisette was a French girl——

But hold, I have surely shown enough of what may be called second causes in this affair, to prove that it really was not preternatural; and may therefore venture to proceed with my narrative.

The meeting may be conceived, but not described; at least not by me. I never was good at what is called a scene, though I can faithfully record what I have been told.

The astonishment, the perturbation, the fear, the joy, the doubt, the convincing embrace, the shake by the hand, renewed and renewed, while the *pauvre concierge* remained in the back-ground, astounded, dismayed, and yet so excited as to be unable to quit the spot; all this the reader must fancy for me, and allow the matter to subside a little, before I proceed with my story.

A turn or two in the gallery brought things a little round; and we may fancy the friends stopping, as they frequently did, to survey, perhaps to criticize

each other; each thinking, and not far wrong in doing so, that his friend's looks were all the worse since they parted. But when to Tremaine's question, what brought Evelyn to France, he answered, with a sigh of anxiety, "My daughter's health,"—the eagerness with which the inquiry was pursued, and the overwhelming agitation with which Tremaine learned that she was not only at hand, but almost within view,—all this I must trust to the reader's imagination; for no picture of mine can do it justice.

"Gracious Heavens!" at last exclaimed Tremaine; "what then has been my fate! I have been driven into banishment by her own command; compelled by that command to forego, to renounce, to lose her society; and find her by chance, only perhaps to lose her for ever!"

Evelyn was astonished at some parts of this speech, but endeavoured to comfort him, by saying that their reunion might do much for them all; but at present the difficulty was, to know how to break the intelligence of their extraordinary rencontre, without overpowering her already shattered nerves.

"Alas! my friend," said he, "to break up that opening scene, of what it might have pleased Heaven to convert into the perfection of mortal happiness, was sufficient bitterness; but you must not be offended if I tell you, you made bitterness tenfold more bitter, by withdrawing as you did, without an inti-

mation of your design, or vouchsafing afterwards, for near eighteen long months, one single word of yourself, your health, state of mind, or of those opinions upon which, you must have known, the happiness of us all was staked. Surely this was unkind to my poor girl, and much has she rued it. God grant she may ever yet recover !"

Tremaine, infinitely moved, expressed his astonishment at this reproach.

" Was I not exiled," said he, " not merely from my hopes, but my delight in her society, by her own determination ? Was not my continuance near her, or even in England, refused by herself? Alas! am I to be reproached with these sad consequences of separation, when I myself repined at what I thought her unnecessary caution—I may say, almost her injustice, for condemning me to it?"

" Nay, now my dear friend," said Evelyn, clasping his hand, " I cannot understand you ; you hinted riddles to me just now ; you have now told me a paradox which yourself must unravel. To banish you from our society, much more from England, was what neither I, nor my poor girl, ever either wished, or presumed to advise. Witness my own pursuit of you, first to Belmont, and then to Oxford."

" You are equally paradoxical," returned Tremaine ; " for surely the long letters I wrote, both to you and Georgina, the night before I left Wooding-

ton, might convince you, that in leaving you as I did, I obeyed your own wishes. In these, I left it to you to decide upon my stay or my banishment from England itself, together with all farther intercourse; only entreating, that if the last was your decision, I might gather it simply from your silence, as I could not bear a formal decree."

"I am all astonishment!" replied Evelyn; "nor can I unriddle this mystery; and yet I am upon the whole pleased, for it convinces me that you were not proud."

"Proud! Proud to Georgina!"

"No! I am quite sure you could not be so. And yet these letters that you speak of! None of them ever came to hand."

Tremaine started, and rubbed his forehead, as if to rouse recollection.

"My scoundrel valet!" exclaimed he, "Dupuis! do you remember him?"

"It is impossible to forget him."

"To him I confided these letters. I passed great part of the night in writing them; he took them at early morn, and joined me at Ferrybridge, where I waited for the answer; but answer brought he none."

"Did he give no account?" asked Evelyn.

"Too good a one. He said he brought me your respects, but that was all. Alas! from the form I had put it in, it was answer enough!"

"I own this puzzles me," said Evelyn. "People seldom do ill without motive; but here was no interest."

"I am equally embarrassed," said Tremaine.

That the reader may not be embarrassed too, I must request him to go back with me to that last conversation between Evelyn and Watson, two mornings after Tremaine's departure from Woodington, in which Watson had protested that the Frenchman had been ordered over to Evelyn Hall, by his master.

This was strictly the truth; but because he was ordered, it by no means follows that he obeyed. In fact, this prince of valets was much too great a man to allow any business, even of a master, to interfere with his own convenience or pleasures, and much too good a Frenchman not to have a little affair of gallantry of his own on hand, exactly at the moment when this order was given. Strictly to obey, and wait at Evelyn Hall till letters were written, and then ride post to Ferrybridge, would overthrow all his plans, and prevent a promised meeting with the very silly but blooming daughter of a neighbouring farmer. From the orders issued, too, it was perhaps the only meeting he could ever enjoy with his Helen: and the flesh and blood of a Frenchman could not withstand the temptation held out to him of hoped-for success, in preference to the performance of so

trifling a duty as delivering a letter. As to consequences, it was only to take a verbal compliment to his master that his letters were received; and as he had resolved to quit a place so little congenial to his tastes, he calculated (and was not wrong), that, by giving instant warning, he should be out of reach even of inquiry, long before his neglect could be discovered. Accordingly, he gave his few remaining hours to his assignation with his fair one, instead of dancing attendance at Evelyn Hall; and as to the letters, after an abortive attempt to read them, to guard against accidents, he threw them into the fire. He then, in conformity with his plan, on joining his master, persisted in asseverating that no answer, farther than compliments, was returned.

This, as we have seen, was critical to the fate of Tremaine, to the health of Georgina, and the happiness of all. For we have hinted how Tremaine had shaped his application. He had indeed made Georgina the arbitress of his conduct. He had told her that he would either continue within the pale and protection of his happiness, as he called the precinct of Evelyn Hall,—where he would do his utmost, with the assistance of her father, to work out those opinions on which his all of happiness depended, but which even such a reward should never make him forfeit his sincerity, in professing without conviction; or he would leave the neighbourhood, and

even the kingdom itself, if she preferred it, or thought it would conduce most to the recovery of her own serenity,—which he grieved, he said, to think he had invaded. Only, added he, with perhaps a too cautious and prophetic fear for his own nerves, "if the last should be your decision, and you really wish me not to see you more, do not harrow me or yourself with reasons. Your silence alone I shall too well comprehend, and no answer will be the most decisive one I can receive."

The consequences of all this are known, and it forms only one more proof, though a very special one, of

"What great events from trivial causes spring."

CHAP. VII.

THE LOIRE.

"At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans."

SHAKSPEARE.

On Evelyn's return to the fishing-house, it required infinitely less penetration than belonged to Georgina, to perceive that there was some interest in the Château de St. Jules, which her father, in

general so confiding, was careful to conceal from her. But that he should propose staying longer; set all his wits and servants to work in making the house, both inside and out, more comfortable for his invalid; and even resolve to take a journey or two himself to Orleans, to take purchases for that purpose—all this did not surprise her. It fell in very well with the little taste for adventure we have commemorated; and she was so delighted herself with her window overhanging the stream, if only to sit quiet and listen to the leaping of the trout in a hot morning, that their staying there seemed the most natural thing in the world. A very few articles from a *menuisier* of Orleans, brought by water to the very door of the fishing-house, made her feel quite at home, and she was so soothed by the whole pastoral scene, that she had no wish to move.

Still she could not account for her father's frequent long absences, during the two or three mornings that afterwards ran on, and always, as he said, at the château, or at Orleans itself. It was in vain he explained that it was no longer quite the empty house he at first thought it—that he had found a library and pictures, and loved the style of it more and more. Her own wish to visit it was always opposed, on the ground that she was too weak to mount the hill; a reason, alas! but too well founded, but on that very account, a rea-

son also for Evelyn's not leaving her so much alone.

Never was a good father so puzzled to allay curiosity, or parry questions from a daughter he loved. He objected to all fraud, even that not over piously called *pious.* Yet, if ever it could be justified, it was surely here. The greatest, the deepest interest, in fact, occupied him; and to gain a little, a very little time before he could resolve whether he should carry Tremaine to his daughter, seemed of the very utmost consequence to his heart's best interest.

It may be supposed that his joy on meeting his friend was not so absorbing as to be free from a mixture of anxiety about the *great point.* In fact, it was uppermost with him, and mingled itself, though tacitly, with every feeling that guided him, and every word he uttered. To restore Tremaine and Georgina to one another's presence, yet still forbid their minds from mixing, seemed not only cruel, but in the highest degree dangerous.

On the first day, therefore, he did all he could to evade Tremaine's ardent wish to wait upon Georgina; and the state of her health furnished him with but too good a reason to prevail. On the second, having resolved to go to Orleans to provide for their various little wants, he insisted upon his friend's doing the honours of the city, with which he was well acquainted.

Behold them, then, embarked in one of the country boats, with a lattice sail, laden with crockery and wine jars, and gliding along that sparkling river, winding in beautiful reaches above three miles, through the fertile plain up to the very city; luxuriant meadows on each side filled with people; the little hills rising suddenly, and crowned with pretty villas belonging to the bons bourgeois of the town, with now and then a Château de Seigneur, like Mount St. Jules; the opening streets and churches as you approach the mouldering but picturesque walls: all this, together with the equable, cheerful motion of the boat, the bells of the horses, and songs of the conductors in the towing path, would have made Evelyn, and Tremaine too, as happy as sense could have made them, but for their secret thought and inward melancholy.

"Confess this is a beautiful scene," cried Evelyn, "and worth all that riches can procure, although we pay but a pièce de vingt-quatre sous for it."

"I do indeed," said Tremaine, "and I confess also that though I hate impertinent people as much as ever, I am now as much alive as perhaps you would have me, to the simpler scenes of nature;—nay, and in my solitude I have at length learned to extract amusement, if not profit, from a boor. Perhaps too,"—and he hesitated,—nay, even a blush, though not of pride, tinged his sallow cheek as he said it,—"this is not all I have to confess."

Evelyn looked at him with friendly anxiety, to examine in his countenance if more was there than had met the ear. It is certain that the interest which lay uppermost with him, was all excited. Thinking he understood him, he exclaimed,

"With what delight shall I hail those venerable piles we are approaching, if they have restored my friend to us, such in all points as heaven intended him to be!"

This was all the allusion he ventured to make to the one great subject of his thoughts. He saw by the manner in which this was taken, that he was understood. It was all he could then expect; and, indeed, their arrival at the busy wharf where they were to land, prevented more.

CHAP. VIII.

THE CLOISTERS.

"At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Ah! que c'est une superbe ville qu'Orléans!" This is the exclamation of every Frenchman as he approaches it; and the epithet is for once not unde-

served. Orleans rises from the water in a little semi-circular hill, with a bridge below of sixteen arches, and a terrace hanging above. Its university, founded by Philippe le Bel; its forty towers, and forty-eight canonries, of which twelve are dignitaries; above all, its ancient grandeur as a church, and all its legends! Does it not do the warm heart good, to see a place like this preserved from Attila by the prayers of a bishop, and from the English by the sword of a holy maid?

Evelyn thought of none of these things, when he first landed with Tremaine; but, with a mind full of another subject, walked straight to the *menuisier's*, where they both busied themselves about Georgina's comforts. Afterwards, indeed, they visited the cathedral, and having filled themselves with much ancient lore, the short but impressive annals of the dead, they walked an old cloister that abutted upon the Bishop's garden, and seemed abandoned to them and silence by all the world, save now and then where a solitary ecclesiastic crossed their path, in his habit, proceeding on the little business of the church, between the Bishop and the Chapter.

"This is indeed," said Evelyn,

'The studious cloisters pale;'

"And impressive enough," added he, looking at an immense crucifix which had lately been erected in a

point where two cloisters met, and together with an abundance of painted glass, whose rich tints blazed in a deep glow of colouring from the mid-day sun, gave a solemn magnificence to the place, even in the eyes of a Protestant divine. At that moment, one of the ecclesiastics above-mentioned passing through, crossed himself with great reverence, bowing low as he passed the crucifix.

"I am not surprised," said Tremaine, "at this ostentation; and I should conceive, though the reverence inspired is evidently artificial, yet as the object is to create habitual reverence among ignorant people, it is not without its use."

A young girl, who could not be above eighteen, and of the lower order, but decent and serious in her appearance, now approached the crucifix, and passing into a little enclosed niche, that had the look of a shrine, threw herself with fervour on her knees, and with clasped hands and downcast eyes, from which tears at last fell, ejaculated several prayers to herself, in great and evidently sincere emotion.

"Some penance," observed Evelyn; and the two friends, respecting her condition, moved from her. Returning, they found her retiring with something like composure, after having performed this imposed or voluntary duty, whatever it might be.

"This does not seem artificial," observed Evelyn.

"Certainly not; that poor girl is all the better for

her devotions, from her confidence in their efficacy," said Tremaine.

"She thinks her prayers have been heard," remarked Evelyn.

"Undoubtedly! and this is a happy sight."

"That you should at length think so!" said Evelyn, considerably moved.

"I have long thought so," rejoined his friend, "long (for why should I disguise it?) felt all that sympathy which you once so memorably explained to me, and felt too, that the devotion of sympathy is not unreal because it is sympathetic."

"My dear Tremaine," cried the Doctor, pressing his hand, "these are joyful tidings to me. But why, (for I must in all kindness reproach you) why have you concealed this so long from those who would have been so gladdened by hearing it?"

"You know not how far I can go, or where stop short," replied Tremaine: "I know not myself the extent of my own progress to what I would fain think, and yet cannot be convinced, is truth. I am not what I was—I even detest my former blindness, my hardness of heart. But even now I am little sure; I am indeed still full of doubts; and were this a proper place and time, I would immediately open to you this too interesting, too saddening field of thought. At any rate, the time seems come for confessions, far other than those of the poor girl who has just left us.

I have, however, been restrained from this and every thing, by doubts of another nature."

"I beseech you explain," said Evelyn.

"Briefly then, I suspected my own motives might not be so sincere as yet they must be, before even the Heaven I aim at here below should be mine, if really I could gain it."

"And this," added he, after a pause, "is one, the strongest reason, for my thinking myself not yet in a condition to make the very few communications I have for you."

"Still, and always honourable," exclaimed Evelyn, fervently; "but I beseech you explain even here (and I know no place more appropriate out of our own England), explain here and at once to what point you have attained, and what is still in doubt."

"Alas!" returned Tremaine, "I have the misery of not knowing, as far as reasoning and principles are concerned, whether I have gained any thing. But honestly can I aver, that the *feeling of religion*, which I had so long allowed to be stifled in me, because, as I thought, not supported by reason—this feeling has returned, and I own deliciously. It has often expanded my very heart."

"It is worth a universe," cried Evelyn, "and transcends all the philosophising and all the systems that ever drove poor reason mad. For, say what the most orthodox may, of the proofs from argument and

controversy, one spark of genuine pious gratitude and reverence to God the Creator and dispenser of all good, one spark of this, arising in the heart, *as a mere feeling*, without a proof beside, is worth a thousand-fold more than the most perfect cold conviction that any metaphysician could be satisfied with."

"Is that your creed?" asked Tremaine.

"It is. I have always held it, always clung to it, and think the poor Indian who

'Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,'

Happier than he, who arrives at the same truth after the most refined and happy deductions of reasoning."

Tremaine paused a few minutes, then observed, "I believe, nay I am sure you are right as to the effect. The feeling was once mine, but in early, very early youth. It was reasoning, reasoning that could not satisfy me, but brought all into doubt; it was this that deprived me so long of this precious feeling."

"But it is restored!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"It is, in a degree; nor can I ever now contemplate the face of happy nature, under whatever form it may come before me, whether animate or inanimate, without feeling, and delightfully too, the beauties and beneficence of its author. But though I do not, as formerly, overwhelm myself with unfathomable calculations upon his design, or upon

our place in the order of things, I am still tormented by the inextricable difficulties drawn from the existence of evil, and the seeming want of a moral Providence. But my religion would be one of obedience, resignation, and gratitude, were there no other."

"Good!" said Evelyn; "but may we not add also, one of confidence and hope hereafter?"

"I wish I could say so," answered Tremaine; "but to this, alas! I have not advanced. The theories, indeed, of Democritus, Lucretius, and Spinoza, Hobbes, and all the Academics, were never *very* influential in making my mind the sea of doubt it sometimes has been, even as to the universe; for they tread on atheism—from which I have been always exempt. But though exempt, as to the existence and general power of a Creator, they have puzzled me sometimes as to particulars even in physics, until I found it necessary to begin anew with the new philosophy; and glad I am to say that the fallacies of Lucretius and Des Cartes have completely melted away before the warm sun of Newton, and his illustrious school. Safely, therefore, I can assert, that I am as alive as you would have me, in regard to the existence and power of God—to the glowing imagery of your beautiful psalm:

'Whither shall I go then, from thy presence?

'If I climb up into heaven, thou art there; if I go down to hell, thou art there also."

"This is as I would have it," said Evelyn.

"But truth compels me to confess," added Tremaine, "that I am not yet able to go on with this too flattering, too soothing, as well as beautiful language:

'If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,

'*Even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.*'"

"Alas!" said Evelyn, "how much is my hope cast down. You believe not yet, then, that the hand of Providence leads us?"

"I do not say so," answered Tremaine. "I say, rather, that I believe in it most entirely in the natural world, but am not so confident as to the moral. But even were I as fully persuaded of His perpetual and obvious interference, as the Jews themselves were throughout their history, shall I own to you another rock against which I have long been beating myself? Providence, as to this world, by no means implies the existence of another, but rather the contrary; and all my doubts as to the nature of the soul, or as to materialism and immaterialism, would by no means be relieved, even were my difficulties, as to the moral government of the world, completely cleared up."

"We are in a sad wide sea indeed," said Evelyn, mournfully: "how different is this from your opening!"

" Do not, however, misunderstand me," returned Tremaine. " Though my doubts are by no means settled, meditation and study, and guides whom I had but too much slighted, have let in much light upon a mind, not only dark in itself, but dark from its own wilfulness. To have unsettled wrong, is surely a step, and not an inconsiderable one, towards settling right. Above all, it is not to you I need say that these very difficulties are themselves one of the foundations of revelation."

" My dear friend," cried Evelyn, in a tone of joy amounting to elation, " if you have advanced thus far, great indeed has been your progress. May God bless the work !"

" Stop," interrupted Tremaine, " nor misconstrue me on the other side. The darkness I was in, and which, though less gloomy, I still want your help to dispel for ever, was so thick, so impenetrable, that no revelation could pierce it. It rendered all effort useless, because, while it existed, it was inconsistent with the truths which you say come from God. Now all of you agree that even the omnipotence of God is not equal to establish a contradiction."

" Undoubtedly," said Evelyn.

" Then to me, revelation once appeared a contradiction to what I believed, both with respect to Providence, and to the soul. I have allowed I am much shaken : help me finally to destroy my opinions,

by relieving me from my doubts, and I will promise you that revelation itself, being then no longer a contradiction, will be no longer the difficulty."

"Too candid to be long unfortunate," said Evelyn: "how am I to understand this last intimation?"

"In the language of one of your wisest supporters," replied Tremaine, "in language which I have got by heart; although, lest I should ever fail in remembering a word of it, it is here in my tablets."

So saying, he read from his memoranda, the introductory passages to Paley's Evidences.

"Suppose the world we live in to have had a Creator; suppose it to appear from the predominant aim and tendency of the provisions and contrivances observable in the universe, that the Deity, when he formed it, consulted for the happiness of his sensitive creation; suppose the disposition, which dictated this council, to continue; suppose a part of the creation to have received faculties from their Maker, by which they are capable of rendering a moral obedience to his will, and of voluntarily pursuing any end for which he has designed them; suppose the Creator to intend for these, his rational and accountable agents, a second state of existence, in which their situation will be regulated by their behaviour in the first state (by which supposition, and by no other, the objection to the divine government, in not putting a difference between the good and the bad, and the inconsistency of

this confusion with the care and benevolence discoverable in the works of the Deity, is done away); suppose it to be of the utmost importance to the subjects of this dispensation to know what is intended for them; that is, suppose the knowledge of it to be highly conducive to the happiness of the species—a purpose which so many provisions of nature are calculated to promote; suppose, nevertheless, almost the whole race, either by the imperfection of their faculties, the misfortune of their situation, or by the loss of some prior revelation, to want this knowledge, and not to be likely, without the aid of a new revelation, to attain it:—under these circumstances, is it improbable that a revelation should be made? Is it incredible that God should interpose for such a purpose? Suppose him to design for mankind a future state, is it unlikely that he should acquaint them with it?"

"I remember these important *principia* full well," said Evelyn.

"To every word of these *consequences* I subscribe," continued Tremaine, "but to go along with the immensity of the suppositions, is at present beyond me. Once prove that they are to be made out by reason, nay, that reason does not even contradict many of them, and I can feel no obstinacy on revelation itself."

Evelyn could by no means suppress his joy. He

shook hands with Tremaine again and again, and would have embraced him, but that he was withheld by his fear of a scene.

At length, breaking silence, he exclaimed,—

"Be assured, my good friend, you are not far from the kingdom of God. For, if all that keeps you from revelation is its supposed incompatibility with any rational belief or disbelief in natural religion, I pledge myself (with your prejudices joyfully beaten down, as you say they are by your own efforts), to satisfy you that no such incompatibility ever did, or ever can subsist. Shall we proceed now?"

"I think not," said Tremaine. "Our time presses; you will be missed at home; and I am, besides, too much moved with this whole *rencontre* of ours, to recall my scattered thoughts. I cannot do justice to my former masters, nor marshal my objections fairly. Let us seek again our beautiful river, or visit the meadows about this place. I will show you where the great Guise fell, as so many other great men have fallen, by the hand of an assassin."

CHAP. IX.

NATURAL IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

" My Soul! What can it do to that?
" Being a thing immortal as itself!"

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Château de St. Jules has been in part described; but we scarcely mentioned the gallery, into which the turret where Tremaine had fixed his study opened, as we said, by a little staircase. This gallery was sixty or seventy feet long, ranging itself on the side of the Loire, which its high narrow windows commanded in beautiful perspective. It was almost the only apartment of the house which had any thing like furniture, for it was matted, and had a few high backed chairs with twisted rails, and on the walls hung several portraits of statesmen, warriors, and philosophers, of the seventeenth century. Among these, though chiefly of the Court of Louis XIV., was Newton.

True to his appointment, an hour had not passed after breakfast, before Evelyn left his daughter once more, in search, as he said, of a proper boat to be

hired at Orleans, in order to give her the pleasure of the water excursion he had enjoyed the day before, and which he had described with not more feeling than truth. If, considering his motives for concealment, not to reveal the *whole* of his design was a crime, the Doctor was guilty; for it is certain he thought not of going to Orleans, till he had seen and conversed again with his friend.

They took several turns in the gallery before either of them began,—not from being unprepared, but from being too full of their subject. In the course of the perambulation, Evelyn was struck, every time he came to the end of the gallery, with the portrait of his countryman, that has been mentioned,—the finding of which, so unexpectedly, and among such a number of Frenchmen, seemed more remarkable than it really was.

"I cannot," said Evelyn, "look at this representation of surely the greatest intellect that ever belonged to a mortal, and reflect that that intellect only made him more fixed and firm in his belief; I cannot do this without reflecting more deeply on the case of those who are tossed in doubt till they are wrecked, merely because they disdain a pilot."

"I at least am not one of those," observed Tremaine—"and if I have now no pilot, (unless it be yourself) it is only because those I have followed have proved unequal to what they have undertaken."

"My dear friend, will you tell me whom you have followed?"

Tremaine hesitated, and at length observed, "I mean not any one in particular; but with a mind teeming with objections, when I came to consult them, none could give me the satisfaction I required."

"Perhaps you required too much," said Evelyn.

"I think not," answered Tremaine—"I required only truth."

"What is truth?"—remarked Evelyn, "was once asked with fearful curiosity, if not with reverence, on a much more awful occasion. *We*, at least, will not be so cruelly and criminally indifferent to it afterwards, as he who asked it proved to be: and we will not with him, *wash our hands*, and by that act think we may leave the world to its horrors."

"But even Pilate," rejoined Tremaine, "was anxious....."

"He cared not to inquire," interrupted Evelyn: "truth came not of its own accord; and finding it troublesome to pursue it, he plunged into sin and blood, from mere indolency and weakness of character. How many, alas! are of the same complexion among us."

"Again I say, I am not one of them," said Tremaine.

"Of that I am sure," answered Evelyn; "you are too good. But will you tell me your difficulties

with precision, that I may try to answer them? Is the truth you require, certainty, equal to mathematical? or will strong probability content you?"

"*In generalibus versatur error*," observed Tremaine. "How much is left in miserable doubt, or absolutely lost, under that specious but doubtful *strong probability!*"

"And yet," said Evelyn, "the whole business of the world, all that impels the heart and activity of man; that upon which he will every day risk his all, nay his life, has no surer foundation."

"You mean then," said Tremaine, rather eagerly, "that the obligations of virtue and morals are merely strong probabilities!"

"As compared with the mathematical truth you require, and distinct from one other thing, I do," answered Evelyn.

"That other thing?" asked Tremaine.

"Christianity," pursued his friend; "the only thing I know which can stand in the place of your mathematical truth. Whoever *believes*, has an authority in morals at least as high as the demonstration of the geometrician."

"This I have conceded," said Tremaine.

"We are, however, not yet ripe enough for this part of our subject," answered Evelyn. "I wish to discuss the religion of nature, before that of revelation; nor do I at all mean to cicatrize your doubts

with mere authority, and leave you floating in uncertainty, before you are a believer. All I intend to say is, that among those who believe, the authority of Christianity in morals is *the* thing which answers to mathematical demonstration in geometry. Nevertheless, even without Christianity, I contend that the strong probabilities I have mentioned, are so fearfully convincing to the mind and heart of man, that he is a bold one who doubts; much more who lets his doubts so get hold of him, as to influence his conduct as if he had arrived at certainty on the other side."

"That again, as I have said, is not my case," observed Tremaine; "but I wish to know how you apply this to a future state?"

"Why thus:—that there are ten thousand arguments for it, *and not one against it!*" cried Evelyn.

"Oh! that of your ten thousand there were but *one* certain and demonstrable!"

"What would content you?"

"The return of one, even of but one, who had lived in the other world."

"Christ alone is that person," answered Evelyn; "and for this, I agree our argument is not ripe. But on my side let me ask the reason for doubt?"

"Why this, if nothing else; and I am willing to allow I have little else: the total destruction, annihilation, and disappearance of every thing belonging

to us. That is *positive* on the one side; while on the other, not a vestige beyond conjecture, (how pleasing or beautiful soever that dear illusive field!) that any thing lives again. Take the most exquisite work of art—the Jupiter of Phidias. It seems to live, to breathe; fire is in its eye; intellect and dignity on its brow; we acknowledge the father of Gods and men, we worship, we adore! Suppose, for a moment, this statue hollowed out, and filled with an extraordinary mechanism of clockwork. It begins to move; it nods; it thunders; it may even be made to produce death. It stalks with dignity round a given space; and, for a time, the ignorant believe it to be what it appears. But of a sudden, it stops; the moving power is at an end; its faculties are lost. A barbarian seizes and dashes it to pieces. It is crumbled and reduced to powder, it can no more return to the marble whence it came, but is mixed with ignominious mud, and can be even traced no longer. I know this statue had not real life; but barring the blood and breathing, the vision and hearing, of our bodies, (which are all mere modes of matter, even as this divine work of Phidias was,) what difference, when they come to be destroyed by death, or the hand of the barbarian, seems there to be, between the statue and the man? The last appears a mere machine as well as the first; more nicely put together indeed; more exquisitely contrived; with a

more wonderful apparatus in the senses, and leading therefore to more powerful effects; but all of them to be accounted for by the operation of these senses, which you yourself, I imagine, will not deny to be simple matter. I ask the end and finish of all, when these senses decay, and the life-blood is out? The machine of the man, like the machine of the statue, equally falls to pieces, and is trodden into dust. Hence, with Lucretius, may we not say—

'Nunc quoniam quassatis undique vasis,
'Diffluere humorem et laticem discedere cernis,
'Crede animam quoque diffundi.'

"In short, the excellent warm motion has become a kneaded clod; and the issue of all seems to be,

'To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.'"

Tremaine here paused, seemingly moved with his own account of himself. "You put this well," said Evelyn, "and I beseech you to proceed."

"I have little more to add, said Tremaine, "but that, after the most anxious investigation I am able to make of our intellectual powers, and all I have read of the nature of thought, I cannot convince myself that it is not what Lucretius and others have fancied it—a very subtle, and very wonderful effect, for a given time, of the nice and extraordinary adaptation of parts in the wonderful machine; in the same manner, though not in the same degree, and by no means in the same manner to be discovered, as

the machine of clockwork I have supposed. But both are broken to pieces; I see all the fragments before me; I can put almost all together again, or at least account for those which I cannot. Who, then, shall tell me that one of these machines is to live again, and not the other? Or who shall say there is nothing in the clockwork, (because we cannot see that there is,) which will either continue to live itself, or make that work live again; and yet that there is something in the man which is to produce all this effect, although, any more than in the clockwork, no one has ever seen it, will see it, or can see it?"

"Again I say," observed Evelyn, "you put this matter exceedingly well; Voltaire himself would have been obliged to you. You beat him all to nothing with his bellows and its clapper, which, he says, is its soul."

"Whatever I may once have thought, I have long felt that to be a very foolish sally," said Tremaine.

"Not so foolish for his profligate purpose," answered Evelyn, "which was to sap, by ridicule and disrespect, what he could not beat down by argument. And yet, as an argument, though your image is the nobler, his (excuse me) is at least as convincing."

"I meant it as a mere illustration," said Tremaine, "to show, that if one machine was destroyed,

and confessedly could not be restored, so must it be with the other. But I shall rejoice if you can show my supposition to be a fallacy."

"Voltaire meant no more than you," replied Evelyn, "and both of you are open to this answer, —you both take for granted, that the mind of man, as well as his body, is a machine."

"It is even so," said Tremaine. "Every thing I see, every thing I know, is lost and closed in death. Without revelation, (to which, as you say, we have not yet come, and I agree it is better for the argument that we should keep it for its own place,) who ever heard of the other world, except in the fond fancies of poets and philosophers? Who ever visited it, who ever knew that any one was carried to it, much less returned from it, or was brought to judgment before its tribunals? Who ever saw or felt either Heaven or Hell?—But as, like children in the dark, we generally fear what we are uncertain about, and this fear is at least a convenient instrument for our nurses, and afterwards for our governors, can I think that sentiment either very foolish or very impious, which has caused so much altercation on both sides—

'Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor?'"*

"Let us take you upon your own supposition,"

* It was fear that first produced Gods.

answered Evelyn, " and see, practically to what this would amount."

" I desire nothing better," said Tremaine.

" Suppose a ship were periodically to arrive from some far off and unknown country; that a band of armed men should land from it without opposition; should call upon all the chiefs and rulers of the place, and like the famous Cretan ship of old, should demand from them a certain number of victims, which should be obediently supplied to them; suppose the armed men themselves should point out these victims, at their will and pleasure, without any known rule or principle,—seizing upon the young, the gay, and the happy, the innocent infant, or the blooming bride; and although the most bitter grief and lamentation possessed every body, no one had ever the thought, much less the power, of resisting the demand; on the contrary, that all should submit to it in silent awe. Suppose, farther, that these victims, once embarked, were never known to return, so that every one was utterly ignorant of their fate; but that the ship regularly returned for more, until all the inhabitants of the place were carried off, and new generations succeeded to await the same fate."

" Your supposition is awful enough," cried Tremaine; " and it is evident that by your ship you mean death."

" I do," said Evelyn; " and I ask you, or any

thinking man, whether you could possibly behold this regular arrival and regular departure with indifference?"

"I could not," answered Tremaine.

"I ask you farther," continued Evelyn, "whether you could possibly refrain from wondering whence this ship came, or whither she returned? Or if any thoughtless, or even thoughtful man were to say she came from no place, and returned to no place; and because you could not tell what became of the victims, that therefore nothing became of them; would you be satisfied with this, and set the whole matter at rest, as if the ship had never come, or never would come again?"

"I should not," replied Tremaine.

"You will observe," pursued Evelyn, "I say nothing of the influence of this periodical visit upon conduct, but merely upon opinion. You would then, probably, speculate upon the destination of this ship, and not easily believe those who said she had no destination at all."

"It is natural so to suppose," said Tremaine.

"And if," asked Evelyn, "during one or two visits, the head of this armed band were to point his dart at you, or to throw his eyes over you, as if examining whether you might not be a proper addition to the next cargo of victims;—if, indeed, he were to tell you in terms, to prepare, for that your turn would be next....."

"What then?" said Tremaine.

"Why, then, your curiosity and speculation would probably increase; and you would not deem it satisfactory to be told by any of your friends, however sincere in their opinions, that it ought not to concern you, except in so far as that it took you from your family, and the good things you were enjoying; for as nothing ever was known of the fate of these victims that had gone before you, it was presumable they had no fate at all. Would this be a reasonable supposition?" asked Evelyn.

Tremaine owned it would not.

"But what," continued the Doctor, "if you were told, (still upon no evidence but a presumption, and that a capricious one,) that at best they all fell asleep, never again to wake? Once more I ask, if this would satisfy, would make you indifferent as to what was to happen to you when your turn came to obey the summons?"

"I allow it would not," answered Tremaine; "yet, I think, there is this fallacy in your illustration:—We see the ship sail away, and you suppose these victims carried off alive; whereas, in death, we see no being whatever carried off, and the poor remnants of mortality still remain, mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before our eyes. Thus, death is a mere privation, a negation, as it were, of the powers we see in the

body during life; but the body itself remains, and we know what becomes of it. How does this tally with *your* supposition, under which the body (that is the victim) disappears at the same moment with the powers of life?"

"I understand you," said Evelyn: "and your observation requires the fullest answer. Perhaps you will be surprised if I say, that for all that, mine is the true picture, yours the fallacious one. Most true it is, in mine I have supposed, for the sake of illustration, the mortal part to be carried off in my ship, in the same manner as all authors, sacred and profane, all prophets, poets, painters, and every mind warmed with genius, have imagined the mere *negation* death, to be an actual person, a king crowned with terrors. But it is evident, that by the persons of my victims, I mean the soul, which, being invisible, intangible, and, in short, imperceptible to sense, it is impossible to demonstrate, to that sense at least, what may be its fate."

"In your illustration, then," observed Tremaine, "your visible being is put for an invisible one."

"It is," answered Evelyn; "and, as I contend, it sufficiently refutes the charge that the illustration itself is fallacious."

"Mine is, at least, the simpler," rejoined Tremaine; "it rests itself upon the absolute demonstration of the senses, while yours is conjecture only. To conjecture, mine can never be subject; its material

nature, its *oneness* (if I may so call it,) protects it from that."

"Be not too sure," observed Evelyn, pointedly.

Tremaine looked surprised.

"I have said," continued his friend, "yours was the fallacious picture; and it is so in this,—that you assume, in respect to the clockwork you have supposed, that the whole of it is material, and obvious to sense, as you have charged me with having supposed the soul."

"And is it not so?"

"No! for you forgot the most important part of it, the *primum mobile* that sets it going."

"Not so," answered Tremaine, with eagerness. "I know that it goes not of itself, and must have a weight, or spring, or some great mechanical power, to give it its impetus; but all this experiences the same palpable destruction with the rest of the machine."

"Aye; but what gives impetus to the mechanical power itself?" asked Evelyn, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes in scrutiny upon his friend. Tremaine hesitated.

"Pursue this," continued Evelyn, "and you will find that even in your material machine, something immaterial, but of amazing force, something quite as unobvious to sense as the soul, and only, like the soul, to be known by its effects, must cause, in reality, every one of its operations. Your weight is

nothing but the attraction of gravity; your spring the attraction of cohesion; yet, whence these are, or how they operate, no man that ever lived, or probably ever will live, can tell."

Tremaine was obviously struck.

"You will at least not say," pursued Evelyn, "that these attractions, even if *material*, are visible, or tangible, or perceptible to sense. You cannot, therefore, include them among the fragments which you say you see mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before your eyes."

Tremaine owned he had not considered this, and that the argument was of the greatest consequence against his own conclusions. "Still, however," added he, "that they irrefragably support yours, I do not see."

"I reason upon it thus," said Evelyn. "In the human frame, as in your clockwork, more is necessary to cause its action than what is obvious to sense. In your illustration, it is the attractions you have supposed; under mine, it is thought, volition, mind —in short, the soul. Even in yours, the destruction of the machine does not, as you at first supposed, *demonstrate* the destruction of the moving power; mine, therefore, may remain, (at least it is open to proof that it may so remain,) after it has ceased to act in the body. It is departed, but whither, no one knows, any more than whence it came, how it came, or in

what manner its union with the body is formed. You tell me it is material. *Great part* of your clockwork certainly is so; but, if material, should we not see it upon the breaking up of the machine, in the same manner as you say we do the clockwork? Or if we see only the wheels, the organization of the clockwork, and not the real power that gives it motion, may it not so be with that mysterious union of soul and body, constituting the human being?"

Tremaine paused for a minute, when, rallying, he continued,—

"After all, may we not suppose life to be merely that configuration, that organization of matter, which fits it exactly to be acted upon, in the way it is, by the different attractions, fermentations, and whatever it is that first produces motion? and that when this organization is worn out or interrupted, the aptitude to receive this motion ceasing, life is at an end?"

"This is not absolutely impossible," returned Evelyn; "but, from your own hypothesis, whatever the adaptation of the parts, the power originally giving the motion is, you see, immaterial. But even if it were material, how can any adaptation, configuration, or organization of mere matter, account for thought, will, judgment, and, above all, consciousness?"

"And why not?" asked Tremaine.

"Because," said Evelyn, "it is a rule in physics, applicable to all matter, as you well know, that no configuration, or, if you prefer it, *organization*, can produce any thing not originally in the things themselves that are organized. It may, indeed, alter their form, but all it can do is to give it a different appearance, and produce a different degree of effect, when combined and organized, from what it had in its simple state, before the combination was made. Thus figure will produce figure still, when combined with figure, though different from what it was before; but it will produce nothing else, save only figure. Motion will produce only motion; colour, colour; smell, smell; but all the combinations you can imagine of figure, motion, colour and smell, can only produce a new machine, in which there can be no absolutely *new quality* that was not there before. There may be a *different* figure, motion, colour, and smell, and that is all. The new organization will not, for example, produce taste or sapidity, if there was nothing sapid in any of the ingredients, (latent, indeed, but) capable of being excited by motion. I need not to you, add, that an organ is a mere instrument, and that organization, however great a word, is, in reality, nothing but an ordering or placing of instruments. Show me that any combination of instruments, however, ingenious, can produce motion, without any impulse imparted to it—for example,

that the great Apollonicon in London can produce a single sound, much more the wonderful concert of sounds it *is made* to produce, *without a player*, or some agent to give it a first impetus, and I will yield to the power of the specious words you have used;—but not till then."

Tremaine paused much upon this.

"Do I convince you," said Evelyn, "or are you prepared to show that my philosophy is incorrect?"

His friend said he was not; at least not then.

"Then neither is my illustration of the ship and the victims incorrect," pursued Evelyn. "For see where we are. You said it was fallacious, because I supposed that we *saw* them carried off, whereas in death, we see them remain. Now, I think I have proved to you the fallacy is yours, because you suppose you saw the soul remain, which you do not."

"Still you imagine it carried off in your sight," answered Tremaine; "which, as you at least never saw the soul, you will not say you do."

"I do not," said Evelyn; "but its effects disappear on the dissolution of the body; and though there is every reason to be convinced it is distinct from the body, we know not its fate. If it shock you, therefore, to suppose that it is actually carried off, I will content myself with supposing that it merely disappears, or to favour your feeling still more, that it is lost, when its effects are no longer produced.

Now, what should we say, if merely the body disappeared upon being touched by the lance of my armed messenger, and we were ever after left ignorant what became of it?"

"It would be a most awful event," said Tremaine.

"Well, then, proving, as I again think I have, that the animating power of the body is in this condition," observed Evelyn, "is not my illustration to be admitted, and is not the soul in the same situation I have supposed—namely, that of a victim to a periodical visit, carried off, at least we know not whither, and of whose annihilation we have at least no proof?"

"You have made this out better than I expected," said Tremaine.

"You rejoice me," said Evelyn, "and now if you please we will go back to our ship."

"Not yet," replied Tremaine, after a pause—"for as to this volition, thought, judgment, and even consciousness itself—in short, all that you call the soul—where were they ever known, after all, but in the body? and in the body, but through the senses? without which we should have no ideas, nor any thing for thought or volition to work upon."

"Granting that supposition," answered Evelyn, "your intended conclusion is far from conclusive;

because nothing is more distinct than a power of working, and the tools with which it works. I suppose I need not ask whether, if you destroy the tools, you destroy the power also? The eye, for example: let it be quenched: would you therefore say the power, whatever it is, which used to perceive through it, has also perished? As well might you say you had lost your power of seeing, because, when darkness supervenes, you cannot see. Still, however, you would say, that all this is material, or according to the old atheistical, or at best sceptical doctrine, that matter thinks."

"In the course of the argument, and with a view to an answer, I should," said Tremaine.

"Why then the tools of this material thought, as ideas and memory, must be material too."

"Certainly," allowed Tremaine.

"Let me look at your head," said Evelyn. "'Tis a very little head; a very small piece of matter, indeed, to contain the number and the size of the ideas of which those of so accomplished a man must be composed. If ideas are actually material, where have you room in the brain for the idea of the world, for example, together with all its stupendous train of attendant reflections?"*

* On this subject, see the excellent Treatises on the Nature of the Soul, by Rotheram, Colliber, and Baxter.

"I am not exactly prepared for this," observed Tremaine.

"Nor any one else, I assure you," answered Evelyn, "for never did I know it got over, any more than those millions of operations which compose what is called ratiocination, or rather ideas."

"As how?" asked Tremaine.

"Take the easiest," rejoined his friend.—"I see two, and two more, of any given material thing; the first two, and the second two, are objects of sense, and the mind possesses itself of them *through* the sense. Having got them, it retires within itself, and, by reflection, acquires a new idea, namely, that two are equal to two, or the idea of equality. Was this an object of sense, or acquired by the mind's own operation, employed originally indeed on sensible objects, but coming to this conclusion through something of its own?—Again—how do you arrive at the idea of a quality, benevolence for example, except by internal reflection? The things, indeed, upon which it is employed, you may have seen; the power by which you reflect, you cannot see."

"Your inference," said Tremaine.

"That mind is distinct from matter; that you have never seen it, heard it, touched it, tasted it; yet it exists; and you at least know not that it dies merely because you see the poor machine, through which it operated (as the eye does through a tele-

scope,) lying and rotting in this 'cold obstruction.' For aught you know, therefore it is no more annihilated than the eye itself, because the glass with which it was wont to see is dashed to pieces."

"This is calling upon us for a negative proof," answered Tremaine; "no man can prove a negative."

"And yet you have assumed it as positive," returned Evelyn: "you have taken it for granted that it *does* die with the body, when you give the destruction of the one as a proof of the destruction of the other. I am not at present assuming that it lives, but merely answering your supposition, that because the body through which it operated dies, and the effects of the mind disappear, the mind itself is therefore dead. This is no more true, than that because a man disappears, he must therefore be killed."

Tremaine faltered, which Evelyn perceiving, added, "You have of course considered, and are prepared to refute, the great argument founded upon the extension and impenetrability of matter; that is, you are prepared to prove that thought like all other matter has length, breadth, and thickness, and that one thought cannot succeed another thought in the mind (or, according to you, the material brain,) without actually making it retire and taking its place. You will also be prepared to say into what corner of space the displaced thought actually retires."

Tremaine continued for some time silent, and at length confessed that the argument drawn from the extension and impenetrability of matter was what, in his most sceptical days, he never could answer, much less now. "It was pride alone," said he, "and a different temper of mind, that kept me from giving it its due weight. It is long, however, since this temper has left me."

"You rejoice me," cried Evelyn; "may I now therefore go back to my ship?"

"You may at least proceed," said Tremaine.

"In my turn," replied Evelyn, "I say, not yet; for I wish to pursue this matter. Tell me, if the mind be material, and its operations nothing but matter acting upon matter, must not these operations be governed by the same laws which govern all other operations of matter?"

"I once thought otherwise," said Tremaine, "but I am now free to say that probably they must."

"The laws of motion, for example," continued Evelyn, "discovered and established by experiment by Sir Isaac Newton, and afterwards brought to their present wonderful perfection by succeeding philosophers."

"I know not your aim, exactly," said Tremaine.

"What I mean is, must not all these operations of matter be, like other operations, mechanical?"

"That has been my fear and my doubt," answered Tremaine.

"Why then," said Evelyn, "show me why what we call the laws of mechanics must not apply to our mental operations, as well as to all the subjects of natural philosophy, which are daily pursued with such exactness of calculation, as to be within the compass of a schoolboy's knowledge?"

"Explain a little more," said Tremaine.

"No more than this; that if the action and reaction between mind and its ideas are mere matter acting upon matter, the whole would be a subject of mathematical calculation; the effects regular, certain, and invariable: and our great friend here (pointing to the picture of Newton) would have discovered the laws of action between body and mind, with as much precision as he did the laws of motion."

Tremaine owned this was new to him, and begged his friend would proceed.

"The very subject of motion itself furnishes, perhaps, the most conclusive argument of all."

"I know your meaning," said Tremaine, "you would tell me matter cannot move itself, and therefore spirit must."

"I would, indeed," said Evelyn, "and I shall be surprised to discover how you resist the argument."

"It is not that I do not think it ingenious, nay powerful," rejoined Tremaine; "but though difficult to conceive how matter can move itself, it is not difficult, once finding motion in the world, to imagine how it may be made to change its direction according as the necessity and laws of our being require."

"And who, and what is to effect this change of direction, according as a *law* may require it? I need not ask you if matter, brute unintelligent matter, can do this?"

"And why not?" asked Tremaine. "Once set matter in motion, and who shall say in what directions it may not fall?"

"You reduce this directing, this law-giving power, then, to chance. Now a law is not chance; but producing a regular effect from the preconceived design which created the law, must be the absolute contrary of chance."

"I own this seems true," said Tremaine.

"Then," pursued Evelyn, "there must be at least as much of intelligence and design, as well as of force distinct from matter, to give its motion a direction which it cannot give itself, as to produce the original motion, which it could not produce itself."

"This possibly may also be true," said Tremaine.

"Then what is it among men that gives this direction? What but the will, proceeding from thought, contrivance, design—in a word, the mind; and

hence the great position, that mind, as it governs, so it is distinct from matter."

"I am pleased with your precision," observed Tremaine, after musing some time. "Yet I remember Voltaire....."

"Then excuse me if I say," interrupted Evelyn, "that you remember a dunce—to say the most charitable thing I can of him. At least if he was *not* the greatest of all dunces in philosophy, he was the wickedest of all men. I fear the brilliancy of his parts decides to which class he belongs. I remember too, when reverting to this subject, he tells you, that if the soul say to the feet, walk, and the feet have the gout, they will not obey. Hence he would infer, that the soul, or will, has nothing to do with motion."*

"I should like to hear his refutation," said Tremaine.

"It is in the power of a child," answered Evelyn; "for who does not see that an argument which supposes any given instrument, must suppose it at least what it calls it, an *instrument;* and that, in reply, to suppose it *not* an instrument, is a despicable quibble. Here, the feet first supposed are instruments of walking. In reply, they are supposed not instruments of walking. Can we be stopt with such trash as this?"

Tremaine felt a little overborne.

* Dict. Philos. *Ame.*

"Leaving the subject of motion," proceeded Evelyn, "though we have the most irrefragable proof that it must proceed from some other substance than matter, and therefore that what it does proceed from must be immaterial—let me ask you if you have made out the problem that has puzzled every divine, physician, and moral and natural philosopher, since the world began?"

"Of course not," said Tremaine, "if these have failed. But your problem?"

"How is it that the soul perceives?"

"Certainly through the senses," answered Tremaine; "nor do I believe a word of the fine romance of Plato, adopted, or at least not denied, by some modern divines (the elder Sherlock, I think, among them,) that many ideas are the soul's reminiscences from another state. I tell you fairly, I am an enemy to all the philosophy of innate ideas; and if you ar going to uphold them, we never shall agree."

"It is not necessary that I should," answered Evelyn; "for without giving any opinion on Plato, or Sherlock, I am inclined to agree with Locke, and of course with you. But even your opinion can only amount to this, that the soul can only perceive through the help of the senses. How it perceives *with* that help, I should be glad if you will tell me."

"I cannot," said Tremaine; "but in seeing, there is a picture formed on the retina of the eye."

"So there is on a looking glass, or that lovely river we have been admiring," observed Evelyn, "but I suppose I need not ask you whether the glass or the river itself sees?"

"Certainly not," said Tremaine.

"Still then, I would ask," continued his friend, "how it is that the mind sees?"

"Nobody can tell that," answered Tremaine; "yet Lucretius talks of the finer distilled spirits of the brain, the '*Flos Bacchi, et spiritus unguenti suavis,*' that is, or may be, the seat of thought."

"It is your candour that has added the '*may be,*' for the Heathen positively asserts it is so," replied Evelyn. "May I ask if he has proved it to your satisfaction?"

"Assuredly not; yet I wish to see what there is against it."

"Every thing," pursued Evelyn; "for I think I could demonstrate its impossibility."

"Oh, if you could! but how?"

"From the very nature of thought itself, which must be indivisible, and therefore indiscerptible, therefore incorruptible, therefore immortal."

Tremaine was again much struck; meantime Evelyn corrected himself. "I mean not," said he, "immortal, in regard to the power of the Almighty, but merely as applicable to those notions of the nature of matter and spirit, which our poor capacity

is able to acquire; by which, in point of fact, we judge of the corruptibility of matter, and by which alone, therefore, we are guiding ourselves at this moment in our inquiry."

He paused for a while, when Tremaine, who was in deep attention, entreated him to proceed.

"I mean," pursued Evelyn, "not that the soul may not be, or is not annihilated, if that is what seems best to the Almighty wisdom; but merely in answer to what seems with you so conclusive, that it *must* die, in the same manner, and at the same moment, with the body."

"I understand you," said Tremaine.

"This indiscerptibility of thought, then," continued Evelyn, "is in truth the great argument which goes to the bottom of the proof *à priori*, as it is called, and has been so well used and defended by another great man of ours, Dr. Clarke, that I can only refer you to him, for, I think, complete satisfaction about it."*

"I beseech you to go more into detail," said Tremaine.

"Why," pursued his friend, "it is needless, I suppose, to say, that all matter whatever, whether the finer spirits of the brain, or the tree that shades our window here, is, from the very nature of it,

* See Clarke on the Attributes.

divisible: and you, who are accomplished in natural philosophy, know that one of the first experiments in it, is to show that matter is *infinitely* divisible. You may cut the tree in halves and quarters, and so on for ever."

"You may," said Tremaine.

"But who ever imagined such a thing as to cut thought in halves?"

"I allow all the ingenuity of this," observed Tremaine.

"Is it merely ingenious?" asked the Doctor; "or are you prepared to show me that any thing can break in upon it?"

"If I cannot break in upon it," said Tremaine, "I at least have not understood how it was made out; in other words, why thought should not be divisible."

"The answer is most plain and simple," replied Evelyn; "for if it is divisible like other matter, like other matter it must be extended; that is, however minute, however refined, and even though the very *flos Bacchi* of Epicurus and Lucretius, it must still have length, breadth, and thickness, or, mathematically, be a solid parallelogram; which, whether thought is or can be, I would soberly ask you?"

"I cannot answer this," said Tremaine.

"And yet, strange to say," continued Evelyn, "one of the very men you have been studying, whom,

by so extraordinary an accident as it were, we see before us at this instant—this great des Cartes, as he is called—owes, perhaps, most of his greatness (for certainly it is the most cogent part of his work,) to the force with which he demonstrates the impossibility that thought can be matter, from the extension of the last, and the non-extension of the first. There was a contest, indeed, whether Des Cartes was original in this discovery, and others had claimed it before him; but he was the great champion of this most essential and decisive difference between them, —which in a man whose works on the whole lead to scepticism, is to me marvellous."

"I remember to have observed this," said Tremaine, "but I own I did not make the same use of it that you have done."

"Let us pursue this," continued Evelyn, "in the nature of consciousness, which is still more intimate with us than thought itself. The only knowledge we have that we think, is that we are *conscious* we are thinking. As we are not arguing for victory, I suppose you do not require me to go beyond this; if you do, I own I cannot."

"I do not require it," said Tremaine.

"Well, then! I am *conscious* that I see this wide spreading oak, with all its leaves and fruit, in exact distinctness; all its parts are individual parts; the trunk is not two trunks; any particular leaf is not two leaves..... !"

"Your inference?"

"Why, that if consciousness were divisible, or, to speak philosophically, if it were not a monad, it might be divided like other matter, into ten thousand millions of atoms, each of them of the same family of consciousness, and therefore conscious!"*

"Your inference, still?"

"Why, that one of these two alternatives would follow—either there would be ten thousand millions of consciousnesses, each thinking that it saw the whole tree, and so there would be ten thousand millions of oaks in the mind; or each of these atoms would be conscious of seeing only a particular minute part of the tree, and could not by possibility, see the whole. Yet the whole is seen as a whole; no consciousness of a division. I ask, how this can be? how each atom can communicate its consciousness to the other, so as that all these minute consciousnesses can coalesce into one great consciousness, as the particles of that water coalesce into one great mirror?"

"You have forestalled me," said Tremaine, "for I was going to observe, this might be the very mode of accounting for your question. You perceive that in a mirror, ten thousand millions of most minute particles seem all to flow into one another, though

* Upon this subject, see Locke on our Knowledge of the Existence of God. B. iv. ch. 10.

Also, Sherlock on a Future State.

each reflect separately only its own part of the whole object seen. May it not be so with the particles or atoms that compose the whole which we call consciousness?"

"It is, at least, an ingenious illustration," said Evelyn, "but the nature of the thing to be illustrated proves that it cannot apply, For I suppose you will allow that in consciousness, the knowledge of which we are conscious is diffused throughout the conscious power, in one entire, irrefragable, or as I have called it, indiscerptible effect. Every part of this power (supposing there to be parts,) is conscious of the *whole* effect, and not a proportionable part of it. There is no division of the thought, whatever it may be; but you have the whole idea, or none. Whereas, in the mirror, break it into ten thousand pieces, and each piece still reflects its correspondent object, part of the whole. If you throw your hat into that river, the clear sky, previously reflected by that part of it covered by the hat, will be reflected no longer, yet all the rest of the landscape remains as perfect as before. Thus there is no diffusion of the thing reflected through *every* part of the reflector, and your phrase that all its particles seem to *flow into one another*, is inaccurate. In truth, though very nicely and imperceptibly fitted, all in the mirror is separate and distinct. This is not so with consciousness,

which is incapable of separation, and must be all or nothing."

"Yet my idea of the oak may be separated into as many parts of ideas as there are parts to the oak," said Tremaine.

"This is too like the flimsy Voltaire," rejoined Evelyn. "A mind so acute as your's must not condescend to be so blinded. If you will reflect a moment....."

"I see," cried Tremaine, "you would say that every idea, though only a part of the tree, is still in itself a perfect idea; in other words that there can, in the mind, be no such thing as a *part* of an idea."

"Exactly so," said Evelyn.

"Bear with me, however, again, as to the divisibility of consciousness," continued Tremaine. "Behold that seat (and he pointed through the window to the garden),

'O'er canopied with luscious woodbine.'

May not the honeysuckle be compared to this consciousness? Divide its leaves into the millions of atoms you suppose, and there is no longer flower or scent to be found. Unite them, and they reassume the character of both. Or, if you will be still more refined, may not consciousness be thought like a quality, or a figure? dissolve it into its component parts, you know not what it is; compound the parts, its character is recognized. For example, let

us take the *roundness* of the marble ball that decorates that pillar. Crush it to pieces, no part of it is round; yet put together, it constitutes that shape. The roundness you see can only be one roundness, yet it may be divisible *ad infinitum.*

"This was, before you, the argument of a very learned, but not a very clear man, Dodwell; but neither your scent nor your figure," said Evelyn, "will bear you out. For who does not see that if each of the particles of the honeysuckle had not *some* degree of sweetness individually, the flower itself could have none when the particles were united? And in the same manner, if the pieces of the ball had not some convexity, though perhaps imperceptible, and at best not absolutely round, the ball itself could never have been formed. This, again, has been put in the clearest point of view both by Locke and the clear-minded Clarke,*—who rests upon the very simple demonstration I mentioned before, that whatever is compounded of many things, is still only those very things, change them as you will. Thus, I repeat, possible changes of figure can only end in figure; magnitude in magnitude; motion in motion; colour in colour. Emphatically he infers, that no composition can possibly produce a new power, *specifically* different."

* See the contest between Clarke and Dodwell; and Locke, b. iv. ch. 10.

"What is his proof?" asked Tremaine.

"Only that an effect would be produced without a cause," answered Evelyn.

"I confess," said Tremaine, "you have considered this matter more deeply than I."

"It has been my business so to do," answered Evelyn; "but if those things make you pause on the immateriality of thought, more than you expected, what will you say to the *demonstrable* proof that there *may*, nay, that there *must* be such immateriality?"

"I would catch at it eagerly," cried Tremaine.

"You believe in a God, the maker and governor of the world?" said Evelyn.

"In all sincerity of heart I do," answered Tremaine.

"If he made the world, it is to be supposed he planned it?"

"Certainly!"

"If he planned it, he must have imagined it before-hand."

"Agreed!"

"Why then there is *mind* without matter, unless you suppose that matter either planned or made itself."

Tremaine again faltered.

"I need not ask you," pursued Evelyn, "whether you think this awful, this wonderful Author of nature, is himself corporeal!"

" I suppose not."

" Suppose not! Do you not feel sure?"

" I think I do," said Tremaine.

" Why then, we have here a demonstration, or what is tantamount to it, that there is such a thing as spirit distinct from matter: Spirit all powerful, and all superior, because the very Creator and ruler of matter itself!"*

" This, perhaps, may be the truth," said Tremaine.

" It is also, then, true," continued Evelyn, " that it must think, for it plans—will, for it performs—be conscious, for it knows."

" In the Almighty, yes!" cried Tremaine.

" Yet you have never seen this great and awful Spirit," pursued Evelyn; " nor will you contend that body is necessary to him?"

" Assuredly not."

" If, then, he should clothe himself with body," said Evelyn, " or mix himself in matter, in some mysterious way, though I own it is above my comprehension....."

" What then?" asked Tremaine.

" Why then he might substract himself from it again, and remain the same spirit, though the matter with which he was clothed crumbled to pieces."

* I desire all doubters to ponder this again, again, and again.

"If the first supposition is possible," said Tremaine, "the other follows as a necessary consequence."

"I ask no more," observed his friend; "for you see here the demonstration that some spirit there is, and must be, distinct from matter; and the possibility depending only on the pleasure and purpose of the Almighty, it is made out that it *may* be united and disunited from matter without perishing, though the form of the matter that contained it may be destroyed."

"Yet how can such an union exist in us?" asked Tremaine.

"I know not," answered his friend, "nor is it necessary for my point that I should. It is sufficient to impress, that spirit is really a subsisting thing, in other words, a distinct substance of itself, whether with or without body: which I hold to be a great and decisive step towards the proof that it does actually subsist in union with our body."

"The second step, or that actual union, is the most important," said Tremaine. "How are we to come at a knowledge of it?"

"By its effects: and in this consists all that we know of matter itself."

"The difference, however, is too sensibly striking," said Tremaine, "not to throw all into doubt as to one; while the other is certain and palpable to our

every sense. I *see* those beautiful heavens, I hear that sweet concert of birds, I scent these luscious perfumes, but with the spiritual part of me that you talk of, I am not even in the least acquainted.

"This is Bolingbroke, with his phenomena," said Evelyn. "Surely we are, or may be, as well acquainted with the phenomena of spirit as of matter, only that we get at the knowledge with a little more trouble: for all you thus warmly describe, are, as logicians would say, but mere modes of matter; they are simply accidents which we should be sorry to be without: but destroy them, and matter would still remain; they are therefore not *essential* to matter, whose substance we are not a whit the better acquainted with, because of our eyes and noses."

"What use do you make of this?" asked Tremaine.

"Why, that we may know spirit, exactly in the same way as we know matter; that is, in its modes and its accidents," said Evelyn; "for we feel that we have something within us which understands, wills, and judges: we chuse and refuse, and have mental and perceptible, though invisible reason for both. There is even a mental happiness derived from the contemplation of the fitness of things—that is, of truth—which almost equals your heavens, your birds, and your perfumes. Nay, I am a traitor to philosophy in hesitating for a moment, under the *ille*

cebræ of this sweet place, to prefer it, as all wise men must, to every thing sensual and material. At least, I might ask, with old Sherlock, 'Who ever was admired or respected for eating and drinking well, or carrying luxury to its height?' If any one doubt, let him compare Apicius or Heliogabalus with Socrates. There is even a sort of respect about the filthy cloak of old Diogenes himself;—such is the natural elevation of wisdom, or mind, above sensuality, or matter.

"But what shall we say of genius, and all those master spirits which have charmed and governed the world from its creation, and will continue to do so, spite of the defects or decay of matter—

> 'Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
> 'And Phineus and Tiresias, prophets old!'

"In short, let me but oppose Homer and Shakspeare to your man of clay, before he is warmed by his Promethean fire, and I think Jupiter himself might have excused the theft of the fire, not merely from its necessity, but its beautiful and dazzling effects!"

Tremaine smiled at this little burst; then gravely returning to the subject, "You have uttered things," said he, "richly worth considering, and which I promise you to consider; meantime, there is one question, which to my mind no one has ever satisfactorily

answered, or scarcely even attempted to answer; I mean the co-eternity, if I may so say, of matter with spirit. It has been sensibly asked, may not matter have existed from all eternity, and only been put into the order that it at present wears by the eternal mind that informs it?"

"This is Spinozism, or little better," said Evelyn, "and you would soon fall into the full error of that Jew and his masters, that God is the soul, not the creator of the world. But when you say nobody has answered this potent question, do you not forget Locke?"

"At this moment I am not aware of his opinion," said Tremaine.

"He reasons thus on this very question," replied the Doctor. "Matter is eternal. Why? Because you cannot conceive its being made out of nothing. Why are you not yourself eternal? Because you know *when* you began to be. But the matter whereof you are made began not then to be, or it would not be eternal. To be sure, the particles of which you are composed might have begun to be put together within a given time; but these particles are not *you*—they make not that *thinking*, *conscious* being you are. When then did that thinking Being begin to be? If never, you have been thinking from all eternity; which is absurd enough. If it began, it is not eternal, but has been created, and created out of

nothing; for we have demonstrated that it is not matter,—which, for the moment, we allow you to say has been eternal. But if God can create a thinking substance, which is the nobler substance, out of nothing, *à fortiori*, he can create matter. Your only reason, therefore, for doubting—namely, that you cannot conceive matter being created out of nothing—fails you."*

The Doctor stopped, and Tremaine allowed he had spoken from an oracle. "There is, however, one other objection," continued he, "which I wish you most seriously to ponder, and, if possible, to refute. It is that founded upon our knowledge of the brain. Unfortunately, anatomists are too often free-thinkers."

"A great mistake," observed Evelyn; "and Galen, you know, owed his conversion to God to the mere contemplation of a skeleton, which, by accident, he met with. But go on."

"Whatever the soul, mind, or thought," continued Tremaine, "the brain is evidently the seat of it. All sensation, all perception, centre there; it is to the brain that every thing is in the first place communicated; and in the brain we feel and know that we judge of the communication. In short, we do not think with our hands or feet."

* See Locke, book iv. chap. 10, sec. 18.

"Agreed!" cried Evelyn.

"Moreover, it is in proportion to the size, perhaps to the fineness of our brains," pursued Tremaine, "that we are wise and refined."

"But not good, kind, pious, or gentle," observed Evelyn.

"That the shape and size of the brain," said Tremaine, "in short, that the attributes of matter, influence the properties of the soul, and the nature of thought, is enough for me to feel assured that they must themselves be material. Where the brain is hurt, the understanding is gone, though life remains: and even your favourite being and ally, *consciousness*, may be annihilated, by the destruction of a portion, a very small portion indeed of human matter. Are Epicurus and Lucretius then indeed such fools in supposing that the soul is material? and how is this reconcileable with your argument from consciousness—which I own much impressed me?"

"The difficulty," observed Evelyn, "is not new, and has been completely refuted by a knowledge of that very anatomy which you avouch in your support."

"I shall be not less pleased than surprised," exclaimed Tremaine, "if this can be made out."

"Why thus," answered Evelyn. "The consciousness I spoke of, I rely on, you know, as an integral, identical, and ever-during being. Its indivi-

sibility, and therefore indiscerptibility, is in fact the only real and unequivocal proof that I am the same being now that I was forty years ago. All about me has changed; my flesh, my blood, and for aught I know my very bones may have so passed off in the wear and tear of my material nature, in the course of all its wonderful processes, perpetually and without intermission at work, in sleep as well as waking, that I know not the part of me that is actually the same as when I came into the world. Our hair, teeth, and nails, we obviously *see* changing; nay our very skin. Nature seems ever indefatigably employed in the business of subtraction, by perspiration and the various secretions, and of addition, by food. The changes are indeed so gradual as not to be perceptible; but they are not the less changes: so that we are like a ship, built perhaps in the last century, and still thought the same as was originally launched, yet so often repaired, that not a nail, rope, or piece of timber of the original, remains."

"Well then,—amidst all this transmutation, is the brain alone to escape? and if it do not, what becomes of that consciousness, which yet is supposed to be identified with it? If that too has been divided, thrust into other places, lost and renewed with new atoms, how is it, I say, that I know myself to be the same thinking conscious being now that I was forty years ago? My flesh and blood, nails, teeth, hair,

and skin are, I know, *not* the same; my mind is. There is but one consequence for your supposition, if just; namely, that the brain is the identical self-same brain it always was."

"And may it not be so?" asked Tremaine.

"So far from it," replied Evelyn, "that of all the changes the body undergoes, the brain is proved to experience the most frequent, and the greatest; so much so, that the animal spirits which belong to it, and in which resides the very quintessence of that fine subtle matter, the *flos Bacchi* of your Lucretius, (in short, the soul you have supposed,) are said by some to flow through this brain, and return to the heart, and the brain itself is also *dissolved*, once in every forty-eight hours."

"I confess to you," allowed Tremaine, "this is very important."

"It is to me decisive," said Evelyn: "for what, let me ask, becomes of memory, as well as consciousness? Memory! that storehouse in which all our foregone knowledge is laid up for use, as it may be required, in endless variety, and boundless amplitude? The argument of the materialists upon memory itself I own I never could comprehend. Nor has the question ever been answered, or scarcely attempted to be answered, 'Where our ideas are deposited when actually not present to us?' We are told, in the brain. But in what cells? How is

there room (it has justly been asked) for all that a man of learning or wisdom, or a mere old man that has seen the world, knows, forgets, and recovers? Behold the volumes of science, history, arts, law, inventions! All are used, laid aside, and used again, by the same man, as occasion may require. Some ideas may have slept for half a century, yet come out again, fresh and green as when first conceived. We are told that association awakens them. But where did they sleep? Is this lightly to be got over by a gratuitous supposition, neither proved nor proveable, that it is the result of some mechanism of the brain, which nobody even pretends to understand, much less explain? I ask if this palpable, tangible, natural, and everlasting difficulty, is to be answered by the mere gratuitous supposition of what is not even an hypothesis, (supported, or attempted to be supported,) that there is an asserted occult quality in the brain; in the same manner as, in the days of darkness, before the dawning of science, a thousand other occult qualities formerly supplied reasons for all phenomena that could not be explained?"

Tremaine was a little overpowered, and not the less so when Evelyn asked him pointedly, whether, and how, he ever knew memory accounted for on the mechanical principles? whether he could account for it himself?

He owned he could not, but supposed it a property of the brain, because it resided there.

" Well then," replied Evelyn, " taking the thing for granted, at least for a moment, I ask you how the ideas of fifty years standing, which have been supposed all that time in this storehouse of the brain, can have remained in undisturbed preservation, when it has been asserted that the storehouse itself has been in perpetual agitation, and even knocked down and built up again every two days throughout the year ?"

Tremaine again allowed the immense importance of the argument, and a long pause ensued.

At length, breaking silence, as if struck with a new, or a suddenly recollected topic, he observed with seriousness.—

" There is, after all, to me, a fatal objection to all this excellent reasoning, (excellent I allow, whether it convince or not,) which I should be really glad if you could clear up. But I own I never knew any one who could do so."

" Name it," said Evelyn.

" All the learning, thought, and reflection, and the genius too, which have been used upon this occasion, seem after all wildly wasted."

" As how ?"

" Why, in proving the indiscerptibility, and therefore immortality of the soul of man, you prove, (for

the whole argument applies) that the soul of the lowest animal, a brute, or an insect, is equally immortal. The principle, though not in the same degree, applies alike to the most disgusting and hateful vermin, as to the noblest animals; to the lice and bugs that were the plagues of Pharaoh, equally as to the sagacious elephant, or the faithful dog."

"Your objection," returned Evelyn, "is not either novel, or without its difficulty. Nay, I will own to you, I have been formerly staggered with it."

"And how did you get over it?" asked Tremaine.

"You mean the argument to be what the logicians call *ex absurdo*," observed Evelyn.

"I state it as such."

"Yet is the absurdity made out?"

"I think it is; for it would be difficult to make me believe that the crawling worm, the loathsome toad, or the fly that springs from the dunghill, was made to live again. If therefore it is not positively an argument *ex absurdo*, which possibly it may not strictly be, it certainly comes under the description of that sort of argument, which, by proving too much, proves nothing."

"We, at least, know nothing about the matter," answered Evelyn; "and when that is so, I never will suffer any thing (whatever appearances may be) to interfere with what I think I do know. What know we of the ends of our own creation?"

" Nothing," said Tremaine, with a sigh.

" That does not prevent there being an end," continued Evelyn, " It only makes our situation the more awful; but it cannot invalidate the supposition that there is such an end, because it is possible there may be also an end in the creation of things to *us* so worthless. The most you can make of it is, that the creation of a toad is beyond our comprehension: is that of a man, then, within it?"

" But its immortality?" pursued Tremaine.

" I have said, that it will, at least, not *disprove* our's; we have therefore no right to demand an account of it; I mean as a stipulation, as it were, for our belief concerning ourselves."

" Do you really then believe, that that gnat, which is settling upon you, is to live again?"

" I submit to my ignorance," answered the Doctor: " I am myself in many respects worse than a gnat, which is, it should seem, incapable of sin."

" Your inference?"

" That its being mortal or immortal would not prevent my immortality."

" But *can* it on your principles be mortal, or rather *must* it not be immortal?"

" I know not the nature of an insect's mind, if mind it can be called," answered Evelyn.

" Well, then, of the most reasoning of brutes, the elephant; or the most friendly, the dog?"

"We know not even their minds in sufficient accuracy. But though I should agree with you, that the arguments we have discussed applied equally to them as to us, I see not the absurdity, I mean logical, gross, and *clearly proved* absurdity, in the supposition of their immortality, that should make us doubt the argument for our own. Even if you will have it that they must be immortal (which I confess does not trouble me) there is nothing to prevent the exertion of that will and power which can (but which *alone* can) overcome the consequences of all I have been endeavouring to prove."

"Nay! this is absolute paradox," said Tremaine.

"My meaning is," replied Evelyn, "that if the immortality of brutes were *inconsistent* (which at least it is not) with the immortality of man, God's will might annihilate them, though the constitution and fabric of what souls they have, might, if left to themselves, imply that they would be immortal."

Tremaine was without reply, except to express his wonder, if this were so, that so much design and contrivance should be thrown away.

"Better leave it," said Evelyn, "for be assured it is beyond us. All I mean to contend for is, that your objection is not founded upon what you first imagined, an inconsistency, and consequently an absurdity; and the argument *ex absurdo*, and even the

objection drawn from proving too much, must therefore be given up."

Tremaine confessed that this was not so unfair as at first it appeared, and that upon reflection, it might probably relieve his difficulty.

Evelyn went on: "You, who are a Cartesian" (looking at the picture of the French philosopher),—

"Not so," interrupted Tremaine. "You know I have said I have abandoned what little bias I had towards him."

"One of his greatest errors, however, would have helped you much in this affair."

"You mean his doctrine that brutes are without souls, or reason, or even sensation, and therefore cannot enter into the account."

"I do," said Evelyn, "and to be fair, ought we not also to add, that he has exceedingly well made out all we have been discussing, concerning the immateriality of reason and thought?"

"He very much supports you as far as regards men," said Tremaine, "but this very error, so gross, regarding brutes, proves to me the strength of the difficulty I have mentioned, and hence his very absurd paradox as to them."

"No doubt," replied Evelyn; "and hence the sneering Bayle, in one of his most adroit sneers, observes that it is a pity Des Cartes should be refuted as to the souls of brutes, as his system is one of the

best supports of the doctrine of immateriality as to the soul of man. But we want no such support. I say we know nothing with precision enough, concerning the reasoning faculty of brutes, to let it at all enter into the argument concerning our own. But even if we did, a difficulty at best collateral and obscure cannot possibly invalidate a proof that is direct and clear."

Tremaine allowed that he was very much satisfied.

"Now then, if you please," pursued Evelyn, "I will go back to my ship. I have, however, little more to do with her, since all this digresssion has been merely to defend my illustration against your assertion, that you had *seen* the supposed victims annihilated. You allow that, if you saw them carried off alive, the curiosity would be insatiable, and the feeling fearful?"

"I do," said Tremaine.

"Only suppose, then, the next point in the gradation—lower, indeed, but very little lower, in the scale of fearfulness; suppose these victims regularly disappeared, without any one knowing whether dead or alive, and that none of them ever were heard of again."

"It would shock every heart not absolutely hardened!" cried Tremaine.

"Why then, as I contend," pursued Evelyn, "my illustration is apposite. It at least does not

appear that the living, or rather the thinking, the conscious power within us—in other words, the soul —is extinguished by the death of the body. Its powers, however, disappear, never to come back—never to be heard of again; and all our thoughts, all our anxieties, amounting sometimes to agony, as our turn for going approaches, are directed towards that country to which our supposed victims have been carried, and from which none have ever returned."

"The result?"

"The result is, that no man in his senses can, or ought to be indifferent to death. Take away those who are hardened in vice, or who have lost their reason by pain and misfortune—and no man is. Although, therefore, no one has ever been able to describe, perhaps even to imagine, the sort of country to which the ship I have supposed is bound, and where she deposits her victims, still the effect upon the conduct, or rather the expectations that may influence our conduct, cannot be a light one."

"Here I quite go along with you," said Tremaine.

"The great Master of nature does so too," continued Evelyn, "when he makes fear for the future stop the hand that is meditating self-murder.

> 'Thus conscience doth make cowards of all,
> 'And thus the native hue of resolution
> 'Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'"

"You build then much upon conscience," observed Tremaine, "in your philosophy?"

"Say rather my religion," remarked Evelyn. "I certainly do."

"Shall I tell you my own very unsatisfactory notions of conscience?" asked Tremaine.

"By all means," answered his friend. "I suppose you do not question either her existence or her power."

"Not her existence, but her power much; and worst of all, I own I particularly question how the sharpest stings can be made to conduce to the proofs of a future state. For suppose it were actually proved there was no such state: might not conscience be equally made use of by the Author of nature, as a mean, in the same manner as instinct or reason, for the better government of our lives while they last?"

"There is something in the remark," replied Evelyn, "but you will allow not much, if you pursue the subject. The frogs, you know, were at first frightened at King Log, whom Jupiter sent to govern them."

"How does this apply?" asked Tremaine.

"Finish the fable," answered the Doctor, "by which you will see that, though he made a great splashing at first when he was thrown among them, finding he was utterly without power to hurt them,

they presently leaped upon his back, and laughed at him. But though we all know how conscience may be quieted, in the various struggles of the world, it breaks out even to the end of life; and hence I found my remark upon it, for in this is it different from the frogs. As nature never acts in vain, I would ask to what possible end can it conduce, to be pricked by this monitor on our death-beds, if all is to end there? Who that ever calculated at all upon his past life, and summed up the account between his deeds and his conscience, would even take this trouble in the last moment when it could not possibly avail—when a sponge was, in fact, at hand to rub out the whole score? And how many would actually feel thus indifferent,

> ' But that the dread of something *after* death
> ' Puzzles the will!' "

" I own, my dear friend," said Tremaine, " you have much enlightened me—much won me over to my own wishes on this subject; yet how account for those instances of what is called dying hard, which many malefactors have exhibited after the worst spent lives, if conscience is any thing towards the proof of a future state?"

" I should be glad to have the fact ascertained," said Evelyn. " It is, however, too certain there are some instances of it. But so there are of the most

horrid acts of depravity against nature—of the most outrageous blasphemies and rebellion. Their causes are egregious, besotted selfishness, madness, despair! But neither can we say this is the ordinary, real course of nature, nor does their existence, as lamentable exceptions, disprove the reasoning, or the rule."

"I confess you have greatly satisfied me," said Tremaine.

Evelyn grasped his hand, and, with affectionate kindness, said, "And trust I shall still farther. The point, then, that we have hitherto reached, is simply this—that if there were nothing more than such periodical visits and periodical disappearances as I have supposed, common sense would force us to look anxiously at the event, and not suppose the matter was to end there; and whoever pretended to laugh at this anxiety, and be careless as to what was to come, we should look upon him as either a fool, or a madman at best."

"I allow this," said Tremaine.

"In this state of things, then," pursued Evelyn, "suppose a tradition or traditions had existed for a series of years, from the oldest times known, in the country where this awful visitation prevailed, one of which traditions recounted why the visitation was first ordained;—that the ship came from the dominions of a mighty Prince, to whose personal govern-

ment the nation in question had been originally subject, and who still continued so far to govern them, that he sent out this ship to call every man to his account; that he had frequently sent messengers among them for this purpose, warning them of their state; and that, on one occasion, he had sent a Prince of his own family, to acquaint them with the nature of the country to which they were bound, and to impress upon them that immediately on their arrival they should be most strictly examined, and punished or rewarded according to their deserts."

"I see what you would infer," cried Tremaine.

"It is plain," said Evelyn; "and I ask, in the first place, whether, with the known fact of the ship constantly before us, such traditions would be unreasonable?"

"They would be as reasonable as I can suppose any tradition to be," answered Tremaine.

"That is a considerable admission," continued Evelyn.

"Not much," interrupted Tremaine, "for I look upon all tradition as so unsatisfactory, so little precise, and so impossible to be proved, that I build just nothing upon it."

"Yet tradition is sometimes very accurately delivered down to us, and even consecrated by festivals and solemn ceremony," said Evelyn.

"Here, again, I am unfortunate," observed Tre-

maine; "I ask for truth, and I am sent to ceremony. What can be derived from so fleeting, so foolish, so capricious a thing?"

"More than you seem to be aware of," answered Evelyn. "For, not to lose time in general reasoning, let me ask you, in our own country, when you see the bonfires and the hanging in effigy on the fifth of November....."

"Surely," cried Tremaine, almost impatiently, "you will not gravely argue this! Who does not see that it is the interest or amusement of a parcel of idle boys that keeps it alive, and but for this, no man would hear of it?"

"You forget," said Evelyn, "that the State itself has sanctioned the day, as one of thanksgiving, and to be kept holy. But even if it were not so, how was it that these idle boys could get such a thing first tolerated, and then encouraged? Will not your candour allow, and your knowledge of history prove to you, that the mere celebration of this rough ceremony indicates the general outline of the plot it pretends to commemorate?"

"Perhaps it does," said Tremaine.

"In like manner, no Jew, however unprejudiced, but believed, and had reason to believe, from the regular and reverential celebration of the passover, that there had been bondage in Egypt, and deliverance from it, by a passage of the Red Sea."

"Deliverance, if you will," cried Tremaine; "but not by miracle."

"That is not now the question; the point only is as to the probability of some foundation for the tradition recorded in the ceremony. Again, therefore, I ask, whether, in the case supposed, when we have a perpetual historical tradition, supported by ceremonies, and sealed with blood, that a person has been among us who said he came from that country, where he had seen all those victims who had been so regularly carried off, and seen them regularly brought to trial, and punished or rewarded, according to their merits—whether, I say, we could deem such a tradition to be either very incredible, or even very irrational."

"You have, I own," observed Tremaine, after a very long pause, and three or four turns in the gallery by himself, "stated these topics of my former meditations, in a clearer and more pointed manner than I ever before knew them: and yet, if I were not afraid of offending you, I have seen them all so pierced with ridicule, that I own even all your learning and ingenuity, your elaborate demonstrations, and your appositeness of illustration, are ill able to stand it."

"The best and most holy things," said Evelyn, gravely, "may be made the butt for ridicule to shoot at. Whether they repel, or are hurt by the dart, is

a different question; and you must give me leave to doubt the last."

"You will allow," returned Tremaine, "that ridicule is what has been called the test of truth."

"I allow no such thing," replied Evelyn, with great seriousness, "even if we could, with any precision, understand what ridicule is. For the most part I may think that what is *called* the ridicule of sacred things, can only derive its force from the profligacy of those whom it enlists in its support. I believe you have a respect for Clarendon," added Evelyn.

"A great and sincere one," answered Tremaine.

"Tell me, then, do you think that if that profligate and wicked Duke of Buckingham himself, (who turned out afterwards beneath contempt, under the sword of the illustrious Ossory, like Thersites under Ulysses,) do you think that if he had attempted to sink Clarendon in your esteem, by such silly stuff as imposed upon the King, he would have succeeded?"

"I do not immediately recollect the story," said Tremaine.

"You remember the tongs and the bellows borne before him for mace and purse," rejoined Evelyn, "which was said to have gone farther than any thing else, in first raising a laugh against this excellent person, and then, by sinking him in respect, paving the way to his ruin."

Tremaine owned it was surprising the King could have been so weak.

"Say rather, so rascally," replied Evelyn. "But at least, then, with you, the scoundrel Duke, with the strumpet his accomplice,* would not have succeeded."

"Certainly not," cried Tremaine.

"And yet here was ridicule, and successful too," said Evelyn; "but whether the success was owing to the wit, or the base rascality of those on whom it operated, is perhaps a question which King Charles, if he were alive, would not like to be asked. Tell me," continued Evelyn, "if any one were to attempt to ridicule your father,—who was lame, and what is called old-fashioned, but whom, I believe, you venerate for his worth and innocent life,—by imitating his lameness, his dress, or manner, or even any little foible he might have; let the imitator do it ever so well, do you think it would break in upon your respect for the person imitated?"

"You cannot be serious in asking," said Tremaine.

"And yet," pursued Evelyn, "as far as imitation went, it might be thought ridiculous, and your father might be said to be turned into ridicule."

Tremaine assented.

"You see, then," added Evelyn, "that merely to

* Duchess of Cleveland.

call names, or to take liberties, or perhaps (for I shrewdly suspect whom you allude to in what you have said) to tell lies, is at least not wit: but, whatever it be, as it is in every body's power, there is little difficulty, and consequently little merit in it."

Tremaine desired him to explain his meaning farther.

"What I mean is, that even for wit to succeed in bringing virtue or wisdom, much more religion, into contempt, there must be great aptitude to the contrary qualities in those who are to judge; but if, in the things supposed, there is no truth for the ridicule to hang on, the wit itself is rather equivocal."

"All that is very clear," said Tremaine.

"Now, then, if you please, for the ridicule which you say has so shaken you upon our late awful subject."

"I alluded to Voltaire," answered Tremaine.

"I thought as much," observed Evelyn; "and I very much fear you mean in the trash of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique.*"

"It is true," said Tremaine.

"This, in a man of your class and character of mind, is not what I expected!" exclaimed Evelyn. "But will you point out the instances of this attempt at wit? for of wit itself, on these subjects, I have no hesitation to say he had none."

"Voltaire no wit!" exclaimed Tremaine.

"That I did not say," replied Evelyn; "on the contrary, "I have willingly laughed with him, in his *Contes*, as well as wept with him in his *Tragédies;* his ease and elegance, on almost whatever subject he handles, delights me; but I am equally moved, not merely with detestation at his impiety, but with wonder at the empty impudence with which he attempts to support it. Hume had some learning; Bolingbroke at least borrowed some; Epicurus made a great sect; and Cicero every-where keeps the mind on the stretch: but for this wit of yours, if he had written nothing else, I should have thought him only a fool."

"Can you blame me, however," said Tremaine, "you, who own his wit, for paying tribute to it when I find it?"

"By no means," answered Evelyn: "but I deny the wit which presumes to prepare us for laughing, by imposing upon us what we know to be false; and I am at a loss to understand how a man of judgment can be dazzled by sophisms so glaring, and, therefore, so contemptible, that I know not which to wonder at most, their idiotcy, or their impudence."

"To what do you particularly apply this severity?" asked Tremaine.

"Possibly to what you may have thought most witty," replied Evelyn. "Take, for example, his illustration of the soul, by the clapper of a bellows,

the body being, as he says, the bellows itself. 'There is a clapper to it,' he says, 'which gives it motion and use, and which I have made for it,' he adds, 'under the name of soul. Yet the bellows can be pulled to pieces, and the poor soul goes with it.' What child does not see that the bellows and the clapper are all one machine; that, indeed, the machine cannot be a bellows, but a mere piece of wood, without the clapper: and if he must have a comparison for the soul, it can only be the hand that uses it, and sets it in motion. This is wholly distinct, you see, from its body, and so far is for us; yet you, perhaps, have formerly laughed at this, Mr. Tremaine!"

"Formerly, I confess I have: certainly, not of late."

"And why not?"

"Not because what you say ought not to have been obvious before," replied Tremaine; "but because, from my humour at the time, some mist must have been before my eyes, which is now much removed."

"You rejoice me," said Evelyn, "and I will not, therefore, go on; otherwise I would wish you to consider the truth and fairness with which he asks if the Creator would condescend (alluding to the Jews) to be the King of usurers and old-clothesmen? The wit, you see, is in calling the subjects of the Almighty by these disgusting names. Yet the wit is a lie; for

he has wilfully confounded the modern with the ancient Jews. Again, he is witty, to be sure, in asking what is meant by going *up* to heaven, when in the planetary system there is neither upwards nor downwards; and is most especially facetious when he says this heaven of ours is nothing more than a parcel of clouds and vapours. Who does not see (I am sure the merest child will) that he here wilfully confounds the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, and which we call heaven in physics, with the happy place, whatever it is, which we designate by that name in religion?"

"This is true," said Tremaine.

"Of a piece with this," pursued Evelyn, "are his sneers at the sacred story, where, labouring through falsehoods of his own invention, he tells you that the Patriarch Abraham found it convenient to pass off a beautiful wife for a sister, in order that he might make money of her, by disposing of her beauty to the King of Egypt. The whole wit is here lost, because the statement is a lie. Were I to go into all the blasphemies of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, and examine their witty dress, which seems so to have dazzled your imagination———"

"My dear friend," interrupted Tremaine, "I will spare you the trouble; I have long given up, upon these subjects, even the wit of Voltaire."

The Doctor again grasped his hand, and com-

mending his candour, asked if he had been able to satisfy him on their awful subject?

"In many things," answered his friend, "you have entirely; in many, you have opened a new mode of viewing them, which I will not fail to pursue; and if not in all convincing, you have at least pointed out the road to conviction."

Evelyn embraced him affectionately, and could not help asserting that if this were so, it would be the happiest day of his life.

"You are the truest of friends," said Tremaine, "and I own myself much relieved on many most important points. Still there are others on which you must have my whole confession. I would not conceal a difficulty from you, even to gain what you know is my highest object on this side the Heaven you teach me to believe in."

Evelyn was moved even to tears, and asked him to propound the whole extent of his difficulty at once.

"I will readily," answered Tremaine: "but perhaps another time were best, for the day advances. Meanwhile, I need not say that thus far we have only meddled with metaphysical difficulties, on the nature of matter and spirit. We have not even touched upon the moral arguments which, to me, are I own the most confounding of the two. As a sort of notice, therefore, shall I confess my scepticism, or, what it

more truly is, my embarrassment, as to a particular Providence; the care which God may think it worth while to take of us, farther than by the general laws of nature he has imposed upon us; the compatibility of our free-will with foreknowledge; the necessity, much more the uncertainty of future retribution; and the existence of evil, both moral and physical, to such an extent of horror, as would lead us sometimes to lie down and despair. Religion must, indeed, be all she is represented by her votaries, if she can reconcile all these conflicting, these agonizing difficulties; for such they are to every mind not absolutely hardened into indifference by selfishness, drunk with prosperity, or maddened by crime."

"A man who can so express himself," said Evelyn, kindly, "must really be unfortunate if he miss the truth he seeks. I do not disguise the thousand hard things that surround these awful questions. Yet, I trust, I shall be enabled to lead you through the rocks and shelves without shipwreck."

"Willingly shall I follow your compass," said Tremaine; "and, from the fruit of to-day, I will hope the best."

It was then settled that they should meet again the next day at the same hour and place; and, meantime, the Doctor said he would proceed on foot through a long line of vineyards to Orleans, in search of Georgina's boat. He would have asked Tre-

maine to accompany him, as he had done the day before, but perceiving him inclined to be silent, he forebore; and, at last, left him lost in a deep reverie, from which, hoping it might lead to good, he had no inclination to rouse him.

CHAP. X.

PROVIDENCE.

" Think that the clearest Gods, who make them honours
" Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee."

SHAKSPEARE.

GEORGINA'S boat was the prettiest in the world. At least, the boat-letter said it was the prettiest that ever came out of the hands of Monsieur Perrault;—which was the same thing. In truth it was a very pretty barge, and swam, as the boat-letter said, like a cork; nay, he was not sure, if you loaded it ever so much, or even bored a hole in the bottom, that it would sink. " *D'ailleurs*, it was painted as if for a queen; it was green where it ought to be green, and white where it ought to be white: had an awning of green taffeta, with fringe and tassels of pale pink,—

not absolutely pink indeed, but rather *soupçon d'œillet;* then again the blades of the oars were all covered with gilt dolphins, which would so glitter in the sun. In short, it was a barge for Cleopatra *elle-même*, and Ma'amselle would be so at her ease! The price a poor louis *par jour*—cheap for the boat merely, let alone two skilful rowers—c'étoit absolument un rien, outre....."

"Enough, enough!" cried Evelyn, who at first was disposed to admire the boat-builder's eloquence, but got tired of it before it was near a conclusion; which, indeed, it was not, when he thus broke in upon it, and spoiled the tirade.

The object, however, of Monsieur Perrault's agent was gained, for the bargain was struck, and Evelyn was to be put in possession of this barge of Cleopatra, for a louis *par jour*, as long as he chose to keep it; and this, the boat-letter most kindly, and only for the sake of Ma'amselle's health and pleasure, wished might be a very long while.

To handsel it, behold the good Doctor embarked with his two rowers, and steering, if I must not rather say, blundering back again to the fishing-house. It was, indeed, an attempt *manqué;* for the truth is, what with the wandering of his eye over both banks of the river, and his recollections of his recent conference with his friend (to say nothing of that which was to come), he plunged the two water-

men, neither of whom was a landscape painter or metaphysician, not indeed into the water, but into all sorts of difficulties, and twice ran them aground, into a soft bed of mud, which sadly deteriorated the splendour of Cleopatra's barge.

Georgina was, however, delighted with her father's success for her; and, though she thought a whole day rather long to have been employed on this little cockle-shell, yet she owned the bauble was a very pretty bauble, and Evelyn a very kind papa, to throw away so much time upon her pleasures.

Ah! had she but known on what he had really been employed for her, the greatest part of the day!

Be that as it might, as the soft air of that charming climate really agreed with her, and she felt recruited in strength, as well as soothed in spirit, by all she felt and saw, it was determined to pass an hour that very evening upon the beautiful Loire.

Glad to escape farther questioning upon the employment of the morning, her father gave into this with pleasure. Lisette was ordered into attendance, to her very great joy,—begging only deux minutes, which she took care to make ten, pour faire sa petite toilette; and, taking a stool at Georgina's feet, was not sorry to display her dark eyes, and white teeth, and her *guirlande* of roses, fresh pulled for the occasion, not merely to the obvious admiration of her own boatmen, but to the passengers in the numerous

little floats which they passed or met, going or returning, on this soft-gliding river.

Georgina was almost amused at her *coquetterie*, and Evelyn, glad she could be amused with any thing, strove to drive away his own pensiveness; till, after a pleasing excursion, she returned, and retired early for the night.

It was during that night, that this excellent man revolved in seriousness their changed, but still uncertain situation with Tremaine. That he was evidently a different being on many radical points, and bade fair to approach what was so much wished in all, gave the truest satisfaction, even to scruples as strong as Evelyn's. Tremaine had opened, however, a fearful prospect for the next day, which filled his friend with uneasiness. "But I will trust to what has already been effected," said Evelyn to himself. "The bias of his mind is changed; his prejudices, if not subsided, are no longer stubborn; the rubbish that overlaid his candour is at least cleared away."

With this reflection, and commending himself and his daughter to Heaven, whose instrument he still hoped to be, he sank into a sweet rest.

The next morning he found Georgina pleased enough with her water excursion to be thinking of another. But as the sun was too powerful, she willingly put it off till the evening; and being well pro-

vided with books, she the more readily allowed her father to proceed again without her to Orleans, to present as he said, (and what was, in truth, no fiction,) a letter of credit to the banker, and another of introduction to the Bishop of the place.

It may be supposed to what place he first went, and he was glad to find Tremaine on the alert, and full of genuine satisfaction at their last conference.

"There is not a point that we touched," said he, "on which I feel that I can any longer disagree with you."

But, on entering the house, and particularly the gallery, they found that it was no longer a haunt for retired philosophy. More and more furniture had gradually accumulated, and the *menuisier's* people from Orleans were in full possession. It was only, however, changing the gallery for the yew-tree walk, which overhung the river in a charming terrace, and they were as much to themselves as if in the portico at Athens, or the garden of Academus itself.

But their retirement was strangely invaded, almost as soon as they reached it. A shot from below sounding like a bullet, struck the very hat of Tremaine; and cries of "*garde! garde!*" vociferated loudly on the other side of the terrace, showed that other danger was near. Both friends ran to a little gate, three or four paces from them, which was then wide open to the road, and ere they had closed it a single mo-

ment, they were appalled by the sight of a dog, apparently in all the horror of madness, running headlong in the path that led straight through the gate into the terrace where the friends were. Evelyn had barely a moment to close it; but closed as it was the dog attempted to leap it; his foaming jaws were within a few inches of Evelyn's hand, while it was securing the fastening; and the danger of his succeeding in a repeated leap was so great, that both friends, afraid to face him, and still more to quit the gate, stood still, quite powerless to advance or retreat. At length, the poor animal, which had run miles, and was quite exhausted, lay down in piteous moaning, and seemed to be panting out its last breath, when the *garde-de-chasse*, who had fired at it before, came within shot again, and, by a more successful aim, released it from its misery.

Both Evelyn and Tremaine, though they had recovered their presence of mind, looked at each other with mingled fear and horror. This soon gave way, perhaps in both, to another sentiment. Evelyn's heart was certainly full, and he longed to pour it out to that Providence, which, he believed, had so palpably preserved him.

"And you too, my friend," cried he, "have reason, in your heart, at least, to fall down and worship the hand that has protected us both."

Tremaine was certainly much affected; and per-

ceiving that he should relieve his friend (perhaps himself), by quitting him for a few minutes, hastened into another walk of the garden,—observing, that he would soon return.

It was a real relief; for, of all things, Evelyn hated exhibitions, and he retreated into an alcove to be alone—if such any one can be said to be, whose full heart bursts forth in thanksgiving to a Being, from whom it supposes it had just received the most signal instance of favour and protection.

When Tremaine was alone, it was in vain that for some minutes the calculating philosophy, which, had he not been a party concerned, would have led him into a cold discussion about chance and accident, called by enthusiasts, as he said, by the name of Providence,—it was in vain that this assailed him. His feeling, that he had been manifestly delivered from horrors, too great to be thought of without agony, got full possession, for a time, of his mind. He felt also for his friend. The raging, miserable animal's look and howl were long in his ears and before his eyes, and a full tide of nature approximated his feelings for awhile to those which his friend would have most wished. It has been well said by Young,—

'A fever argues better than a Clarke;'

and so here, the horrors of hydrophobia made him,

for a moment at least, a divine, almost equal to Evelyn himself. But, as the terror went off, and the spirit recovered, all this weakened; and though he was by no means still unimbued with a sentiment of awe, and gratitude to, (supposing himself to have been specially preserved,) yet that there was anything really special in it, any thing more than a very favourable chance, after having been very near to the most horrid of all catastrophes, came at last to be as questionable as if it had happened to another party.

When he returned to Evelyn, he found him in conversation with the *garde-de-chasse*, who related that the dog had passed by his cottage, about a quarter of a mile off; that he had immediately loaded his double-barrelled gun with slugs, and pursued him through the wood; that not thinking of any body on the terrace, when he first got within shot, he had fired, and would have certainly killed him and Tremaine too, for he was in the direct line of his aim, had not, at the very moment he pulled the trigger, an unaccountable tremor, or *saisissement*, as he called it, come over, and unnerved him. He traced it, he said, to the sudden sight of a small snake, which, at the time, was crossing the path.

"Cela fut heureux pour Monsieur;" added the *garde-de-chasse;* "car, il y a dix ans que je n'ai manqué."

"This was an awful crisis," cried Evelyn, as soon

as the gamekeeper was gone, "and excites a thousand emotions."

"We have certainly had a most narrow escape, and have the highest reason to rejoice in our good fortune," replied Tremaine. "I might, probably, have been shot through the head, or both of us possibly the victims of the most horrible of all evils, but for ....."

"What?" asked Evelyn, observing that he paused; but Tremaine did not finish the sentence.

"If it were not for the sad doubts of Providence you have expressed," continued Evelyn, "I should hope you had been going to acknowledge its finger in this fearful event. For my own part, I am scarcely recovered from the tumult of awe, gratitude, and anxiety, with which it has filled me."

"Could I suppose," rejoined Tremaine, "that Providence was busied about so humble a creature as myself, I should have the happiness of feeling as you do. But, alas! the millions of such accidents, and such escapes! What is there in them, but that fortune, that chance, if I may so say, that pervades the whole constitution of things, and deals out safety to-day, and death to-morrow, without any providing power being necessary, farther than the original laws which govern our actions. But I repeat to you, I would give the world to think as you do."

"Tell me, my friend," said Evelyn, "was that

your opinion when this horror was fresh upon your senses; I mean half an hour ago?"

"Perhaps not, exactly," answered Tremaine. "When we are on the brink of destruction, and see no human chance of deliverance, yet are delivered, we not unnaturally think the aid comes from an unseen power. Nevertheless, the impression is merely mechanical and momentary; it cannot stand the probe of reason."

"You are no doubt, then," returned Evelyn, "prepared to tell me, why it should be thus mechanical, when so absolutely false in its tendency; that is, why the machine, as you call it, should be endowed with so very strong, and yet so very *useless* a feeling? Machines that are the work of merely *human* hands, are not, in general, provided with expensive and elaborate contrivances, that lead absolutely to nothing. Why, then, should it be so with machines beyond all human power to imitate, and made by an Artist who never acts in vain?"

"I perceive we are embarked in our subject," said Tremaine. "As to your question, I imagine it is not true that we are so endowed with this feeling, as you seem to think, but rather that it proceeds from a weakness in our nature."

"Again, I ask," returned Evelyn, "if a weakness, and of our *nature*, how came we to be endowed with it? I repeat, *why* this weakness?"

"I know not," said his friend; "but it is most true, that amidst a thousand wants, and uncertainties, and unaccountable fears, both for the present and the future, nothing is so comforting as to believe we have a friend close at our side; and, *therefore*, we believe it. Are we not all prone to believe what we wish? do we not believe it? and yet, are we not too often wrong?"

"That," said Evelyn, "must depend upon the particular constitution of the party. You suppose a sanguine man; I may suppose a melancholy one. Yours is buoyant with hope; mine, sunk in despair. There are as many, perhaps, of the one as the other. This, therefore, does not make out your supposition, that the feeling proceeded from mere weakness. But, even though a weakness, you allow it is a natural one?"

"I do," said Tremaine.

"Then let me ask you, if ever you knew a natural feeling implanted in vain—any one totally useless to one's self or one's kind—in short, so useless, that human nature could go on just well without as with it?"

Tremaine hesitated, and Evelyn proceeded:

"Take the strong affections: for example, love, friendship, pity, gratitude, admiration at what we call great and good, the sympathies, their uneasiness, and their relief by the indulgence of benevolence,

and an effort to succour, help, and comfort those who are afflicted. These, you will say, are all mechanical; but can reason say they are *false*, or that they lead to falsehood? Still less can it say, that they are useless; and if not, that they proceed from unnecessary weakness, which ought, therefore, to be conquered."

"What you have enumerated, and, probably, even this very weakness," said Tremaine, "may not be useless, and I have allowed they are not unnatural."

"Then being natural, or even, if you please, *mechanical*, there was at least a reason for their mechanism; they were not created for nothing; and we may confide in their dictates, as true dictates."

"I see your aim," said Tremaine.

"You see the truth," continued Evelyn; "for again I ask, can we acknowledge all these feelings to be for some good end, and springing from some substantive fact—a rule, as it were, belonging to our existence, (for such must all natural feelings be,) —and yet state that all is weakness, blindness, uselessness, though all is nature?"

"Recollect our friend Locke," continued Evelyn, "a man who certainly was not a person to *jump* to a conclusion. He tells you in terms, that though God has given us no 'innate ideas of himself, though he has stamped no original characters in our minds, wherein we may *read* his being, yet he hath not left

us without witness, since we have sense, perception, and reason; and cannot want a clear proof of him *as long as we carry ourselves about with us.*"

"'Tis a remarkable expression," said Tremaine.

Evelyn proceeded: "He goes on, I think, even to state, that the proof from reason is equal to mathematical certainty; yet that the one, no more than the other, can be discovered without regular deductions from some part of our intuitive knowledge."

"The *intuitive* knowledge in religion is *the* desideratum," observed Tremaine.

"And yet, where is the difficulty in the one more than in the other? The things you so willingly take for granted in mathematics, before you even commence your Euclid, are supposed intuitive; yet they ought by no means to be without a necessity for proof in the eye of a sceptic, if he is only as sceptical in physics as he is in morals. Now all I want is, that you should allow intuition in the one, as well as in the other."

"If you mean it as to Providence, prove your intuition a little more clearly," said Tremaine.

"Why we see the whole world," continued Evelyn, "from one end to the other, through every climate, in every nation, civilized or not civilized, even though in the grossest barbarism: we see all divisions of men, all sects in religion, the followers of Moses, and Mahomet, as well as of Christ; of Baal and

Odin, and Brama, of Confucius, of the Lama of Tartary, of the Vitzliputzli of the Mexicans, the adorers of Jupiter, the worshippers of Heroes;—all, all confess the Godhead, and the necessity for prayer; all join in its exercise, because all too fatally, at one period or other of their lives, feel the necessity for protection, the demand for consolation, the aspirations of hope, the dreadfulness of despair. The Consul of Rome could not fight till he had inspected the entrails of the sacrifice; nor the scourge of God among the Huns, till he had immolated a horse. It was said of Caligula, that he crept under the bed whenever it thundered. The most crafty of kings, Louis XI., could do nothing without the Virgin. The most sturdy of our Reformers, those who broke the chain of Romish superstition, were themselves devotees to even visible interposition; and the bold and impious Voltaire himself died in an agony of horror. In more familiar life, I have heard of robbers who could not advance to the pillage and even murder of mankind, without imploring success on their enterprise, from that Deity who prohibits all wrongs. Dirk Hatteraick could not proceed on a smuggling expedition without being blessed by a gipsy. I have myself seen at a gaming-table a wretched countryman kneel down in a corner, bespeaking favour from God himself, to a particular card; and I have also witnessed the most dreadful impieties, the most shocking imprecations against Heaven, on ill success.

"Whence can all this tide of uniform feeling be, from the emperor to the peasant, from the religious zealot to the most licentious philosopher? Why does it thus always prevail, under millions of discrepancies, mutual oppositions, mutual hatred (hatred even to extermination), whether among nations or individuals? Whence can it arise, except from something so ingrafted in our hearts, so universal in our composition, that it is nature herself that cries within us, that there is an all-seeing, all providing, as well as all-powerful God!"

"You put it strongly," said Tremaine.

"Hence, were I called upon," continued Evelyn, "to characterize man, among other definitions, I should say he was religious, that is, a worshipping animal, and, of course, confiding in the Deity he worships."

"Is the latter so clear?" asked Tremaine.

"Why, when we pray, we expect at least to be heard. It is nature, as I observe, that tells us to pray. Is nature, then, mocked by him who created her? Is it so with other animals? When a hare is hunted, or a flock of sheep exposed in the mountains, does it occur to them to address their Creator for assistance? or, if they escape danger, to thank him for supposed aid? Why, then, does man do this—man alone, who is endowed with reason? If you tell me, *he* is trained to it, I ask why he is trained to it, and not

a brute? If you tell me, *on account* of that reason, you grant me the whole of what I ask.

"But you say it is mere fantasy, and therefore useless. Man, therefore, is mocked by his nature, a brute not!

"Is this, then, your philosophy? Is it consonant to any analogy you have ever discovered between man and brute? Is it presumable from any data? Is it not contrary to all data?

"Common sense, then (the most infallible of guides), decides for us; and if so, here is Providence, almost without an argument; for the conviction of it springs from natural feeling, and remains not only *without*, but in *spite* of argument. Here then is prayer, as an immediate consequence; prayer, which distinguishes man from all his fellow-animals.

"Why, I say, should this be, if it is useless? Tell me not of superstition. I renew the question in another shape. Why is a man superstitious? For even superstition proves the belief of an interfering God. There may be ten thousand errors, but always belief, and always prayer. Why prayer, if no power? or if power, no willingness to hear? You talk of a law of nature! Prayer is that law! Not you, but fools have said it is priestcraft that has done this. Ridiculous! Could priestcraft, kingcraft, or any craft whatever, retain the whole human race in chains, from the beginning of time? Oppression, fraud, hy-

pocrisy, have always been resisted, and, sooner or later, with success. Tyrants have been thrown down, nations emancipated, prejudices have disappeared before the daylight of science. The oracles (the perfection of priestcraft) have been extinguished: religion never. Wherever, then, there is a man, there also is worship; there, therefore, prayer; and in prayer, emphatically, the belief of Providence. Hence, as I contend, the *natural* proof of it."

"You push your point warmly, nay, even enthusiastically," said Tremaine; "but really, so vast and disputable a question cannot, I should think, be decided by an assumed intuition. Intuition, or what we call so, is liable to so many errors, so many diversities, that to me it is the least satisfactory of all proofs."

"I agree with you," replied Evelyn, "that it is liable to error, and should not be lightly assumed; and you will observe that on this great point, nothing less than the universal consent of mankind is what I have counted upon.

"Let me ask you this," continued Evelyn, perceiving Tremaine was hesitating:—"When all brute animals, according to their several species, universally pursue a particular habit or mode of existence, does it ever happen that it is not for some end of their being? and are they ever disappointed in that end? Is it for mere pastime that they do this? Do

they find nothing their instinct has made them expect? Nothing to recompense their trouble? In short, is their nature mocked by all they thus uniformly do?"

"Of course not," said Tremaine.

"Then, if all mankind, let them be placed where they will, exhibit certain predilections, and follow universally one certain habit in every part of the globe, all with one certain hope and expectation, yet all invariably to be disappointed, should we not say that nature was unjust in this, and that the brutes were better off than we?"

Tremaine allowed this might be so, if the fact warranted it; "yet, after all, might not this universal consent be more owing to our nurses than to nature? They are our first and most impressive instructresses, and their lessons are at least the longest remembered. Your universal consent may therefore be merely universal education, and the expediency of such education would alone recommend it; for of its efficacious power, in keeping men under good government, no one can doubt."

"The speciousness of that argument," returned Evelyn, "will not bear the touch of experience. Others, before you, have called all these convictions the effects of mere nurses' tales; as if the tale of an old woman could enchain the reason of a well-educated man. I grant that with very weak, very igno-

rant, and even very wicked men, the impressions of the nurse upon an infant imagination remain long, nay, may never wear out; and hence the power of association in some persons over their latest hours; hence the continuing influence, during a whole life, of the early ghost and churchyard terrors. But do I speak to a sensible, to a well-informed, or firm-minded man, when I ask who, of that description, now believes in the pleasing horrors of his nursery? No, Sir! no!—all that sorcery can no longer charm, all falls down before the transparency of experience and real knowledge. Even in poetry, as we grow old, we can scarce give fair play to the spell of the poet over the imagination, which it was the delight of our youth voluntarily to tender to his enchantments. Alas! that those happy moments should ever fleet away, and that we are now reduced, with a sigh, to repeat with an energetic poet,

'And e'en the churchyard ghost can charm no more.'

"Far, however, very far is this from being the fate of religious belief, and particularly the belief of a moral Providence. Like conscience, it may be stifled, thrown aside, shunned for its inconvenience, when in the full career of pleasure, or business, politics, or war. But like conscience, it returns, and often with dreadful convictions, while the real tale of

the nurse, the apparition, and the witch, continue to be defied, laughed at, and despised."

Tremaine allowed he was shaken.

"Believe me," continued Evelyn, "this is an anchoring place from which you can never drive me. Supposing your argument good, it is one of those arguments that

'Play round the head, but come not near the heart;'

for, however specious, the heart contradicts it. Upon this, however, I have perhaps too long insisted, and I can only therefore repeat, that I would rather take a truth concerning the most important interests of our nature, from nature itself, than from the strongest inferences of reason *against* the voice of that nature.

"The universal consent then tells me that to rob or murder is a crime. Is it so or not? Will subtlety, or precedents from history (of which you have enough), prove that it is not so? The universal consent tells me that gratitude is both amiable and a duty. Is it so or not? Some philosophers, indeed, may pretend to demonstrate that it is a weakness. Suppose we even cannot demonstrate the contrary;—do we the less acknowledge it a duty?

"In this respect I am like my good Uncle Toby, who, after listening, without a power of confuting them, to a whole consistory of doctors, who all agreed, without a doubt, that a mother was no rela-

tion to her child; 'Let the learned say what they will,' cried my Uncle Toby, as they helped him down stairs, 'I cannot but think there must have been some sort of consanguinity between the Duchess of Suffolk and her son."

Tremaine smiled, and said he knew not whether Uncle Toby or the Doctor had convinced him, but he would allow much to this universal consent.

"You do well," said Evelyn, "and must, from your candour, fix at last in truth; and I know not greater truth than that spoken by nature, in the universal consent I am upholding. With such consent, with my own heart seconding it, I call this belief *intuitive* belief, and I cling to it with as much certainty as you do to *demonstration;* for if you ask, why I believe in *intuition?* I return the question with equal confidence, and ask of you, why you believe in *demonstration?*"

"The very word shows the reason," answered Tremaine.

"So does intuition," replied Evelyn. "But are you sure, as I before observed, that demonstration itself, even geometrical demonstration, does not require to be helped by, nay, I would ask if it is not even founded upon, this intuition which you so despise?"

"Your meaning?" said Tremaine. "I have long wished you to come to this."

" The axioms," replied Evelyn, " the definitions, and postulates of Euclid."

Tremaine hesitated.

" They are all assumed as intuitive," observed Evelyn.

" They are all clear," said Tremaine.

" So is our feeling of religion," answered Evelyn. " But I know not that even your mathematical axioms are clear, although I allow their truth. The figure of a circle, with all its radii, for example, is certainly not very simple; not so simple that the proposition as to the equality of the radii should be taken for granted, without the least inquiry. Its definition, that it is a figure contained by one line, far from being easy, is, perhaps, of all things the most difficult to conceive, without the figure before you. Yet the whole proposition respecting a circle is considered by some as an axiom, by others as a postulate.

" What think you also of the commonest definitions, without even an attempt at demonstration, yet without which you cannot stir a step? How, by intuition, are we to conceive the definition of a line—that it has length without breadth? Still more, of a point—that it has neither parts nor magnitude? A good sceptic would say that there is no such thing. It was hence, no doubt, that Barrow, a very great mathematician as well as divine, thought that a beginner had a right to have all the axioms demonstrated."

"Were you right as to your intuition, or even your universal consent," replied Tremaine, "I might feel doubtingly as to what has hitherto appeared to me past all doubt. But the very history of religion proves you wrong."

"Explain that position," said Evelyn.

"In the first place," rejoined Tremaine, "you hold belief in religion, and particularly Providence, to be innate. Yet, with Locke, even you, and certainly myself, reject all innate ideas. I need not tell you that you agree even with Bolingbroke there, that no ideas at all can be acquired, except through the senses; consequently none can be born with us. Paley himself questions the existence of a moral sense. Your intuition therefore seems to be demolished."

"A very little inquiry," replied Evelyn, "will, I think, put that difficulty right. I grant you, if you please, that all ideas must be acquired through the senses; but not so the effects of those ideas upon the reason and upon the heart; and if, invariably, universally, and from the beginning of time, *after ideas have been acquired*, the opinions and feelings of all men, whether saint, savage, or sage, are to adore and to beseech some unknown and secret, but not therefore less demonstrable and powerful Being; to ask his protection, and believe in him as our author and disposer; I say, if this is uniform and universal

throughout the human species, *after* ideas are acquired, it is the same thing, as to the result, as if the idea was innate. I think there is a fallacy in this, that you call an idea, a moral sense, which ought rather to be called a disposition, an affection, I had almost said a *passion.* And such, in fact, I hold true piety to be. And why a passion, if not founded in truth? Why implanted, if only to mock us? It is not so with the acknowledged passions, love, charity, or emulation. These all uniformly belong to us, yet show not themselves immediately on our births. They must be latent, as all but instinct must be latent in a child, and emphatically as love is latent, until the subject is matured for it.

"But it is enough for me that the seeds of this piety are there, to be nursed into life, to sprout and fructify, and lead to our happiness, if we please, as soon as our state is fit for it; which, thank Him who implanted it, is very soon."

"I like your explanation," said Tremaine, observing Evelyn pause, "but what then becomes of Paley's opinion against the moral sense?"

"I do not think he was so unqualifiedly against it as you seem to suppose. I remember he puts a horrible case of a son betraying a tender father to his murderers, and asks if a wild man caught in the woods, (that is, *one who could know nothing of the relations of father and son,*) were to hear this case

for the first time stated, whether he would feel the horror we do, upon its recital? I own this was one of the few, the very few mistakes, which this most sagacious, and most perspicuous Divine has made in his Moral Treatise. For it is evident the wild man *could* know nothing about the matter, and the illustration, therefore, is no illustration at all."

"I think you are right as to this," observed Tremaine; "but still as to your universal consent, I repeat, the history of religion contradicts it. For, recollect the thousands, the millions of undefined notions, the corruptions, the horrible and disgusting incrustations, that hang about it; the dreadful crimes perpetrated under pretence of sanctity; the murders, infanticides, lusts of all kinds—in short, the whole train of terrifying superstitions, that scare our hearts, and make poor reason mad! All this shews, in many instances, that we are worse than the brutes who know not God, and that if this be religion, it were better to be without it."

"In this you anticipate me," said Evelyn; "but you will not, perhaps, think it overturns my opinion, if you consider that the horrors you have mentioned can only apply to those poor, devoted creatures who are actually thus corrupted, and are the victims of their own blindness. It will not affect the general proposition, that man is by nature religious; that is, that he has a heart prepared to second his reason,

and feel God in every pulse of it, as soon as he can ask the question why and how he came here? All men will not, and, indeed, cannot answer in the same way. Some will be more rational, as well as more pious than others. Some may be stubborn, or stupid, or indifferent, or wilfully wicked. Others may be really *bred* in indifference, either from ignorance, as savages, or the profligacy of their parents and associates, as gipsies, vagabonds, and professed thieves. But it is enough for me, that the feeling is in so great a proportion as to be almost universal, to believe that there is a dependency of man upon God, as his creator and governor; and whether he show this by offering sacrifices, even human, or driving nails into his flesh, or fasting till he is starved, or other ten thousand modes of self-inflicted penance which history records; or whether he content himself simply with adoring, with worshipping, with confiding and loving; still my position holds, that we have almost as much intuitive proof, not only of the existence, but of the government of the world by a Creator, as we have of the mathematical axioms of Euclid themselves, about which among rational people there is no dispute. You will observe," continued Evelyn, "the qualification I make as to *rational people*, concedes more to you than you are disposed to do for us. For were I to think it fair to put you to universal suffrage, without excep-

tion, for the intuitive acceptance of *your* axioms; were I to put them, for example, to my gipsies, rogues, and vagabonds, and demand their intuitive assent to the definition of a circle, I should, probably, have as much difficulty in obtaining it from them, as for any of my propositions regarding the existence and providence of God."

"I own," said Tremaine, taking up the last observation, "that you have gone far to satisfy me, in many things you have uttered; and, if you have not proved to my entire conviction the soundness of this argument from feeling—this position that religion, and particularly a belief in Providence, is a passion of the heart—you have at least opened a way to reason, which I shall gladly follow, till it lead me, as I hope it will, to the satisfaction I seek. I told you yesterday I was already, in this, half-converted; and I am the more sanguine, because not an impression you have described but I once felt, though nature alone, not reason, I am sure, produced it: for I speak of my youth, and almost my childhood, when the sight of the sun, a walk in a forest (as I once confessed to you), and even the mere feeling of happiness, so usual in youth, created devotion. Alas! that such pure pleasure should, after all, be false; and that reason, our noblest gift, should destroy such happy prejudice! Oh, illusion! illusion! how much better often art thou in thy fondest and most deceitful dream, than the most substantial reality!"

Evelyn eyed his friend with sympathy, and both took a turn in the walk, in something like agitation.

At length, as if recovering from a difficulty that had shaken him, Tremaine resumed the discussion:

"Yet, after all," said he, "in a matter which admits of the gravest, most profound, and often the most subtle speculation; confessedly one of extreme difficulty, (witness the radical differences of the wisest heads, the deepest scholars, the most searching spirits;) in a matter of this kind, is so vague a thing as feeling to decide? Can there be in any thing, but particularly in morals, a less certain, and therefore a worse guide?"

"You will recollect," replied Evelyn, "that I am deprived of our best, indeed, our infallible guide, by our agreement to confine ourselves to natural religion; and not to touch yet upon revelation. But even here, Heaven forbid that feeling, or intuition, which it more properly is, should be our only argument, our only proof!"

"Where are your others?" asked Tremaine.

"Deus est quodcunque vides!"

exclaimed Evelyn.—"Can you look around, and want them?"

"If you mean this," replied Tremaine, "as applicable to the proof of a Creator, and so far of an original provider, I have told you I cannot. No! far be from me the blindness that can question

the obvious, uniform, as well as wonderful exertion of the Divinity, in all the operations of what we designate the laws of nature; far be it to deny that stupendous power which formed and balances the world, the sun, and the planets, the rise and return of the seasons, the source and conduct of vegetation —the exciter, director, and queller of the storm—he who brandishes the thunder, and prostrates the forests of Olympus, nay Olympus itself; or, on the other hand, clothes the green valley with delight. All this and a thousand other phenomena equally obvious, yet equally wonderful, are too palpably at work before my eyes, for me to doubt a moment. Were I only to see this pebble, which I throw in the air, descend constantly and seek the centre, by the same known and incomprehensible law, I should be ready to acknowledge, worship, and adore."

"You rejoice me much," cried Evelyn; and Tremaine continued:—

"Was it not Vanini, who, being accused of atheism, picked up a straw in the court, and from considering how it came there, the seed it sprang from, the different processes of nature it had undergone, until it had produced bread, and had been left what it was, made the finest refutation of the crime he was accused of that ever had been heard?"

"All this is excellent," said Evelyn.

"But, alas!" continued Tremaine, "all this

stops short, oh! how miserably short of what you believe, and what I am most desirous of believing. It proves not the necessity of a watchful *interposition* even in physics, still less in moral events. It is far from disproving that we are all of us left to our mere nature—even if our fate is not irrevocably assigned, and consequently our actions not our own. Of this I am sure, it by no means proves either a particular care of individuals in this world, or their existence and judgment in a world to come!"

"I admire the warmth of your opening," said Evelyn, "but this is a sorry conclusion."

"Would to God you could show me it was not the true one! You would speak to willing ears."

"I will at least try," pursued Evelyn: "nor have I the least objection, since you desire it, to state the *demonstrative* reasons for my own belief; reserving myself to answer objections when I know them."

"Agreed," said Tremaine.

CHAP. XI.

DIVISIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

SHAKSPEARE.

"I DIVIDE Providence," said Evelyn, "into three sorts,—creative, sustaining, and governing. The two first of these are what are employed upon physics. The last is employed upon the actions and conduct of men, and is called particular, or moral providence."

"I like your division," said Tremaine; "but it is the last only that we are called upon to discuss."

"I rejoice that you are so satisfied upon the first," replied Evelyn; "but even as to them, are we quite agreed?"

"To use your own words, can any one doubt who looks around?" said Tremaine.

"No one in his senses," observed Evelyn. "But are we agreed as to all those attributes of the stupendous, the adorable, the benevolent Creator, which, to me, the mere contemplation of these wondrous works demonstrates? Are we agreed as to his *sustaining* the wonders he has created, by *perpetual* watchful-

ness, or rather operation? Are we of one mind as to his omnipotence, his eternity, his infinity, his omniscience, his omnipresence, and, above all, as to his benevolence?"

"Explain the object of these questions," said Tremaine.

"I mean," continued Evelyn, "in regard to the sustaining power, *the incessant exertion of it*, to keep things as they are; and in regard to benevolence, that kindness which wills and contrives *throughout*, as *a final end*, the happiness of his creatures."

"*Throughout, and as a final end,* are extensive words," observed Tremaine.

"They are so; but they are also of such immense importance in this discussion, that much of what I shall have to say on the question of a particular or moral Providence, will depend upon our not misunderstanding one another upon this. You will recollect, too, they are one of the data you have cited from Paley."

"Explain a little more," said Tremaine.

"Why thus: If you do not grant me that there is such a final end, and that there is also a *perpetual vigilance* to enforce what appear to be the laws of nature upon it, we may fall into great mistakes as to one another's notions. Mine, in particular, cannot be demonstrated without it, and it would be useless to proceed without settling this great preliminary."

"To what a field are you leading!" said Tremaine; "for you open the whole question of the existence, the origin, and the extent of evil."

"It is you who will open it, if opened at all," replied Evelyn; "for my part, I am so perfectly content with the immense preponderance of good in the world, as to feel little real difficulty in regard to our question, from the concomitant evil that certainly belongs to it."

"I wish to hear more of your argument, before I hazard any thing," said Tremaine.

"My argument is," proceeded the Doctor, "that where there is so much contrivance, and, therefore, so much design for our good, in the creative, and so much incessant vigilance to preserve it, in the *sustaining* Providence, it is impossible rationally to conceive that God abandons us altogether in morals; or that morals, any more than physics, could sustain themselves without his perpetual unremitting influence. This has been often said, and often, I allow, taken upon trust; but to feel it in our hearts, so as to be full of it; to feed upon it as our best mental nourishment; to make it our daily bread; to rely upon it as our anchor; in short, to cling to it with habitual fondness, and at the same time, reverential awe,—this is what constitutes genuine piety. But all this, even as to physics, requires a more intimate acquaintance with the different pro-

cesses of nature, than all of us can command. If the feeling is not happily interwoven in our dispositions, as it is with many favoured, though simple people (certainly not philosophers), experiment, study, and reflection are necessary to imbue us properly with the important conviction. Hence my seeming still to dwell upon the attributes of the Deity which I have mentioned, before I proceed farther, although you were willing and prompt to grant me all I asked."

"Detail me this a little more," said Tremaine.

"The detail would lead us too far," pursued Evelyn; "but my meaning shortly is, that the more we study the wonders of nature, the more correct, as well as reverential, will be our notions of its Author; and this, whether we dazzle ourselves with his magnificence, and prostrate ourselves with awe before his overwhelming power; or contemplate him in all the minute and intricate, yet most exact adaptation of means to ends, which are often, nay, perhaps oftenest, so fine as to be invisible to sense, without the help of a microscope. The whole history of nature, whether as to design or execution, is but one picture of wonder, of wisdom, of sublimity, of beauty, but especially of contrivance; and all with a view to happiness, or, if not all, the exception is either too trifling to mention, or is explicable, upon the ground that a partial evil may be a general good. No work-

men, however expert, can ever, either in simplicity, ingenuity, or power, come near the contrivances of the eye, of the ear, or of the joints, to be found in anatomy. No human wisdom could ever reach the suitableness of means with purpose, shown by instinct. A spider, or a silkworm, moved the adoration of Boyle more even than the sun; and Boyle's was not a mind to take things upon trust. A bee, or an ant, confutes an atheist! The beaver proves skill, more than a human architect; the cable and anchor of a muscle excite wonder more than those of a ship.* Gravity, effluvia, attraction of cohesion, the magnet, the dipping and the variations of the needle, all show that an active, *superintending* or sustaining power is *always* at work."

The Doctor paused, which Tremaine perceiving, besought him to go on, assuring him he listened with gratified attention.

Evelyn resumed: "But it is 'the heavens that declare the glory of God, and the firmament that showeth his handy-work. There is neither speech nor language; but their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.'

"I know no proofs more cogent than these, to convince a doubting man of the poverty and darkness of

* The muscle spins a thread, and is able to fasten it to rocks under water, in order to keep itself from being washed off in rough weather.

his scepticism; for, to use less sublime, but still beautiful language, who can behold 'this brave o'erhanging firmament, this most excellent canopy the air, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire;' these spangled wonders, these lucid orbs—who can behold this and not bow down in wonder, and worship? It is not the mere brightness or beauty of the illumination, the silver mantle of the moon, or the golden splendour of the sun (though so glorious that we cannot look at him), that constitute them such powerful, such irresistible witnesses of God's *sustaining* Providence! It is his moving them as he does with such celerity, facility, precision, and regularity, such as the finest mechanism, founded upon the deepest knowledge of geometry, cannot reach: it is the felicitous result, working all day, all night, and for ever, for our advantage, our safety, and our pleasure; it is this that especially proves the deepest (I had almost said) *anxiety* to protect and *provide* for the being he has given us. Whoever has watched the stars, particularly the planets, with their moons, moving as they do, seemingly in inextricable mazes, yet unravelling themselves by means of two most opposing forces, the centrifugal and centripetal, so as to form an almost standing miracle:—whoever has considered this, must, from this alone, feel his soul filled with a piety and awe, that make him turn with horror from his own scepticism, if ever he yielded to it."

"Your argument upon all this!" said Tremaine.

"Why, that with such nicety of construction to move and govern such ponderous wonders as are constructed; to avoid such terrible dangers, such destruction, as may befall the smallest accident or irregularity in the system, nothing short of perpetual and most benevolent vigilance—in short, my *sustaining* Providence—can preserve us a single hour."

"Yet, the original laws of physic seem enough for this purpose," observed Tremaine; "they are never known to fail."

"I should not think so, were your last observation a fact," replied Evelyn. "But the very appearances of monsters, and what are called *lusus naturæ*, might with some make the fact disputable. Appearances of ruin have also been supposed to have been seen in some of the heavenly bodies themselves. All, therefore, conduce to this one great point, the fact of incessant vigilance, which all reason justifies; while, on the other hand (and I desire you to mark it as of most essential consequence to the argument), all that you oppose to it is the merest and most absolute assumption."

"Is it assumption, then, to say that there are laws of physics?"

"Certainly not. But I would remind you of the wholesome rule, not more modest than wise, that of these laws you know absolutely nothing, except as

they appear from experiment, liable to be supported or contradicted at every new process; and hence the very name for natural, is synonimous with experimental philosophy."

"This is true," said Tremaine.

"Be cautious, then," proceeded Evelyn, "how you travel out of it. Yet this you do in a manner most unphilosophical, with all your philosophy, when you dispose of a whole subject, and that subject so vast, so full of the

'Varieties of untried being,'

and coolly say of such stupendous things, that the original laws of physics, of which you scarcely know any thing, seem enough for the purpose; in other words, that God having imposed you know not what laws, separates himself from their subject, and thinks of them no more."

"There is much in this," said Tremaine.

"I beseech you, therefore, to consider it throughout our whole question," proceeded Evelyn, "for it is of more consequence to what I perceive will be your argument than you are aware of."

"Proceed," cried Tremaine, attentively; and Evelyn went on :—

"But to the heavens I need not confine myself, for all nature bears the same witness; only the universality, or, as I may say, the commonness of the proof, makes the most wonderful operations, and even

blessings of God, pass by unheeded, and himself unthanked. How seldom does any one feel (if I may so call it) the *religion* of the spring. Yet if we were to behold her for the first time, bursting forth with all her buds and promises, what heart could withstand it? what head not bow? what knee not bend in adoration of the Power that made, and governed, and brought her to perfection? It is hence, that, with not more justness than happiness, Milton says, whoever neglects to visit the country in the spring, and rejects the pleasure of its first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of '*sullenness*' against nature."

"Beautifully said!" observed Tremaine.

"That, however, which is common," proceeded Evelyn, "excites no admiration, and while we avail ourselves daily and hourly of the most refined, skilful, and profound contrivances of the Deity, for our protection and happiness, we regard them as nothing in the religion of nature—we think them even our due. The great bulk of mankind are, I fear, in this state of indifference; and as the menial at a pump passes through a whole life, and would through a thousand, without ever trying to make out how it is that the sucker lifts what she wants from so great a depth; so, from that same familiarity, we use the other good things of the world, without inquiring how they came there. Yet all, beyond contradiction, is manifestly Providence, *perpetually* and *vigilantly* at work,

throughout the vast and boundless regions of space, above, below, and around; nor is there a moment of intermission—although the awful, yet benevolent Operator and Guardian is invisible to sense, and only known to reason from the benevolent effects produced."

Perceiving Tremaine about to speak, Evelyn went on with quickness :—

"You will tell me again, these are what you call the mere laws of nature, and are evidence only of the original creation, not the constant operation of God, in physics. My argument is, it is not less his constant work, his constant bounty, his constant goodness, because he has reduced his own operation, as it were, to a system, which we call nature, *but the secret means of which we none of us understand.* But, exclusive of this, all his attributes are demonstrated by it in a manner that comes so home to our senses, that if we think at all, we must feel sure that he is everywhere in us, and with us; that we cannot move, think, or act without him; that he is in our hearts, our souls, and even our bodies; that nothing comes near us, nothing happens, whether we will it or not, but that he knows, suffers, and might prevent it, if he pleased. Whether he please or not, is, I know, your great question. My position in this place is, that, *prima facie*, nothing can be done without him; my inference (unless there are objections which cannot be

answered), *every thing is done with him.* He therefore is not only the original author of all our good, all our happiness, all our safety, but without him we should continue to have neither good, nor happiness, nor safety. He at least *can* ward off evil when it threatens, and if he does not, it must be for some purpose of his own, into which it would be as presuming as useless to enquire. The consequence is plain: he who is so perpetually employed in preserving to us the ends of our being, cannot do it by halves. If he does it in physics, he will, he must do it in morals.

"Now there is this distinction between man and brute, that the one has a moral, as well as physical being; that the first is even the most important, the most noble of the two. Need I ask you if it is possible to believe that the Providence we speak of should take so much pains, and exert so much wisdom about the one, and totally neglect the other?"

Here Evelyn stopt, as if absorbed in the immensity and awfulness of his contemplations, nor did he seem disposed immediately to resume the chain of his discourse.

Tremaine also paused; but at length, breaking silence, he observed—

"I have listened to you with a pleasure which even my disagreement with you on many points could not interrupt. In much of what you have said, indeed, there is little difference between us. I never denied

the providing wisdom with which, from their admirable structure and faculties, all the immediate ends of the vast variety of being we see around us are accomplished. *I* also am ready to adore the wonderful and magnificent, which is every where to be seen in the works of the Author of nature. But that he cares for us on that account, so as to *interpose* in our actions, is not to me made out. On the contrary, every thing we see in our miserable history shews, to my conception, that *once having placed us in the system*, whatever it is, which he has so wonderfully designed, he leaves us there to the guardianship of such laws as he has imposed upon his creation: and as he abandons the material or brute world (those fine trees, and those ruminating herds, for example), to the laws of vegetation, and the operations of their instinct, by which they exist during their appointed time, so he leaves man to the government of his reason, and the struggle between that and his passions, to fulfil as well as he can (and as upon the whole perhaps he *does* fulfil), the purposes of his being. With the rest of your demonstration, and with most of what you have said upon the attributes of the Deity, I am not disposed to quarrel."

"To what extent do you admit?" asked Evelyn; "for much will depend upon it."

"Every thing as to power," answered Tremaine.

"Omnipotence, therefore?"

"Yes."

"Omniscience?"

"Yes."

"Omnipresence?"

"Yes."

"The creation!"

"Certainly, yes!"

"And yet you deny that he cares for the works, the stupendous works he *has* created."

"Not so: say rather he has given them sufficient supports in the laws of their being, that govern them."

"I thought I had cautioned you," said Evelyn, "against this assumed, this unprecise, I might say, this unmeaning proposition. It is strange that with such a logical understanding, with even such stiffness in requiring demonstrated proof of things before you will stir a step in other matters, you are so comfortably satisfied with this, the most important, the most difficult, the most indeterminate of all assumptions, as an answer to the most momentous of all questions! That there may be some operations of nature with which we are partially acquainted, so uniform in their course that we not unreasonably think them under the government of a regular agency, and thence *by analogy* call them laws—this is true. But who or what the *agent* is—whether the Deity himself, or ministering sub-agents—I conclude you do not know."

"Certainly not," said Tremaine.

"As little of the intention and end of very few, if any, of the phenomena with which we are acquainted."

"Agreed."

"Still less with the operations, or, if you will, the laws, and least of all, with the thousand millions of modes of matter which may exist, but which have never yet challenged our acquaintance."

"Of course," said Tremaine.

"Confess, then, my friend," continued Evelyn, gravely, "this is no trifling matter, and that to assume for granted a mere fine-sounding proposition, as disposing of a subject so vast and vital that it awes us to approach it, is neither very logical, nor very safe."

"I allow this," said Tremaine.

"The most flippant ignorance," added Evelyn, "could not do more. You may suppose I do not put this personally to you, for ours is at least a reverential inquiry."

"Undoubtedly," observed Tremaine.

"Then, my dear friend, I beseech you not to get rid of a question so vital to your happiness, both here and hereafter, by supposing that answered which is not answered; by giving me words instead of meaning—a phrase instead of argument. When you tell me of the *laws* of our being, do you know half of them yourself, or what relations the known may bear to the unknown? It is hence the sagacious Butler holds that the only distinct meaning of the word *na-*

tural is *stated*, *fixed*, or *settled*, but that there must be innumerable things at present carrying on of which we are ignorant, and in comparison of which (to use his emphatic word), what we know is *but a point.*

" When you talk then of the purposes of the Supreme Being, and confess yourself totally ignorant of those purposes, is it enough to say that reason and passion conjoined enable us to fulfil them? Fulfil what? You cannot answer.

" Again, when you say, being *fixed in a system, whatever it is*, we are left to the laws of it, *knowing nothing of either system or laws*, is this, can this be accepted as a satisfactory account of any thing, much less of such a subject as the relations between God and man?"

Tremaine was a little struck, and said he meant not these consequences.

" And yet," replied Evelyn, " it is thus you stave off the searching questions I have asked; for with this happy solution, that the Creator has given his creation *laws*, you hold that, though omniscient and for ever present, for ever keeping the creation in sight, and therefore I should say. for ever watching over it, he yet abandons or throws it on one side, as if he had nothing more to do with it; like a workman who performs a task, of which, when finished, he thinks no farther. Is this your firm, your reasonable belief? *Can* it be your belief?"

"I allow you press this hard," said Tremaine; "yet my meaning seems too well founded. For surely nothing was ever more distinct than physical and moral Providence; than the care of body and the care of mind; than the laws of vegetation, or of motion, and the motives of human conduct; in short, to speak of animals alone, than the government by instinct, and the government by reason."

"And yet," said Evelyn, calmly, "the author of the one is the author of the other; the creator and disposer of animals, the creator and disposer of men. Stript of the pomp of language about laws and systems, you cannot shew me that God is not always busy, if I may so say, with the conduct of nature, with the course of vegetation, and the operations of instinct. If he is so, shew me why he should perpetually watch over instinct, and not over reason. Is it because the latter is infallible, the former not? Is it because he loves a brute, and not a man?"

Tremaine felt pushed in the argument, and allowed it was not so.

"Is it, then," pursued Evelyn, "because we are so good, so perfect, so invariably prudent, temperate, and just; so merciful to one another, so obedient and studious of God's will, that we are never in want of aid from a higher power? Is there really no such thing as moral evil, or does natural evil so greatly exceed it, as to require this aid alone? Alas! does it even equal the moral?"

Tremaine was silent for some moments, when he said, thoughtfully, "Explain a little more what you mean by *sustaining.*"

"Perhaps it is a little necessary," continued Evelyn, "because those who have treated of the subject at large, have not, I think, sufficiently insisted on it.

"By the *sustaining* Providence, then, I mean that it was not enough, at the creation, to settle an order of things, with certain laws for their government, and then leave them to their fate; but that the great Author, as I think it appears from all phenomena, *continues to be perpetually operating.* Observe, I do not mean as if casually, or even periodically, superintending something liable to fall out of order, and therefore at hand to put it in repair, if necessary; but an *incessant*, actual agency and operation, to continue, as well as originally to produce, all or most of what we see or know. This has sometimes been called a *perpetual creation;* and hence both Newton and Clarke supposed that God *continued* to be everywhere, and in every thing; or to speak after the manner of men, to be perpetually *employed*, as it were, in enforcing and upholding what we, for mere convenience, call the laws of nature,—not that there really are such laws."

"Not really such laws!" exclaimed Tremaine, in surprise; "this is downright paradox."

"Yet it may be, nay is, the exact truth," replied Evelyn, "or at least much nearer the truth, to suppose gravity, for example, the effect of the *unremitting* activity of the Deity, as these great men supposed it, than to believe with you that the Deity merely, as it were, gave a *fiat* for his work, and there left it. Possibly all attraction is the effect of the same unremitting exertion; and Addison inclined to the same opinion as to instinct."

Tremaine becmae pensive, and said, "I should like these opinions of the great names you have mentioned a little more enlarged upon."

"You will find their whole argument," answered Evelyn, "admirably put by Baxter in his work (incomparable for argument), on the soul."

"I have read that work," answered Tremaine, "yet do not recollect to have been so impressed with it."

"You had preconceived opinions to break through, and felt not its force," replied Evelyn. "But for this, with your acuteness, I should think you must have seen it in all its light."

"Could you bring it now to recollection?" asked Tremaine.

"I will endeavour," replied his friend.

"For the most part then their opinion arises out of their deep discussions concerning the origin and laws of motion. Des Cartes you know held that

there was always the same quantity of motion in the world. The atheists, and those who opposed the doctrine of Providence, were glad of this, because it helped them at least in their endeavours to get rid of the most powerful, the most unanswerable argument there is for the immateriality of the Deity, drawn from the passive nature of matter, and the impossibility of its being itself the cause of motion. They had indeed still the difficulty to contend with, of accounting for the origination of motion in matter; but once allow there was no addition to it throughout the efflux of time, and much other and consequent difficulty was eluded. The whole of this, however, was in a moment destroyed by Newton,* Clarke, and Boyle, who show irrefragably that so far from the quantum of motion continuing the same, its natural tendency, from the very nature of matter, from its total want of activity, its passiveness, the stoppages from attrition, and other causes, is regularly to *decrease:* so that at last, if left to itself, it would entirely cease."

"And how do they remedy this?" asked Tremaine.

"By the supposition, or, I may almost call it, the demonstration I have mentioned, that the Divine Power, either immediately of itself, or mediately by

* Newton's Optics. Clarke's Attrib.

ministering agents, is ever at work at those processes, which, for convenience in explaining phenomena, you, allowably I admit, call the laws of nature. Gravity, as I observed, is one, indeed the principal of these unintermitting processes, by which all things are kept in their places; and other attractions, that of cohesion particularly, fermentation, heat, and all the various causes of motion we see, are, according to them, all under the same perpetual *unceasing* guidance."

"And yet, is this more than bold supposition?" observed Tremaine.

"For bold, say reasonable," replied Evelyn; "reasonable, if only in this,—that but for this *perpetual operation* of the spiritual power, it is even a contradiction to think that mere brute, passive, inert matter could occasion the changes we see. Reasonable also from another even still more powerful argument, that all these which you call laws are *arbitrary*, that is, that to our comprehension, there is no one reason for them, arising out of the nature of matter."

"I know not what you here mean by arbitrary," said Tremaine.

"Why this," answered Evelyn: "It has been demonstrated, you know, as a fact, that the attraction of gravity decreases as the squares of the distances increase. Now, what has matter, a mere passive substance, incapable of motion, thought, will, or any

thing but a susceptibility of being acted upon—what has matter to do with such a nice and complicated rule as this? Hence I remember Baxter, speaking of this very rule, well observes. 'The constancy of these effects is the reason why we fancy them the action of matter upon matter, but the constancy of an effect is no mark of the *necessity* of it, but of something else. It is an unaccountable prejudice,' he goes on to say, 'that *no designing cause* but such a passive and necessary one as matter, *could* observe such regularity and proportion.'* So far Baxter. Clarke is even still more determinate."

"Go on, if you can remember him," said Tremaine. "I am fixed in attention."

"He makes some such observation as this," continued Evelyn: "All things that are done in the world, are done either immediately by God himself, or by created intelligent beings, *matter being not at all capable of any laws or powers whatsoever*, any more than of intelligence, excepting only this one negative power, that every part of it will always necessarily continue in the same state of motion or rest wherein it happens to be. So that all those things which we commonly say are the effects of the *natural powers* of matter and laws of motion; of *gravitation, attraction*, or the like; are indeed (if we

* Baxter on the Soul, vol. i, p. 96.

will speak strictly and properly), the effects of God's acting upon matter, *continually and every moment*, either immediately by himself, or mediately by some created intelligent being; consequently, *there is no such thing as what men commonly call the course of nature, or the power of nature.* The course of nature, truly and properly speaking, is nothing else but the will of God, producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner; which course, or manner of acting, being in every moment perfectly *arbitrary*, is as easy to be altered at any time as to be preserved."*

"I now see what you mean by arbitrary," said Tremaine, "and the conclusions you would draw from it. Being arbitrary, you boldly assert that the real properties of matter have nothing to do with attraction or other motion, but all is the mysterious junction of some other power acting in, but separate from what is called matter."

"You, at least, conceive me," returned Evelyn, "with sufficient exactness, but the conclusions are not mine, but those of the profound men I have mentioned."

"Yet I did not understand them to go thus far when I read them," observed Tremaine.

"I repeat," said Evelyn, "you lay under precon-

* Clarke on the Attrib., part 2, p. 300, ed. 4.

ceived opinions, and did not give them the attention they deserved. As for Clarke, he is very clear and full, for he expressly says, that as matter is itself incapable of obeying any laws, the *very original laws of motion themselves cannot continue to take place* but by *something* superior to matter, *continually* exerting on it a certain force according to such determinate laws. Hence he adds, that the bodies of plants or animals could not be formed by mere matter according to any general laws of motion; and gravitation itself could not be the result of motion impressed upon matter, but must be caused by something which penetrates all bodies, and *continually* puts forth in them a power entirely different from that by which matter acts upon matter. Hence, says he, it depends *every moment* upon some superior Being for the preservation of its frame, *perpetually* and *actually* exerting itself every moment, in every part of the world.* Baxter, enlarging upon all this, adds, that the minutest office in the economy of nature is incessantly performed by the finger of the Almighty, whose power is still *working near* us; *round* us, *within* us, and *in* every part of us; and to say he hath lodged in matter certain powers whereby events are to be directed, is but one degree removed from Epicurean necessity."†

* Clarke on the Attributes, part 2, p. 16.

† Baxter on the Soul, p. 99, 100.

"These are all high notions," said Tremaine, "and big, I allow, with the most important consequences in support of your great argument. I allow, too, I have by no means sufficiently considered them, but have talked of laws of physics as others have done—that is, without much inquiry beyond the absolute practical experiment. But I am not yet able to tell myself that the heavenly bodies you have vouched with so much reverence, as denoting the immediate power of the Deity, do not roll through their orbits in consequence of some law imposed at their creation."

"It is the regularity of their motions, as I have observed," replied Evelyn, "that makes you not unnaturally think this. Yet search to the bottom, and see what there is in matter that can clothe itself with such a complication of motion. How, for example, will you account for the centrifugal and centripetal forces I have mentioned, acting upon the planets at the same time with such conflicting powers? The one drives them forward always in a straight line: the other always forces them to seek a centre; and this extraordinary, I may say, miraculous counteraction, occasions the stupendous wonder of their orbit. But were I to ask you how attraction merely (supposing it a demonstrable property of matter, which I deny), could force the same body to fly off and fly on at the same time,—you, perhaps, would find it difficult to tell me."

"I should," said Tremaine.

"Yet this difficulty attends the whole course of those infinite processes of nature, throughout the varieties of the creation, which you are so content to think you understand, under the sweeping phrase of the laws of physics. See, therefore, to what an extent of credulity scepticism can carry its belief, when necessary for its purpose! how devoted it can be to mere system, and philosophic jargon, in the very moment when in its self-sufficiency it ridicules us for what it calls our facility, our proneness to believe things on mere authority! Which of the two deserves the ridicule, I am content to let others judge."

"I beseech you to proceed," said Tremaine.

"This perpetual operation and necessity for the *unceasing* sustentation of things by the Deity, and which I have therefore called the *sustaining Providence*, is by no means a new doctrine, for I find it in the acute old Suarez,* who pushed the notion so far, as to hazard the supposition that if this perpetnal operation relaxed an instant—so little had the world been left to itself, and its laws—all would fall to pieces."

Tremaine again thought this novel, and owned how worthy it was of consideration.

"I remember," continued Evelyn, "Sherlock

* He was Professor of Theology at Coimbro, in the 16th century.

seems afraid the idea of a perpetually acting and sustaining Providence might be thought too subtle. I own it is not so to me. I confess my inability to comprehend, much less confide in, that doctrine which supposes the Creator, when he made the world, with all its movements and wonders, to have wound it up like the machine of a human artificer, and then tossed it out of his hands, till it should go down of itself, or at least returning to it when it wanted winding up again. I pause to know if this is your opinion?"

Tremaine said he was not prepared to go so far.

"At the same time," added he, "let me explain my former opinion to you, shaken I allow, but still dwelling in me. For till I can revolve this most important doctrine more exactly than at present, I must continue to say, I am not at all sure that even in regard to moral evil, as well as physical instinct, man is not competent to continue his existence in the manner in which it subsists, without requiring this perpetual aid, or even any part of it, which you say is so necessary.'"

"Do you allow the aid, if it *is* necessary?" asked Evelyn; "and do you admit that the power is at hand when wanted, able and willing to exert itself?"

"I know not that I can gainsay this," returned Tremaine.

"Then," inquired Evelyn, "you allow the perpe-

tual presence of the Creator, his inspection, his knowledge of all that passes, and his power of influencing all; but deny his *will* to do so?"

"I think you push this too far," replied Tremaine; "that he who created me must know how I act, is not to be contested. Why he created me baffles conjecture. I have in vain endeavoured to unravel it. That I have a very mixed sort of being, composed of good and bad, is clear; that if the bad preponderate, all will in time be lost, is equally plain; but that we have, however, lasted a long while with this sort of being, also that this has been without any visible assistance, without any thing more than our own resources, seems no more than true."

"That would apply also to your laws of physics, which you know I have combated," said Evelyn; "but go on."

Tremaine continued: "True, there have been great shocks in the world, great crimes and desolations; nations as well as men have sometimes acted like demons, and things have seemed to approach to universal destruction. But all has got right again, by the exertions of the same individual creature, that brought all so near to annihilation.

"In the same manner, therefore, as sometimes whole countries have been convulsed, and their inhabitants swept off by earthquake and pestilence,

and yet have recovered and even attained to security and order; so morals have been restored, the waste of life repaired, crime departed from, and comparative happiness re-established. Yet all this seems to have been done by man alone, merely acting in his nature, according to those general principles given originally for that nature's government. The immediate cause of all has been ascertained, whether of the convulsion or recovery; it has been human, not divine; we have seen or heard of no ministering angel to restore, no more than infernal spirit to destroy. Every thing is explicable upon human principles, and though the Almighty must certainly have been informed, yet (barring revelation, which you know we exclude from our question), no where that I know of has his finger appeared in the way of interposition. In short, you see I come to those lines of Pope, now indeed grown trite, but which still emphatically express what I mean:—

> 'If plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
> 'Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?'

"In one sense, virtually, all may be said to be the work of the Deity, because he *originally created us* with all these aptitudes for good and for evil. But it has been often, and I think cogently remarked, that it is questioning his own power to suppose, that when he thought fit to create what we may call *a nature*, he did it in so imperfect a manner, that he

should himself be compelled to the perpetual employment of *sustaining* it. It is more for his honour, and surely more consistent with the fact, as exhibited in history, that upon the whole we are able to sustain ourselves with the strength which it pleased him originally to give us. 'Dieu merci, et mes gros bataillons,' was the expression of Frederick, when he had gained a victory. I allow the sentiment was loose and ungrateful, and the sneer impious; but were there any means of knowing vouchsafed to this infidel King, that more than the arm of flesh had made him victor?

"Charlemagne, Alfred, and Peter the Great comparatively raised their countries from the grossest barbarism. Augustus gave peace to a world that seemed rent to pieces from one end to the other. Bonaparte, by an iron tyranny, was the only one who could put an end to a convulsion that threatened all society. He himself became a disturber that filled us with fear. He himself was put down by the energy of statesmen, and the valour of heroes. Were I to go farther into the history of the corruption of morals, such as belongs to the Italian States, as they are pourtrayed in Guicciardini and Machiavel; were I to talk of Borgia or Alexander, of the poisonings, stabbings, treasons, incests, parricides, and fratricides, that fill us every where with horror in those stories; were I to extend this to the

private lives of the still more ancient Romans, the universal lubricity of their females, known and gloried in by their very worship ; or were there time to quit Europe, and discuss the cruelties, the infamous treacheries, the wanton waste of life, the vile depravities that characterize Asiatic manners and policy, the acts of an Ali Pacha, for instance,—the day were too short to describe the seeming misery of mankind. It would almost justify the conclusion, that the history of man is the history of a wild beast; we should shrink with horror from this account of ourselves; we might despair, lie down, and die!"

"This is a horrible picture!" cried Evelyn.

"Is it overcharged?" asked Tremaine. His friend bade him go on.

"The times," continued Tremaine, "nay, nature herself, seem out of joint, when these miseries prevail; yet the remedies are all palpable, all simple, all understood. I see no providing power at work, either to invent or apply them.

"Thus much for general history. To come to humbler things: We bolt and bar, and the robber knowing this, comes not near, or if he attempt to break in, is foiled. A believer in Providence (and I envy him) thanks Heaven for it;—a philosopher thinks it is merely prudence."

At this instant, Tremaine was interrupted by the

sound of voices in full chaunt, ascending from the fields below. They were male and female, and though coarse and uninstructed enough, the harmony, which was grave, and appertaining to sacred, floated not unpleasingly through the air.

It was a priest, followed by peasants of both sexes, whom, upon looking out, the friends observed making a progress through the ripening corn-fields. Every now and then they stopped to join in a short prayer; then moving on, with a priest at their head, renewed the chaunt. The whole was an agreeable, and even to Tremaine, an interesting scene.

In fact, he alone, from having witnessed it before, understood its meaning. It was a procession which at this time of the year, as well as at seed-time, the Roman Catholic peasants sometimes were fond of making, through the new-sown or ripening fields, imploring of Providence that their labour might be blessed.

"Who can blame them?" said Evelyn, when he was informed of it.

"Not I, certainly," said Tremaine; "but let us suppose a farmer a little more philosophic than these. He tills his land by the sweat of his brow, he dresses it at great expense, he spreads his seed, and it sprouts; he gathers a great crop, and he rejoices. But should he say, 'had I not toiled, and understood

my art, I should have got nothing; as it is, I have reaped what God originally promised me when he made the earth to be cultivated, and me to cultivate it, and the seasons he originally ordained have fulfilled their design.' Should he say this, without thinking the Creator had interposed, or done more than he did at the creation, could I blame him?"

"I think you would not do well to approve him," said Evelyn, "if only for the hardness of his heart. His blindness might possibly be excused."

"Has he not, then, a right to the fruits of his toil?" asked Tremaine.

"Alas! my friend," answered Evelyn, with some eagerness, "I grieve at your question. Have we, then, such a *right* to the good things with which God, for the most part, blesses our labours? Are we so excellent, so pure, and immaculate, so powerful, and self-sufficing, I might also say, so self-creating, that because we cannot acquire blessings without labour, they are, therefore, no blessings at all? Believe me, good friend, you have absolutely shocked me by your question, which is not worthy the kind heart I know you to possess."

Tremaine was somewhat moved at this apostrophe, and not the less so, because he owned that he had had moments when the sentiment he had uttered appeared no more than a dictate of reason.

"Of reason!" said Evelyn, "which so often and

so miserably extinguishes feeling, and when it does so, loses its very character of reason.

" In the point before us, for instance," continued he, " what can be less rational, less I may even say informed, than your whole view of the subject we are upon? As if Providence really intended us to lie on our backs and let food drop into our mouths! As if labour, even with Providence to help us, was not the *very scheme for our existence*, the very lot and character of our being, and still a gracious and a happy one!

" You will be affronted, perhaps, if I remind you of the countryman in the fable, who besought Hercules to take his waggon out of the slough for him, and was called a lazy rascal for his pains."

" Surely I am not so puerile," cried Tremaine.

" You mean not to be so, but to this your whole question tends, in this it finishes, and the fable is the best answer I can return to it. But, exclusive of this, I think you have mistaken what I mean by *sustaining*, in this your application of it. You have answered as if I thought prayer was to move God to bless the land by a sort of *temporary* interposition. My meaning is, that the effect is a perpetual, an unceasing operation of the divine energy. And I mean this, as I have meant every thing, to show that where the benevolence is so perpetual in physics, it cannot be withdrawn in morals, and hence that God is there also."

The conversation here paused, when Evelyn resumed. " As to the ingratitude....."

" I beseech you, spare me," cried Tremaine. " I am ashamed of my question, ashamed of the argument I would have founded upon it. I cannot tell you why of a sudden I see the thing so differently, for I have, I am sorry to say, long been a victim to this hardness of heart. Immersed in pleasure, in ambition, in short, in the world, I own I thought we had at least a right to be what we are, and because it was our nature, never thought that it might be our nature to be otherwise. What most astonishes me, however, is, that if this new view was not to spring up in myself, it should come from you,—when I have resisted the feeling recommended by the sweetest voice, the most engaging language, and the purest heart that ever belonged to a human creature: I mean my lovely instructress, my Georgina, at whose feet I long this moment to make my confession, that in this, at least, I am changed. Would to God I could say in every thing!"

" Take time, my friend," said Evelyn, with a coolness that was contrasted with Tremaine's warmth. " Your candour delights me; and, probably this opening may let in many other concessions."

" But how could I resist Georgina?" exclaimed Tremaine.

" Possibly you were thinking more of her face than her argument," replied Evelyn, smiling. " More

probably your own mind had not been so prepared as now by the many discussions we have had. Had this been so, she probably would have convinced you also of the fallacy of one or two other tenets you have not been able yourself to detect."

"I am not aware of them," said Tremaine.

"Of course not. Yet you take for granted as if proved, what no philosopher whatever, no inhabitant of this world can ever prove,—that it was the design of the Creator, in making it, to make a perfect work, or at least one that could suffice to itself without farther assistance from him. Here you have begged a question which all nature in physics, and all history in morals deny. Your supposition, that what the pious man calls providential in addition to his prudence, the philosopher has a right to call prudence merely, is another assumption, which would go farther than even you would intend to carry it: for, as well might you say that instinct, and not God, occasioned animals to act as they do; nay, that a tree grows from the laws that govern vegetation; not from him who made those laws.

"You say that it is less for God's honour, nay, that it is questioning his power when he created a nature, that he should make it so imperfect as to require his perpetual aid in sustaining it. But I set out with observing that I meant not a superintending aid to things that might get out of order, *but a perpetual operation in continuing them.* Now the whole frame

and fabric of the original creation, but particularly of the moral part of it, demonstrate that imperfection is its universal *intended* attribute.

" According to you every thing is sufficient. One would suppose, therefore, in this all-sufficing assemblage of created beings, some one or other would, at least, exhibit no deficiency, no want. Yet show me the creature, animate, or inanimate, that might not in some way or another, according to our notions, be improved. The very term creature, or created, implies imperfection, and the existence of that very evil of which you make so much use against the providence of God, demonstrates that imperfection, deficiency, and consequent want of relief are of the very essence of created existence. What, for example, so imperfect, who so poor, naked, or defenceless, as the head of it? what so defective, standing alone, as man?

" Every thing, therefore, contradicts you in your supposition, and supports us when we say, that the very design of the Deity in creating this part of the universe, seems to have been the forming for his own (*to us inscrutable*) *purposes*, a set of dependent, weak beings, whose essence and characteristic are, to hang upon him for every thing, and to want his aid at every step, because composed of elements which, left to themselves (I speak both of physics and morals), could never hold together a moment."

This argument staggered Tremaine, who confessed that his assertion, indeed, was incompatible with one of the chief difficulties which had inclined him to his scepticism;—to which he would now come.

"I mean," said he, "the difficulty that arises from that horrible train of never ending evils, both natural and moral, which we are doomed to encounter from the moment we enter the world. No! it should seem we were not meant to suffice to ourselves; yet I am staggered to know what else sufficeth for us. The evils I have mentioned are such as, at least, no Providence seems to avert, no innocence to escape. On the contrary, bad men but too often, nay, generally, are exalted, while innocence is trodden under foot; nor can any thing be more false than the first and most earnest lesson we teach our children, or the favourite doctrine inculcated from the pulpit, that if we are good we shall prosper. I will not say that the contrary *only* is true, but it is at least so often so, and blood-stained crime has so frequently triumphed, while the most meek and patient virtue has expired under tortures, that one would almost as soon confess the heresy of the Manichees, as the far-famed apothegms—

'Whatever is is right;'

or,

'Virtue alone is happiness below.'

"In short, I subscribe to the sentiment of Seneca,

'Deorum crimen Sylla tam felix.'

To think that he, with all his murders, should live, while Socrates was put to death, might stagger a saint."

"For all this," said Evelyn, seeing Tremaine pause, "I was prepared, as well as for many other particular instances of unrewarded misery and unpunished guilt, which have often moved me, almost as much as I see they have you."

"History is full of them," pursued Tremaine, "and so glaringly, that the blood has boiled within me to think of them merely as events. But to think of them coupled with the doctrine that all have been under guidance from above——alas! it is more than the intellect can bear, to suppose God's honour so insulted! Here, therefore, your opinion of perpetual superintendence is still more impugned than I had thought it by the notion, that nature in all things was meant to suffice for itself; and I willingly give up the one, the better to make use of the other."

"This is at least adroit," said Evelyn; "but go on."

"I felt disposed," pursued Tremaine, "to give you a few examples of the moral evil that has scourged the world, but the year would not suffice. One or two, as specimens of a thousand classes, will be enough. As a churchman, I would ask you to

explain the horror of the fate of the greatest, most holy, and most sublime of the prophets, Isaiah. When I think that all the favour of Heaven ended in his being suffered to be sawed asunder between two planks, by the reprobate king he was sent to reclaim, what can I say to the impiety (for it is no less) of supposing that Providence was here?

"What think you of Nero and Seneca? The whole history, indeed, of the first Cæsars is a shuddering from beginning to end.

"You mentioned Lewis the Eleventh! What say you to the *Oubliettes?* But this is comparitively a mercy. There was a law, it is said, in Scotland (as a Briton, *horresco referens),* under which, by an exquisite refinement, the children of a prisoner, though perfectly innocent, might be tortured before his eyes, in order to make him confess. Even this is better than what I have read as having recently passed in Ceylon; where the minister of the Rajah was obliged, as a punishment, to pound his own son to death in a mortar!"

Perceiving Evelyn to shudder, Tremaine continued: "I will relieve you, my friend, from further horrors such as these; but I cannot help closing with perhaps the most exquisite piece of injustice that history affords; and that, horrid to say, again in a Christian, nay, a highly-civilized country, and that country again our own. I mean the story of Kirk,

and the maid he dishonoured. Oh! good and gracious God! to suppose that such cold-blooded meanness, vice, and cruelty should be authorized by thee!"

Tremaine's warmth here made him stop; but Evelyn seeing he had not finished, would not begin his reply; and after a minute's silence, Tremaine thus proceeded:—

"I have mentioned moral evil: if we now come to natural, and look at the vast destruction of things and men, as well as of brute animals, that often prevails, seemingly without any operation of theirs, so vast, so sudden, so violent, so unforeseen, that one might almost think the Deity willed destruction, instead of preservation to his creatures,—what are we to think? The very constitution of the creation, in instances to an immense extent, seems framed for misery."

"You startle me," said Evelyn.

"Yet what can you say to that seemingly universal law, by which animals prey upon one another, sometimes even with cruelty; witness those of the cat kind, and the dreadful boa constrictor!

"Confining ourselves, however, to the human race, behold the young wife, the smiling infant, the joyful husband and father, fulfillers, perhaps, of their duty; sincere worshippers of their God, praying to him, trusting in him, as sinless as human kind can be ...!

An earthquake arises! a plague! a volcanic eruption! All, all are swept off without mercy; or, perhaps, the survivor left, a husband and a father, heart-stricken, sunk in woe, never to rise again, and allowed to live merely to lament! Wherein does life itself, much less any worldly advantage, appear to be here the concern of the terrible Deity? The virtue of his wife, the innocence and beauty of his infant, which so charmed the mourner's heart, appear to be nothing; the ape of the forest seems to be of not less worth; the worm, the toad, the very dirt he trod on!

"Who then shall say we are of so much consequence to the Almighty, who gave us life for some purpose of his own, but gave it also to monkies, to worms, and vermin; who allows all to live for a time, and then to perish, be forgotten, and trodden under foot, wholly unconcerned as it should seem, collectively or individually, at our fate?

"Yet with all this the world goes on; all is in time forgotten. New lives succeed; new marriages and children, new men, new beasts, new reptiles, to be mingled together again in the same undiscriminating fate; food for new earthquakes, new plagues, and new eruptions!"

"These are terrible reflections," said Evelyn.

"I own I have made them often," continued Tremaine, "and always with horror at myself. That

God has some end in the creation, is to be believed. That there is some system, in which man and brute, bird and insect, have a place, is evident. But not only the purpose is unfathomable, but it seems not to me that the system is ever deranged by all the moral or natural evil that has ever happened. We go on towards the object, whatever it is, now well, now ill, but in the end, always as right as perhaps we were intended to be, and always without farther assistance than was given us at our creation.

"I could multiply illustrations, but these suffice to my purpose, as to Providence towards man. Then as to instinct, as to brute, or even vegetable matter; aye, or even as to inanimate matter; gravity and all other attraction; all the laws of motion; the tides; the winds and tempests of the sky; the courses of the planets; the sun itself, with the regular returns of the seasons!—however we may be astonished, however awe-struck at the power which could originally give them being, why should we suppose that power perpetually interposing?

"It is said that a sparrow falls not to the ground, without the Almighty! Can this mean more than that, according to the laws which govern the nature of the sparrow, and which were instituted by the Almighty, the bird's fate, whatever it is, overtakes him? If a hard winter, or a storm of hail, or a hawk, destroy him, (virtually, indeed, it may be said to be

the act of the Deity, because he originally ordained that order of things which produces the destruction, or if he is saved, the safety,—but) how is this *perpetual* vigilance, this *immediate* act of a governor, exercised on the particular case? So to return to man, and to the very danger we have so recently escaped. I might to be sure have been shot, had not the gamekeeper felt himself ruffled at the moment. Is it any thing extraordinary when within a few yards of a mad dog, or a snake, that a man should be ruffled? you too might have been bitten had you not closed the gate as you did! Was it any thing wonderful, any thing superhuman, that you should possess presence of mind? All these things I have resolved over and over again. I cannot discover that I am wrong, or in an error in believing that the obvious and sufficient cause of every thing that happens, is the real cause; the Creator primarily, indeed, when he made his laws, but ever afterwards those laws themselves.

"You will observe I touch not now upon other most weighty, most embarrassing objections, which I never had got over. I count not upon the irreconcilableness of man's free agency with this perpetual interposition; I say nothing now of prescience, and therefore predestination; I confine myself simply here to your own position, that God is ever upon the watch for us, ever our immediate guide, although he

originally gave us guides enough in our reason and our instincts. I will not say that what I have merely argued is a creed in which I will live and die, but it is an argument which, to *my* conception, no one has yet been able to overturn."

Here Tremaine ceased, and what was said in reply will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

PROVIDENCE.—SECOND CAUSES.

"God is much displeased that you take with unthankfulness his doing."

SHAKSPEARE.

A PAUSE for some minutes ensued after Tremaine had finished speaking, during which, each friend seemed ruminating on his own ideas. At length the Doctor broke silence:

"You have made," said he, "exactly the argument I expected you *would* make, and I acknowledge you have put it as strongly as I think it can be put. It is that specious, nay, I will allow, that forcible argument drawn from the universality of what is called

second causes, and the terrible extent of evil which it would be in vain to deny, which has staggered many well-meaning and sensible men in all ages and countries. You will, however, perceive that the argument is now changed between us. The question is no longer whether the *laws of our being* do not suffice for our preservation, so much as whether that preservation is even always willed. The mere chance, which, according to you governs, and the evil which certainly does infest the world, form the reasons of your doubt. Nor is this surprising. Our feelings are often dreadfully shocked, and we tremble to think that errors such as those of which we read, and of which we are sometimes even witnesses, can be permitted from any cause, by a Being whom we love and thank for his benignity, as well as adore for his power. Then, again, as to the interference and regulation of the events of life, the First Cause, God, is every where hid from our sense; the second, that is, the immediate cause is obvious to it. We naturally, therefore, if we look no farther than sense, attribute all to the immediate cause; we think not of what may be, and what is behind. Thus the Indian who first saw the effect of fire-arms, worshipped the musket, even when discharged, and thrown aside by the hand that had used it.

"Again the child who first sees a show, believes it is the puppets who act. When he sees, or is

told of the wires, he discovers the hand of the master.

"As this was the first part of your powerful argument, I shall treat of it first, and leave that drawn from the sufferance of evil for later consideration.

"But here I would premise, that it is vital to the discussion, that the arguers on *our* side of the question should not be misunderstood,—as, I think, we too generally are. For, when we say that nothing is without God, we are answered, as if we had ever contended that he is an *interposing*, special, and, I might almost say miraculous agent in producing every specific thought, word, and deed, in the commonest employment of the wills and faculties of his creatures; that is in morals, that a man cannot walk, change his place, or perform the general duties or actions of life without an interposing divine Spirit, specially calling him to it. Thus, I remember a visionary female, who scarcely moved from one room to another, or sat down to table, or lay down to rest, but she said she was *called* to it. This would too evidently do away with the common faculties by which we carry on our existence, to say nothing of that free-will which was one of the designs of our creation, and the instrument, indeed, by which we act. To say that God *interferes* to incline me to pluck this flower, and to smell to it as I do,—having originally a sense of smelling, and a desire to exercise

it,—is what scarcely even a visionary can hold; certainly not we.

"To go farther, and say that when a man mounts his horse knowing how to ride, and the horse accustomed to the saddle, he is preserved from being thrown by the special act of the Almighty, and not by the faculty of preserving his balance, or governing the reins; or that that boat which we see gliding along, and which is kept afloat by the known laws of physics, would sink, *notwithstanding* those laws, unless specially and *over and above* sustained by the same power;—all this is nowhere pretended.

"Again, to advance farther still, that a man pursues his instincts, and all the innocent propensities of his nature, his social passions, by which he cultivates friendship, feels love, desires to marry, becomes a parent, and loves his progeny, or pursues a fair ambition, endeavours to improve his being, studies the arts, practises commerce, or betakes himself to learning;—that he can only be *impelled* to this, or in short, to the common occurrences of life by which man is man, under the *special* guidance of a special providing power that leads him in his progress, in the same manner as it operates upon matter in gravity, or as we lead a child who is learning to walk or to read,—this also is nowhere pretended. The general design and propensities of our being, suffice, no doubt for this, as for ten thousand other things within the scope of the human character.

"*Not that even here God is not always present, or might not interfere if he pleased;* but having designed us to be what we are, in respect to all this, it would be as vain as useless to *speculate* whether we act from perpetually *new* impulses, or only through original energies."

"In this I entirely agree," said Tremaine; "but I think you admit largely, for one who is to prove the interference of the Deity any where. With so much excluded, what is to be included? and with so much left to ourselves, who is to say where government begins?"

"That certainly is *the* question," answered Evelyn; "and great and profound as I allow it to be, I had almost said it is unanswerable. Unanswerable, however, only in speculation and in theory; for as to all good ends of practice, as to hope, trust, reliance, and resignation, I think it is abundantly clear where it is that we are under divine government, although we may not know exactly where we are not."

"I shall be glad to see how you will make this out," said Tremaine, "and to learn exactly which is the province of man, which of heaven."

"To tell this, exactly," answered Evelyn, "is beyond man's limited capacity; but thus much I think we may say is clear,—that the province of a *moral* Providence is *morals;* and by morals, I mean a state

of *responsibility.* Evidently, I also mean, all that produces the actions, as well as the fortunes of men; that which we call their conduct in their three great relations to God, to themselves, and their fellow-men. It is here that their reason is chiefly employed, and that the will is called upon for determination. Here, therefore, *responsibility* begins, and with it the moral events, if I may so call them, of life. Here emphatically, therefore, as an obvious consequence, from being left to ourselves, we stand in need of that direction and assistance, which, according to us, are afforded by him of whose *power* to afford them there is, at least, no doubt.

"You will observe, I speak of *responsibility*, and the events of life, as forming the peculiar field of our discussion; because here, if not here alone, is the field for interposition.

"I beseech you to mark this distinction, because without it, our question may be perpetually, and surely unnecessarily, embarrassed."

"I agree to this," said Tremaine, "and perceive that to do so will bring the real point better to our view. That point is to show that the immediate causes of things and actions, are not the real causes; but that there is another and unseen cause that moves us as we are moved; as a master, according to your illustration, by the help of wires moves a puppet."

"I think a better illustration," observed Evelyn,

" may be drawn from the composition of an army."

" This will be new," said Tremaine.

" We see it," continued Evelyn, " divided into a variety of ranks, from the commander-in-chief to the lowest soldier; into divisions of various sizes and characters; that is, from what are technically called divisions to brigades, regiments, battalions, companies, squads, and files. The private in the field, or on the parade, receives orders, and seems *immediately* to obey his serjeant: he is certainly immediately put in motion by him. Could he be right in thinking that he is so, because he is the immediate, or, according to our subject, the *second* cause ?"

" Indubitably not," said Tremaine; " but he, at least, can see and hear his captain, perhaps even his field-officer."

" He may or he may not," observed Evelyn; " but granting that he does, does he know who put the field-officer himself in motion, or could he guess that it was the commander-in-chief in the field, he may not even then be right, since he may have to go to a still higher commander, a hundred miles off, who may himself be moved by orders from others at home.

" This being admitted, I think we may come to a conclusion not very unfounded."

" What is it ?"

" That our private soldier would not be very

correct in imagining that the first cause of his movements in the ranks was his serjeant."

"I cannot quarrel with this illustration," said Tremaine.

"I do not mean to say," continued Evelyn, "that we are either puppets or private soldiers; or that all we do is done for us, exactly in the way in which it *is* done. But whatever our liberty, (by which I mean our freedom of will,) I do mean to say, that wherever the freedom of man produces moral action, there *is* a master, a commander behind, who suffers or controls events, conducts the great business of the scene, and yet, by the wonderfulness of the apparatus, leaves the actors free.

"If the possibility, nay, even the probability of this cannot be conceived, or being conceived, not allowed, all argument must be at an end. For every thing not miraculous (and miracles are over), has its immediate cause, over and above the final one. It is, indeed, the actual mode in which the final cause thinks fit to govern the world. This immediate cause too must be allowed to be apparently sufficient, in both physics and morals, to produce the effect which *is* produced, otherwise it could be no cause; and hence an addition to the difficulty; for I allow it requires some refinement in reasoning, some research, comparison of things, and moral inference, to arrive at our conclusion; but not the less is the conclusion true.

" You admit, at least, thus much: that from the very power of the Deity, he *might* prevent every thing that *does* happen. His *consent* therefore is, at any rate, necessary for all that we see; which is a great advance towards the next step, that if he consents he wills, and if he wills, he leaves it not to chance or ourselves to carry his will into effect. This ought to be for ever in our minds, ever before us; and it is the want of this, that makes us so content to go no farther than the *immediate* cause. Hence the impiety of your infidel king; hence free-thinking, which seems to me to be little more than *want* of thinking. I, at least, subscribe to the apothegm of Bacon:—' A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

" But as you allow the power that made the world, and imposed the laws which you say suffice for its continuance, both in physics and morals, you must at least also allow that it cannot be extinguished."

" I do," said Tremaine.

" It must then continue somewhere, for you only tell me it is *withdrawn* from its superintendence of us,

as no longer necessary. Are you then able to say, whither, and to what work it withdraws? Is the Divinity, according to you, buried in the perpetual occupation of building new worlds, and inventing new natures, so as to forget those he has already made; casting these also aside as nothing worth, as soon as he has finished them, to go to still newer creations?—Is this your opinion? or having allowed the ubiquity and omniscience of the Godhead, *can* you reconcile the contradiction?"

Tremaine allowed he could not.

"Is it not then more consonant to reason (can it indeed be otherwise, from the Divine Nature), to suppose him for ever dwelling in all his works; and if dwelling, surely not for nothing, surely not as if he cared *not* for them?"

Tremaine allowed the force of the argument was considerable, and the questions new.

"Perhaps you will say," continued Evelyn, "that to suffer things to be done, is not to will them, and though God may not interfere to prevent, as he cannot but know them, he may note them for some future purpose, when the ends of the creation are answered!"

"Is not that possible?" said Tremaine, "and does not the existence of so much crime, apparently unpunished, make it probable?"

"Be it so," returned Evelyn; "but the conse-

quence still is Providence only deferred, and deferred for a future state of rewards and punishments, which is more than I here ask of you, or than you I fancy will admit."

Tremaine was struck, and again allowed that the questions were new.

"I assure you," said Evelyn, "they are questions which I never knew answered, and do not think open to an answer. To my mind they go to the bottom of the whole subject, and prevail over all the most specious difficulties."

"I feel that they are of the very greatest weight," said Tremaine.

"My argument, then, exclusive of general belief, is emphatically founded upon the undenied and undeniable power of the Godhead; its necessary, unvaried, and invariable watchfulness, over the machine; and the impossibility that any thing can be done without its both knowing and suffering it to be done. This alone, as the lawyers say, would be my case, and I might here throw the onus upon you to disprove it. But I will not leave it here. The care God has bestowed upon our mundane system is obvious. Can we doubt then his *anxiety*, if I may so speak, that all shall be properly fitted for the parts that are performing?"

"Perhaps not," said Tremaine.

"Then what should we think," continued Evelyn,

"of a man who should build a costly theatre, composed of most complicated scenery, contrived with all forethought, decorated with all splendour, prepared for thousands of spectators, the world ransacked for actors, *himself perpetually present, perpetually inspecting, not even able to be otherwise;* yet without anxiety whether any part of this mighty preparation fail; or at best, satisfied with the confidence that though all get into disorder, it will just stop short of final ruin. Thus, though he see his actors falter, their parts mangled, misunderstood, or forgotten, the action disturbed, nay often on the eve of being stopped altogether; though the theatre itself be even sometimes endangered, and though, as I have said, he be present everywhere, everywhere on the watch, and a breath, a wish, would restore the order of things—he leaves it to itself, as if he had neither object, nor interest in what he has created, nay, although under his immediate eye, as if he was ignorant of its very existence."

"No doubt," said Tremaine, "the conduct of such a man would be that of an insane person."

"Yet such," answered Evelyn, "is the conduct of the Deity, in the opinion of the doubter of his providence. Ingenious, and indeed forcible as you have been, you have not met me in these most essential points. You have not denied the *power* of the Deity, if he please to assert it. You have not denied that

God is and must be ever present, ever informed of our minutest actions, our remotest thoughts, our most transient feelings. If so, you confer upon him immediately the character of a watchful *moral agent;* nor can you deny that he must *remember.* You give him, therefore, power, knowledge, vigilance, inspection, and *remembrance.* You also admit our importance with him, from the simple fact of his having placed us here; our place too is at the head of the world, which he has taken so much *pains,* if I may use such language, to protect, refresh, support, and enlighten, by an apparatus and by laws so stupendously wonderful, that our minds are dazzled to blindness by their contemplation. All this you admit; and all for what?—that he may abandon us, throw us aside, leave us to chance, or worse than chance, to our own most weak, most imperfect, and most dangerous government!

"Again, I ask, is this, can this be the conduct of the moral agent we have proved him, or rather of a father to the children of his hands? You admit he sees, and therefore watches; but to what purpose watch, if we can suffice to ourselves? You admit he knows: but to what purpose know, if either we are sufficiently right, or he indifferent whether we are right or wrong? Most of all, you admit, he remembers; but for what purpose remember, if nothing is to be done upon it; nothing rewarded; nothing punished hereafter? Thus always present, always inspecting, always in-

formed, always reminiscent, it is of no use, and for no purpose, that he is present, vigilant, informed or reminiscent. Either, therefore, we cannot go wrong, and there is no such thing as crime against God or man; or if there be, he is indifferent to its commission, because men can get right again without his assistance; or (which is of more consequence than all we are discussing), there must be an hereafter, a reckoning, and a judgment."

Tremaine was deeply struck, and Evelyn allowed him to ponder upon this, expecting a reply.

Receiving none, he went on: "But what if I question your whole position, because contradicted by the whole history of mankind?"

"I wait your meaning," said Tremaine.

"It is this," replied Evelyn: "I acknowledge that we cannot make out the design of the creation, the purposes for which we are here, the reasons why we are no more nor no less than what we are. But see the difference of our persuasions! When I look around me, and contemplate the whole wonderful, yet inscrutable system of nature which strikes me on every side throughout her extraordinary processes; when I view my fellow-beings, inhabitants of the world like myself, from the worm upwards—from the insect of an hour to the eagle of an hundred years; when I think of the monsters of the deep, or the monarch of the desert, or turn perchance to what savours of sport and play, and even (if we dare say so of any

work of nature) which exhibits almost the ridiculous, as in the talk of a parrot, or the mowing of a monkey; but above all, when I look into myself, with all my hopes, and fears, and struggles, an enigmatical mixture of energy and weakness, reason and folly, of aspirations after virtue, and apostacy to vice; when I see all this, I own the ever-during question—*why* it all exists?—is never absent from my mind. That *some* purpose is to be answered by all these wonders, these endless varieties, this astonishing machinery, is to my conviction clear, though it is the only thing that is so. You, on the other hand, are content with it as a saddening fact, that all is created *merely* to be destroyed; that life seems given *merely* to be followed by death; and that all is but one uniform succession of corruption and renovation. Thus, with you, the excellent warm motion becomes really a kneaded clod, to make way for some other clod, to be informed by a like kindling spirit: and so the process goes on in one eternal round, for nothing, for no purpose, either of trial here, or reward hereafter. And yet you acknowledge that all is, if not guided by, at least perfected and minutely known to, some all-powerful, all-knowing, all-operating, yet invisible, intangible, and, to every sense, unperceivable Being.

"To me, this I own is marvellous—me, whom it kindles, excites, absorbs, yet stupifies, while, without success, I endeavour to unravel it. Believe me, it is

fearful, most fearful; astonishing, most astonishing!

"But though I shrink in my own littleness from the subject, and abandon all hope of ever understanding it, one thing to me is clear—that *your* impression upon it (excuse me) is what all feeling, all reasoning, and all nature, through all her works, proclaim aloud to be false!

"As to the history of mankind, I deny your whole position upon it, because contradicted by the fact! You say all has got right again by the exertions of the same man; that is, as you mean it, *as distinct from God.* Yet you forget that religion always accompanied this same man, in all his returns from disorder to order; and religion always implies belief in the protection of Heaven. Unless, therefore, you show me that religion was banished the world, when it got right after nearly perishing, and that morality alone restored its security and happiness, your assertion fails. Observe, I speak not here of true religion; of religion even not exceedingly corrupted with false and imaginary gods; but still a religion inculcating the power and protection, as well as the vengeance of those gods, whatever their names, forms, or attributes. The same forcible consideration destroys your confidence in what you call the laws of nature, even where there has been no disorder; for you tell me that those laws, added to those of reason, are

enough to keep us on the whole pretty right as to morals. If so, what becomes of your argument from such dreadful moral evil? You say that, true, there have been great shocks in the world, great crimes and desolations, and nations as well as men have acted like demons; but all has got right again by the exertions of the same individual man that brought all so near to ruin. I ask, where have you ever found these laws, without being accompanied by the strong enforcement of religion? But even if you have, and it were possible to suppose men without a worship, without fear of God, without hope or presentiment of a life to come, I then ask where is responsibility, and if no responsibility, where are morals?"

"Surely," said Tremaine, "the answer is easy, as long as there is a law of nature, with all its enforcements."

"My dear friend," rejoined Evelyn, "be not led away with philosophical fiction, or rather philosophical jargon. Tell me whence is this law of nature, where these enforcements?"

"In the heart," returned Tremaine.

"Good! and of course, then, every heart is the same, and equally led to practise virtue and shun vice, without the hope of heaven or fear of hell!"

"That I should not say," observed Tremaine.

"Yet that you must say, if you hold that, when corrupted, we recover without religion."

"May there not be religion without futurity?"

"Yes! but a sorry one, for there is then no responsibility,—which is the question.

"Come, my friend," continued the Doctor, "you have not considered this matter to its centre. What is the meaning of this law of nature of yours? Does not a law imply an agent that both enacts and enforces it? If not, what can be more nugatory? We may again return to our illustration of King Log."

"And yet, may we not be responsible without any king?"

"I beseech you to whom? Who enforces? Who punishes? Who induces? In what is the punishment? In what the inducement? You will tell me, virtue! What is that? The fitness of things; rectitude. More intelligibly, regard for the happiness of the world at large. You mean, then, by virtue, the general *interest* of mankind. But what if the individuals are not so studious of the interests of others as to prefer, or even not neglect it, when it seems to interfere with their own? and, if they do prefer their own, what, according to you, is to hinder them? Will these laws of yours do it, of which every one is the interpreter for himself? These laws, without an enforcer, an avenger, a judge? A milder sceptic, such as you, may tell me, it is the will of God; and I agree you can,

from analogy, make out a cogent demonstration of this. But as to will,—of what sort can that be, which may be denied, thwarted, and resisted at every moment with impunity? Your will, therefore, has no obligation; your fine laws, no binding principle; and your God is the God of Epicurus, who cares not for you, would be degraded by doing any thing to serve you, and allows you to obey or disobey this will, exactly at pleasure. When the world, therefore, has been wrong, it must get right by some other means than human, or than the exertions of man left to himself! And this is true in fact; for you never yet knew man left to himself—that is, without religion.

"You, indeed, have admitted *some* religion, when you say that from admiration, and a sense of power, you are ready to adore. But why adore what does neither good nor harm? a Being, which, though it may have originally laid the foundation of the plagues, and commotions, and consequent miseries you have described; or of the magnificent wonders in physics, which you have also mentioned; has taken leave of them for ever, nor ever condescends to interfere in their direction, for good, or for evil? Your adoration then is as if it were of a *mere great wonder;* a curiosity of the greatest, the most astonishing magnitude indeed, but still a mere curiosity. Surely we adore, that is *worship*, for other causes!

"But, perhaps, like some other deists, you are willing to thank the Deity for whatever happiness is allowed you below?"

Tremaine nodded assent.

"Then you imply an agent to be thanked. Some Being, who not only has been active for us, but is present to us to receive our thanks, and not only this, but who will continue by us, able still farther to help us. We may venerate the memory of a dead benefactor, we only *thank* a living and an active one.

"Thus every way you can point, if *short of atheism*, you point to religion; and wherever there is man, there also is an admission of Providence."

Tremaine observing Evelyn to pause, and look around; with much interest, entreated him to proceed.

"I am thinking," continued he, "I can bring it still more home. You see those heifers in the meadows below. They have cropped their green food, and have drunk of the stream. Some of them still remain to cool in it; some have sought the shade, and are lying down to ruminate; some are sedate and quiet with happiness; some sport and play; all are innocent. There is no right or wrong with them; or rather all is right, because it cannot be wrong. For God's sake, why is this with a poor brute, 'a beast that wants discourse of reason,' and

not with man, a much more noble animal, if I am right; a much meaner one, if you are not wrong?"

"I see not your exact application," said Tremaine.

"And yet it is not very far-fetched," returned Evelyn. "I say these cattle, and all others that live, all beasts even of prey, nay, all reptiles and vermin, that act in their natures, following the laws of their instincts, all given by the same God,—these brutes, these creatures, dumb and mechanical as they are, are happier and more fortunate than we; that is, God has been kinder to them, unless that same God *assists* by his Providence the weak wills and reason he has given to *us*, the supposed nobler creature of the two."

"Why the will and reason are so weak as to require this aid, is my question," said Tremaine.

"'Tis a question," answered his friend, "with which you have no business. The fact is undoubted, and that once established, we must deal with it as best we can. Possibly, nay probably, it is the mode in which the Supreme has chosen that the creature called man shall be conducted in his being, while the brute is left without responsibility, and therefore without difficulty."

"I remember," said Tremaine, "a strong passage in your Wollaston, to this effect, of the supposed superior lot of the brutes,—which almost staggered me."

"And why not *your* Wollaston too," returned Evelyn, "if it staggered you? I remember it also. He says that unless there is a future state, which implies the most extended of all schemes of Providence, the pleasures of brutes, though but sensual, are more *complete:* 'they go wholly into them,' says he: 'their sufferings are not heightened by reflection; they are not perplexed with cares of families and posterity, are not anxious about a future state, have no disappointments; and at last some sudden and unforeseen blow finishes them, before they ever knew they were mortal.'*

"You can scarcely chuse but admit the soundness of this opinion, unless, as I said, the Almighty condescends, nay, *unless it is an original part of his plan,* to assist by his Providence our most insufficient reason—the only equivalent we have for the instinct which so suffices for brutes."

Tremaine seemed moved, but asked if his friend really thought reason insufficient for our government?

"Your favourite Horace, who was any thing but out of humour with mankind, shall reply to you," said Evelyn:

'Audax omnia perpeti,
'Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.'

* Religion of Nature, p. 211.

"No! my friend; with God, we are much—without God, we are nothing—nay, worse than nothing. And it is the same thing as to be without his assistance, if he has left us to ourselves, and is indifferent to crime. Now let me ask, whether that can be your real opinion?"

Tremaine hesitated, but at length avowed that crime could not be indifferent to the Creator.

"Our subject then is at an end," rejoined Evelyn; "for either you admit that God does interfere to prevent or punish crime (which he by no means always does in this world); or you give me all I want, or desire, in owning a future judgment in a world to come."

Tremaine was rather startled at the consequences of his admission, and begged to retrace his steps.

"I own," said he, "I saw not to what my answer would lead, and I feel embarrassed; yet I shudder to think that crime is a matter of indifference to man, much more to the Almighty."

"See to what scepticism leads," said Evelyn, with mildness; "but I have often told you, you are not really a sceptic."

"May not, however," resumed Tremaine, "the argument I have used be sound as against a Providence in this world, if there *is* the state you talk of in a world to come?"

"It is your only alternative," observed Evelyn;

"for then certainly the notion, not of indifference here on the part of the Creator, (for that nothing can prove,) but of a sort of suffering of vice for a season, might be at least not irrational. Grant me this, and you bless me indeed."

"I am not prepared," replied Tremaine, with hesitation; "alas! by no means prepared. Yet I feel distressed; for, with perhaps only a half-convinced reason, I yet perceive that, to be merely consistent, if there is neither Providence here, nor retribution hereafter, there can be no distinction between virtue and vice, and all must be left to disposition, to chance, to indulgence, to prudence, or imprudence. No! this can never be!....."

"Hobbes will help you out," said Evelyn, "for he holds that very doctrine, and is quite content to reduce all to the enactions of the civil magistrate.* Spinoza, too, another brilliant guide, defines natural right to be natural power; so that, acquire the power, and a man, from the law of nature, may do what he pleases. Are you content with this master of reasoning, who be sure teaches us also to deny a Providence?"

"I have owned," observed Tremaine, "this cannot be; but I own too, I once favoured, or at least took

* See two excellent old Sermons by Dr. Rogers, in confutation of this folly: "Rogers' Sermons on the Necessity of Revelation."

no pains to confute Hobbes, and that I have been embarrassed—yes! I confess it—with Spinoza!"

"And Carneades, and Pyrrho," resumed Evelyn, "before him, and Hume and Bolingbroke, who have done so much since to mend the matter."

"My dear friend," said Tremaine, after some reflection, "I own the speciousness, nay, I may say what I thought the irresistible force, of the argument from second causes, misled me so far as to refuse myself to what you called your *prima facie* demonstration of a particular Providence. Whether we live again I wish I could say; but if we do not, I agree, could other stupendous difficulties be got over, that as God has the power, so he appears to have the will to protect and guide us—and if we do live again, all may in the end be set right. It would, therefore, I own, be most rational to suppose, that he who made us, and is, because he always *must* be, with us, cannot be there for nothing, cannot be indifferent. But the horrible evils in morals, and the overwhelming quantity of natural evil in the world, only a small part of which I have touched upon, and which you have not yet noticed, meet me wherever I go, set all my alarms loose, and chain up all my belief."

CHAP. XIII.

PROVIDENCE.—THE ARGUMENT FROM EVIL.

"As if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion—and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on."

SHAKSPEARE.

"If I have not yet touched upon this part of your objection," replied Evelyn, "it is only, as you will have perceived, to keep objections that belong to different classes properly separate. But I think I can give you the same satisfaction (if I have given you satisfaction) upon both.

"And yet moral evil, I allow, is a frightful spectre. I shut not my eyes either to its extent or its enormity, and if I could pardon scepticism any where, it would be when prompted by the dreadful crimes which the history of our species seems almost every where to exhibit. At the same time the greatest care must be taken, that in computing evil, as against good—that is, in estimating the intentions of benevolence, or the contrary, in the creation—we do not exaggerate the fact as to the evil, so as to obscure the real truth. Upon this none of us bestow sufficient, or, I may say,

any pains. This I am sure of, that your supposition that the history of man is the history of a wild beast, is a great error. The great and prominent points of general history must necessarily consist, in a great measure, of a mixture of crime with virtue, if not of crime itself. For history records few, but great events; these can only emanate from struggle and difficulty; and struggle and difficulty can scarcely be the consequence of peace and good-will. The very virtues recorded can only be shewn in a contest with and in contrast to vice."

"This is true," said Tremaine.

"How many thousands, and tens of thousands," continued Evelyn, "nay, how many millions of comparatively innocent persons are suffered to pass along the current of history unrecorded, for one great tyrant, or hero, or rebel! How many peaceful citizens die in their beds, for one execution, or one murder!

'Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
'They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.'

"Yet we do not observe this. Even in private life, one act of oppression, or very great wickedness, shall be the talk of a whole country, while peace and order, and sometimes very great, but unobtrusive merit, glide imperceptibly down the stream."

"This also is true," said Tremaine.

"I do not mean to say," continued Evelyn, "that this is wrong, or not to be accounted for according

to the common course of things. But, in estimating the human character, in philosophizing, as it were, upon the real good or evil of human life, we cannot, in common fairness, leave the immense, though unobvious quantity of private happiness out of the account."

"To all this, no one can refuse to agree," said Tremaine.

"Yet from the want of considering this, you have perhaps suffered yourself to estimate the quantity of evil in the world, at far more than it deserves. I have often done so myself; and striking as your picture is, yet I think I could even heighten it. It is certain I have almost been disposed to ask myself, I will not say with doubt or irreverence, but with very assailing fear, why such crimes as those which accompanied the French Revolution were permitted? Why the dove-like piety of Elizabeth was destined to a scaffold, when Mirabeau died in his bed? Long before this, I have never been able to read of the scoundrel selfishness of our Henry VIII., that detestable savage, who spared neither man in his hate, nor woman in his lust; that legal murderer, and legitimate adulterer—that hypocrite to whom even Kirk was an angel;—without feeling my blood boil over with indignation that such a creature could be human, much more be trusted with power. But even this has yielded to the sympathy and anguish, I might

almost say, the agony of mind with which one views the unmerited suffering of the meek, humble, and pious Jane Grey. As far from intending crime as an angel of light; in herself pure as accomplished, beautiful as young, and unpretending as beautiful, her hard, hard fortune must interest a savage; and one passes in haste over the page of her merciless execution, lest the heart grow too sick with pity.

"A different but scarcely less horror is inspired by the cruelties that so long attended religious persecution. I pass the Christiani ad Leones, so complained of by Tertullian; for the Christian persecutions may have been permitted for ultimate good. But that, for so many hundred years, the most enlightened and best educated of their time, the scholars of the world, and ministers of God, should condemn one another to the flames for differences of opinion, and think (if they could think) they were doing God service; that this most cruel of all deaths should be inflicted for the most venial of all crimes (if they were indeed crimes),—has made, and still makes me shudder but to think of them. That they should have been perpetrated in this country, even as late as the first James, and that the writ *de hæretico comburendo* disgraced our statute-book till the time of Charles II., by no means gives me consolation."

"I am eager on my part," returned Tremaine, "to know how you will reconcile these things as the work

of a Being, who you say guides every thing as a father his children, and who wills and wishes those children to be happy?"

"There is a lurking fallacy in this observation," replied Evelyn, "for I have nowhere said this is God's work. God forbid! That it should be *allowed* to be the work of man is fearful enough. The unravelling this scheme of Divine government is, in fact, one of the deepest points of theological science, and nothing but a thorough and most enlarged contemplation of the general attributes of the Deity can come near to expound it.

"That God is wise, just, and benevolent, is not denied between us; that he wills the happiness of his creatures, is proclaimed by the beauty and gladness of nature, and by the fact that, with all the admitted evil we have discussed, good so greatly preponderates, that happiness, or a reasonable share of it, is in the power of all, if we do not abuse it. That all, or nearly all, moral evil springs from the vice of man, not the intention or contrivance of the Deity, you will not yourself deny."

"I do not," said Tremaine; "but the vice and the virtue spring equally from the Power that created both."

"Indubitably," answered Evelyn; "but at least the question then becomes immediately changed, and is in fact not why the Almighty made us to be un-

happy, but why he permits us to be vicious? In other words, not why he has *destined* us to be miserable (for that he has not), but why he suffers us to make ourselves so? Now this you will see is the same as asking why he has thought fit to make an imperfect creature: which, when you tell me why he has made the worm that crawls in our walk, or even that glorious sky over our heads, I will answer."

"No man can tell this," said Tremaine.

"I agree," replied Evelyn; "and you see there are mysteries in all these questions, into which we cannot penetrate, beyond which we cannot go, and at which, therefore, I think we are bound voluntarily to stop. If this, then, be one of those questions (as it seems to be), we stop at the fact, that we are made most imperfect creatures, capable of virtue, but also capable of vice; a scheme of creation, the reason for which we cannot even conjecture, but which at once places us in a state of responsibility."

"I see not the last," said Tremaine.

"It is the only means," rejoined Evelyn, "by which the evil of this imperfection can be cured, or perhaps even rendered tolerable. The proof is, that wherever this responsibility is most admitted, evil is least, and happiness most to be found. Throughout that black catalogue of horrors which we have read to each other, we shall, on investiga-

tion, find that in proportion to the quantum of evil responsibility has been thrown off. If you ask why this breach of responsibility is suffered, I again refer you to the very scheme of our creation,—imperfection, and again reply, I cannot tell; but the very circumstance that there remains behind something belonging to the subject, something in the Divine Mind as to this world, which we cannot penetrate, and which you at least cannot deny may be known to other beings, if not to ourselves hereafter,—this very circumstance shows that it may be no *contradiction* to the notion of God's Providence and justice."

"I should be satisfied with this exposition," said Tremaine, "and come willingly to your creed, if it went the whole length of this overbearing difficulty. But it is evident it goes no farther than to account for the evils sustained by vicious men. Were these the only sufferers of the world, gladly would I subscribe to a doctrine which would then be clear enough. Vice being permitted, and vice the sole cause of misfortune, the world has little reason to complain, if the wicked are unhappy. But, alas! by far the greater miseries are suffered by the apparently innocent, while, as I said before, vice is too often triumphant. In the examples we have each of us supplied, this has invariably been the fact. Now, if your doctrine were true, not only vice would not

triumph, but would always be punished even in this world."

"Various answers," said Evelyn, "to this, I own, embarrassing objection, have exercised men of the most powerful understandings, with various success. The oldest, namely, that of the Fathers, seems to me to be the best."

"You mean," said Tremaine, "that of Origen, Lactantius, and others, that it could not be otherwise, consistently with the free-will of man."

"I do," rejoined Evelyn. "For where there is this free-will, from the very force of the term, it must be competent to will evil, as well as good; and if the scheme, as I have called it, of our creation, is imperfection, it must follow, that the evil which is possible, will actually be. I need not pursue the induction, to show that this at least accounts for the sufferings of the virtuous, inflicted by the vicious. Then, as to the escape of the vicious from punishment in this world, the answer (independent of a future state, which furnishes the most complete one), is, that the fact as a general proposition is mistaken. That there are too many examples of unpunished villany, is true; but there is no proportion between them and those of the general happiness of integrity and virtue. *It is not laid down as a scheme* of the Providence we treat of, that vice should be protected, virtue oppressed. Instances of it happen; but that is not the *scheme.*

"Another answer is drawn from the government by second causes, which we have lately discussed, and the free-will we have just touched upon. Did God always appear in person, as it were, whether through prophets or miracles, as among the early Jews, or only through second causes, but *immediately on the commitment of crime*, not only would free-will be controlled by a force which would leave it free no longer, but, as has been well said by old Sherlock, there would be no end to the executions palpably going on before our faces.

"I do not say," continued Evelyn, seeing Tremaine prepared to object, "that this last might not be a more secure, and therefore more happy state; for, God knows, I am not so confident as not to feel my responsibility, in the latitude allowed me, most perilous; but, at any rate, it is not the state in which it has pleased God to place me. He reveals himself no longer by visible and immediate interposition, and it is most certain he allows vice, in some instances, to prosper for a time. Nevertheless, I doubt if these instances are ever perfect, to the effect you suppose them. They will not, perhaps, any of them, bear the test of inquiry, had we the means of making it; and they are by no means so frequent as, for the argument, they have been imagined."

"Yet you will not deny," observed Tremaine, "the number of brilliant or successful villains that

shock us in history—Augustus, Dionysius, Louis XI., or Cromwell, among a thousand others."

"I should, perhaps, puzzle you," replied Evelyn, "if I were to put you upon the proof of your thousand; nay, were I to ask you to name me one *happy* villain. Even where all seems fair on the outside, do we really know the whole of the case? Do we see into the secret heart of the actors? Do we hear their inward groans, the writhings, or the drownings of their consciences, their fears, their perpetual suspicions, worse than a thousand deaths? Sure I am, the instances you *have* adduced will not hold. Augustus, in his fortune, was always successful; perhaps, in the opinion of the world, always happy. Does his family history support this? Augustus, however, though he achieved despotism at the expense of many lives, some of them of good, or what are called good men, was not one of those worst of wicked persons on whom your argument should rely. He found the world in arms, and his country rent to pieces; he, indeed, joined in proscriptions, and suffered Cicero to be murdered; but he began not the struggle; some part he was forced to take, and amidst the universal disorder, he rode out the storm. He was, perhaps, the least wicked of his party, and might be designed by the very Providence which from his story you question, to give the comparative peace to the empire which it afterwards enjoyed."

"Yet that Brutus and Cassius," exclaimed Tremaine, "the champions of liberty, should be destroyed by such profligates as himself and Anthony, merely that he afterwards should trample upon that liberty!"

"I cannot follow you in this," said Evelyn, "and would not if I could! How know we that the liberty you advocate would have been restored by the success of your champions? how, even, that i would at that time have been best for an empire so universally corrupted? No: we must be better informed before we presume to plunge into such a question, and if better informed, I am convinced we should be satisfied.

"As to your other examples, Dionysius is the last I should have chosen to prove triumph. Though his murders and sacrileges had been an hundred-fold greater than they were, and still he had been allowed to retain the power they had obtained for him, the sword of Damocles, the fear of trusting life to his own daughters, and even the construction of his *ear* alone, would prove that he was already, and in this world, plunged into retributive torments. I should say the same of your Louis XI., if only from the devilish defences of Plessis les Tours; and as for Cromwell, your most specious instance, until you shew me the seclusion of his bed-chamber, the breathings of his sleep, and

the known alarms which produced his last sickness and death, I cannot trust his authority."

"But supposing this to destroy the argument as to the wicked," said Tremaine, "unhappily, it explains not equally well the infliction of such miseries as are suffered by the good."

"Here, still," replied Evelyn, "we are in the dark; for who are good, is a fearful question; and even with those really so, we know not what trials may be necessary for them in the Divine intention, in order to fit them for higher rewards, any more than what mundane consequences may follow of ultimate benefit, from the very horror inspired by their fate. It is this alone can soften or console me for the lot of that sainted Princess of France whom I have mentioned. But I dare not meddle with it. I content myself with telling you, as I have told myself, that in all these awful speculations we are not true judges; we are even presumptuous pretenders, finites as we are, to judge of infinite. Confined as we are to this little circle, this close and bounded horizon, this speck of vision, I need not tell you, that he who sees the whole, sees more than we, and can alone be judge. In short, I need not say that God's justice is not our justice, and it is not only folly, but scarcely less than impious, to require to understand the wisdom of the All-wise, or measure his knowledge by our ignorance."

Seeing Tremaine moved, Evelyn went on: "So clear is this, that I would recommend you to the well-known tale of Parnell, as a sufficient solution, on this part of your objection, of all your doubts. It is a fiction, indeed, but easily reducible to fact. You see there, why an apparently generous man may be robbed, and a miser enriched; why a favourite and innocent child may be cut off from a naturally virtuous father, and a man, in the very act of an hospitable office, murdered by an ungrateful villain, yet all be right when understood. All this is so cogent, as well as so ingenious, so convincing, as well as so beautifully told, that I could envy the author of this now common-place, but still very delightful piece."

Tremaine felt much convinced; but said he would be better satisfied with a critique upon real cases.

"All imaginary illustrations," said Evelyn, "if they are sound, may be made real. Once but ponder the sentiment, that evil is almost always the concomitant of greater good, and objections founded on the injustice of God will melt away. You have talked of plagues and earthquakes. They are frightful things; but could the processes which make the world what it is, for the habitation of man, proceed without them? And if they cannot, can their own necessary consequences be avoided? In some

instances, man is himself the cause of his own liability to their mischiefs, by fixing himself so completely in the midst of them. The world is surely large enough. The same may be said of venomous creatures and the beasts of the desert. They have a right to their world as well as we.

"But you would have me criticise real cases. I have told you I dare not; simply because I do not, cannot know their reality. All that I do know is, how mistaken we ourselves are in our maxims of judging. Cicero makes Providence questioned, because the good and bold Scipios were beaten in Spain, and Hannibal had killed Marcellus; nay, even because F. Maximus buried his son, after he had been consul. As if, because the Scipios had been conquerors, they had necessarily been good, and might not in their turn be conquered; as if a consul might not die in the lifetime of his father; or, as Wollaston well asks, as if Hannibal was not as good a man as Marcellus."

"You have not yet noticed the case of Kirk," said Tremaine.

"My friend," replied Evelyn, "I have felt that case, and a thousand others nearer our own times, as pinchingly as perhaps you would have me. But am I prepared for the facts even there? That Kirk deserves execration—that the hanging he inflicted on another would have been too good for himself—

I feel as well as you; that he has long incurred the Divine vengeance, I believe; and even here on earth, for the reasons I gave, I know not that he escaped. But as to the objects of his cruelty, were they even themselves faultless? One was, at least, a rebel, and his life not unjustly, perhaps, forfeited; for there was not a pretence for Monmouth's invasion. The other, so tender, possibly so pardonable, certainly so abused—was she, in the conduct which provokes our pity, altogether innocent? It is this pity for her, and anger at Kirk, that tell us not to scrutinize too severely, how little she was qualified to imitate the imploring, the tender, but high-minded Isabel!"*

"You keep me at arm's length, I allow," said Tremaine, "even on this shocking case. I will now, however, come nearer home, (alas, how near!) and will mention one, where malevolence itself has never imagined blame."

"I wait for it," said Evelyn.

"The death of Perceval!" returned Tremaine. "Of all the cases in which man seems to have been abandoned by Heaven, and which leave the upholder of Providence without hope, I have always thought this the clearest. I am not even yet recovered from the shock which it gave me, in common

* Of course he refers to Shakspeare's Isabel.

with the whole nation. I saw him struck: I saw him die: and though I had opposed his measures, I gave him, with many others, antagonists as well as friends, tears, from which I sometimes can scarcely now refrain."

Evelyn was agitated; for he had known and greatly loved this admirable person.

"He was a man," continued Tremaine, "so pure, so honest, so clear in his great office, so perfect in private life, that to name him, seemed to be to name virtue. But that such a man, the delight of his friends, the adoration of his family, the admiration of his opponents; that one so mild, yet so brave; so single-hearted, yet so keen, should be cut off by murder in the very bosom of the senate, and of his country, where a thousand arms would have raised themselves to defend him,—that such a thing should be, leads for ever to despair of that protection from Heaven, which you tell me, not only *can be*, but *is* afforded to mankind. For, of him, how justly may we say,

> 'Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
> 'Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.' "

Here Tremaine was absolutely stopped by his feelings.

"My admiration of Mr. Perceval," replied Evelyn, with almost equal emotion, "was so great, my gratitude for his friendship so sincere, his talents were

so commanding, his genius so penetrating, yet his simplicity so primitive, that I can only join you in this warm and merited eulogy. I may truly say, I love you the more for loving *him;* and you could not have mentioned an event more calculated to stagger me, than the catastrophe of this excellent person. Still I lose not my confidence; and though I am terrified and astounded at the contemplation of this cruel murder, permitted, as you say, in the very lap of his country, upon one of its brightest and best citizens; though I humble myself in fear and trembling before the mysterious Being that could have warded the blow, and did not; still I am convinced all was done in wisdom—wisdom, though impenetrable. Possibly to the victim himself, it might have been mercy. That it was wrath to him so amiable, and though unwarned so prepared, I cannot believe. The manner of his death, to us so horrid, was, probably, to himself not worse, possibly not so bad as some natural disease of which he might have died; certainly not nearly so bad as many of which men actually do die. It was instant and without pain; and, as I observed, if ever man was prepared on so sudden a warning, it was he.

"The rest must ever be impervious even to conjecture. The proved goodness of God, and his concern for the happiness of his creatures at large, show that this illustrious sacrifice could not be an

exception. I console myself with God's own words in the mouth of the greatest of his prophets. 'The righteous perish, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come.'"*

Tremaine was again considerably moved: "You almost convince me," said he, "even here, and certainly weaken much of my prejudice upon this lamented case. But reverting to your explanation of the sufferance of evil, I wish to know more succinctly how free-will can be said to produce evil not designed by him who gave the free-will? For, I think you will allow it to be clear, that in giving this free-will, the Almighty must have foreseen the evil it would produce, and, consequently, as he might have prevented, he must be the Author of it."

"The permitter of it, if you please," replied Evelyn; "the permitter, for the sake of an infinitely greater quantity of good, which the freedom, of which evil is a mere though necessary excrescence, occasions to mankind. And this is the short and complete answer to all the volumes of powerful ingenuity that have been written upon it in old and modern time, particularly by Bayle."†

"I remember full well," said Tremaine: "Bayle

* Isaiah, lvii. i.

† Passim: but particularly Paulicians.

puts the case of a mother pressed by her daughter to allow her to go to a masquerade. The mother knows if she goes she will be seduced, yet suffers her; and Bayle asks if the mother, who could have prevented it, is not the causer of the guilt? I own I never could discover a refutation of this."

"It is certainly one of the most plausible of all Bayle's sophisms," replied Evelyn. "Yet the fallacy of the comparison is obvious; for the mother, according to the supposition, has no question before her, but whether the daughter should go or not. The absence of the daughter would not interfere with the masquerade; neither if it would, does the case suppose that there was any object in holding the masquerade, pregnant with some great design of infinitely greater consequence to the world at large than the preservation even of the daughter from harm, which design would be defeated unless all young people (this daughter among them) were to attend. All this should have been supposed by Bayle, to have made the cases parallel."

"How does this appear?" asked Tremaine: "or how do you make out the paramount object, in the scheme of God's moral government?"

"Why, the whole of what we call our rational liberty, and consequently virtue," answered Evelyn, "depends upon it. Without this freedom, we should

be mere machines, having no responsibility, in which, perilous as it is, at least the importance of a rational creature consists; for in what does our glory above irrational creatures establish itself, but reason? And what is reason but rational choice? But how *choice*, if we may not go wrong as well as right? Without this power, there could be no virtue, or at least no merit. Without misfortune, there could be no fortitude; without failures, no prudence; without diseases, no temperance; without wrongs, no justice—thus, not even the cardinal virtues."

Tremaine seemed impressed, and ruminated as if something new had broken in upon him.

"As far then," continued Evelyn, "as it is for our good and for our happiness, according to the scheme of the creation, to live in the exercise of our reason; to endeavour after virtue, through temptation and struggle; to enjoy victory the more for having bought it at such a price; and in these respects to be elevated above the brutes;—so far is free-will (liable as it is to go wrong, and consequently exposed to evil), a desirable constitution; at any rate, it *is* our constitution.

"It must be allowed, however, that whether it is a really happy constitution or not, must depend upon the question, whether the price paid for it is, or is not, too high; in other words, whether the evil or good is prœpollent. And this, as I have said, is I think incontestably in favour of the good."

" I would wish this more amply proved," said Tremaine.

" It is," replied Evelyn, " by the simple question which has, not without shrewdness, been asked—whether the great bulk of mankind, and particularly perhaps of those who declaim most against their miseries, would, upon having their choice given them of life or death, decide for the latter. Some few there may be (it is to be hoped very few), who may wish to quit the world, from real and intolerable misery; some from being tired of it; some, from having nothing to do; some from being worn out, and longing for a better. It is a melancholy truth, that some do destroy themselves. But how few are all these in proportion to those who are born, and do all they can to live, and enjoy their lives! Observe the playful child, the frolic youth, the exuberant man! View him in his different occupations!—the ravished poet, the ecstatic lover, the mettled soldier, the energetic statesman, the contemplative philosopher, the retired devotee of thought and letters! Observe even the uneducated, content with the mere pleasures of health and exercise, the enjoyment of strength and limbs, the poor man's riches, sighed for by the rich, often in vain!

" It is indeed in the simplicities of life that happiness most abounds; and these are always in our power. The whole treasures of nature,

' The earth, the air, the common skies—'

the freshness of the morning; the invigorating sun; the sedatives of eve; a walk with a friend; but if a mistress add a grace to the scene—

> 'If chance, with nymph-like step, some virgin pass,
> 'What pleasing seemed for her now pleases more.'

"Love, indeed, is the first and great kindler of life; it precedes ambition; it absorbs and concentrates all the social passions; for it is friendship refined and sublimed, if I may so say, by personal attraction, a chivalrous devotion, sweet admiration, and sweeter hope!"

"This is charming," said Tremaine, "and not the less so in so grave a subject, from being unexpected."

"It is strict argument," continued Evelyn, "for love alone gives happiness to nine-tenths of the world, and gilds the greater part of life: and the more refined, the more mental it is; that is, the greater the sources of preference or rejection—in other words, free-will—the higher and more intense is the happiness. It is the freedom here, with all its concomitant evils, that constitutes the pleasure and riches of the gift."

"You class love, then," said Tremaine, smilingly, "among the *simplicities* of life!"

"I do: for the moment it becomes sophisticated with art or luxury, or the mystifications of fashion and finery, such as are found in London or Paris—the moment a Lady Gertrude or Lady Georgina

gets hold of it, that moment adieu to what God made it. It then becomes the child of man."

"I like all this much," said Tremaine, "but you are evidently a successful lover, and have neither taken the dark side of the picture, nor mentioned other and worse evils."

"I have supposed success in the end," replied Evelyn, "to my lover, but I have no objection to throw in a few fears and disappointments, if only to heighten the pleasure of succeeding. It is for my point that I should do so—which is, that *success* implies a possibility of *failure*, but that good not only preponderates, but greatly preponderates in the lot of man. It is so here; it is so in all the other passions. Were there not such a thing as fear, there would be no hope, 'that comes to all.' It is so with ambition, whether for power or riches; for even the miser would have no pleasure in hoarding, if there were no thieves, or money could be picked up like pebbles in the street; and who does not know that to excel, where there can be no contest, places no feather in our caps? In short, could there be no disappointment, there could be no joy; all would satiate."

"I am much satisfied," said Tremaine, "in regard to evil; but there are other difficulties, arising out of this free-will, which are to me so insurmountable as to endanger your whole argument."

"Name them," said Evelyn.

"The first is," answered Tremaine, "that if there is this free-will, it must be independent even of God. In more reverent language, God must leave it thus independent, or it can no longer be free. What, then, becomes of your whole hypothesis, that he is in all, about all, and the cause of all? How can he control what he has left free—that is, without control? This, to me, is unanswerable; and I am again driven to question how an invisible cause can be the real cause, the visible not? Answer me this, and you will have gone far indeed to content me."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the sound of oars, and the boat which Evelyn had appointed to take him to Orleans, hove to, off the landing-place of St. Jules.

The Doctor grieved to think he would be forced to leave his half-converted friend; but, to his great pleasure, Tremaine proposed accompanying him.

"I cannot leave you," said he, "or rather, I cannot suffer you to leave me, while so much light has flashed from you upon a mind that has been strangely benighted.

"Ah! if after all....." and he looked at the cottage which at so little distance contained Georgina.

CHAP. XIV.

PROVIDENCE—THE ARGUMENT FROM FREE-WILL.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
"Rough hew them how we will."

SHAKSPEARE.

TREMAINE stept into the boat, and both friends regaled themselves for a while with the exhilarating view which this water-scene always exhibited. Returning, at length to the subject, the Doctor spoke thus:—

"Your question how the invisible can be the real cause, the visible not, may be answered by a prince in a blind and barbarous age, when yet all the actors were reeking with crime, that gave a deeper blush to the red rose, and stained the white rose red. I allude to the good King Henry's reply to the barbarian Warwick, who, for his own immediate purpose, had set him free from the Tower:

'And chiefly, therefore, I thank God and thee.
'He was the author,—thou the instrument.'"

"Your illustration is, at least classical," said Tremaine, "and, for Shakspeare's sake, it shall be

welcome. At the same time, the overpowering objection I have mentioned meets us at once, and brings, as I say, all into doubt. The very supposition of a governor controlling man's will, and, therefore, his actions, demolishes in an instant the whole notion of his freedom."

"I own," replied Evelyn, "you have started the objection which has most embarrassed the wise and pious in all ages—men who, with hearts full of belief, nay, of certainty as to Providence, have yet found it difficult, nay, almost impossible to answer it."

"How, then, have they reconciled it?" asked Tremaine,

"Like myself," returned Evelyn, "they have remained satisfied, for the reasons we have discussed, that the thing *is;* and they would not allow their belief to be shaken because they know not *how* it is."

"This is not the mode in which philosophy is usually treated," observed Tremaine; "nor does it appear at all the way to arrive at truth. Bigotry itself is scarcely more content to be ignorant."

"There are truths," replied Evelyn, "clear enough to the heart, but hard enough to the understanding, which yet in the end are worked out by it, when both heart and understanding are properly in tune. We lately quoted Wollaston:—do you recollect one of the most beautiful descriptions ever given by a sincere lover of wisdom, in what he has said on this very

truth—that 'it is the offspring of silence, of unbroken meditation, and of thoughts often revised and corrected?'"

"It is an engaging, perhaps an accurate account," said Tremaine; "but is truth, then, after all, so hard to come at?"

"All agree, you know," said Evelyn, smiling, "that she lies in a well."

"Too deep, perhaps, in this instance, to be fished up."

"I hope not, for you will recollect the great advance we have made in filling our minds with the moral certainty of the existence of what we are examining. Is a point, then, that we do not understand, to demolish what we do understand; and this merely because we do not understand the *whole?*"

"If it imply a contradiction," rejoined Tremaine, "I should say—yes!"

"What! *without* understanding the *whole?* I allow, however," proceeded Evelyn, "this is the strong hold of scepticism, which must therefore be minutely examined; for how many implied contradictions are there to indisputable truths, which, upon examination by persons better skilled in the subject-matter, prove the contradiction to be only seeming."

"Will you name some of these?" said Tremaine, with eagerness.

"I would rather send you to men better skilled

than myself in explaining them, because your satisfaction would be the greater."

"We are here, near the towers of Orleans," replied Tremaine, "and I know not where to find the sages you allude to."

"To be sure, they are chiefly in our own country," replied Evelyn; "but if you have looked into Boyle upon Things above Reason, or Archbishop King's admirable Sermon upon the Foreknowledge of God consistent with Man's Will, you will find many wonders expounded. There is one general answer, indeed, to be made to your difficulty, which, though I allow it does not clear it up, yet shows, I think, very fairly, from the reason why it cannot be cleared up, that we ought to be satisfied for the present to let it remain in abeyance."

"You move my curiosity," said Tremaine.

"It is this," continued Evelyn, "that you, a finite being, with a finite mind, require to know the power and manner of acting of an infinite Being, and an infinite mind. The very terms of the proposition prove that in many things, indeed in all not vouchsafed to you by the infinite mind, this is impossible. How, for example, do you conceive of the eternal Being, that he is not older to-day than yesterday, nor younger to-day than a thousand years hence?"

Tremaine allowed there was much force in this.

"But even in things intelligible, though difficult,"

continued Evelyn, "many are the paradoxes which seem at first unanswerable objections to a truth, yet the truth stands, spite of the paradox. One of the greatest I know, affects what nevertheless all are most agreed upon—I mean the incorporeity of the Deity. That God is a spirit, you, at least, do not doubt. That he should move and govern the material world of matter, can never be explained. And yet that spirit *can* move matter is obvious, in every voluntary motion that our bodies make.

"Again, that the world should continue to revolve round its own axis, hung upon nothing, is equally difficult, equally contradictory to all our human finite notions of the laws of physics. Yet, who doubts it? Who is surprised at it? What tutor or tutoress does not teach it? What child not understand it?

"If you ponder upon this, which I see you do, how much food will many other seeming contradictions afford you? What think you of the hyperbolic curve, which for ever approaches nearer and nearer to a given line, yet never, by possibility, can touch it?

"What say you to the most received and undisputed notion of all really philosophical deists, as well as of the disciples of a more sublime religion—that God made the world out of nothing? Yet this is obviously contradictory to that other received philophical notion, that nothing can come of nothing.

"If these things excite wonder, what will the un-

instructed say to the paradox quoted by the Archbishop to the House of Lords, to whom he was preaching the sermon I mentioned, in which it was asserted, ‘ that a negative quality multiplied by a number less ‘ than nothing, shall produce a magnitude greater ‘ than any assigned?

“ ‘ Perhaps,’ says this *naïve* Archbishop (although I dare say fully impressed with the dignity of the august body he was addressing), ‘ this may appear a riddle, and full of contradictions, even to a great part of my auditors. Yet if the most ignorant will have patience, and apply to the skilful in these matters, they will soon find the seeming contradiction vanish, and the assertions not only certain, but plain and easy truths.’ ”

“ Were my Lords satisfied?” asked Tremaine, with something like a sneer.

“ Possibly not,” answered Evelyn; “ but as the demonstration could no doubt have been afforded, if they had had the patience, and used it as recommended, I dare say they were content with it on trust.”

“ I would rather,” said Tremaine, “ at present, come to more tangible, and more intelligible things, and learn what really seeming contradictions have yet been *proved* no contradictions.”

“ Before the irradiation of modern science, you will find them in numbers,” answered Evelyn. “ For

example, before gravity was demonstrated, who would have believed in the antipodes? One unfortunate philosopher was, I think, put to death for proving them.

"Before the prism, who would not have thought it a contradiction to say there was no colour in the rainbow? And even now, could we imagine a philosopher among Indian savages, with genius enough to conceive, and boldness enough to assert, that in other latitudes water might become so hard as that armies might march or encamp upon it; that in one part of the globe the night and day continued for six months each, or that summer took place at Christmas! winter in June!—who would not disbelieve the philosopher on account of the seeming impossibility?

"Again, let us suppose such a barbarian philosopher to revisit his native country, after having travelled, and to assert that he had seen nations who lived in ships, and could traverse ten thousand miles of ocean, by the help merely of a small card, with a needle hung upon it!—would he not be regarded as a liar? or, perhaps, be put to death, like my poor philosopher of the antipodes?"

"You put this well," said Tremaine; "but is it sufficient to rest upon the mere supposed possibility of clearing up the palpable contradiction between free-will and Providence which I have mentioned?

Ought not some probable, or, at the very least, really possible ground to be shown for supposing the thing susceptible of explanation?

"If we prove the Providence," said Evelyn, "(which I think *has* been proved), this is enough to exempt us from any fear founded upon the apparent contradiction. Providence once established *per se*, to say that the ways in which God, a being so beyond our understandings, knows and directs things which are unknown, and never can be known to us, such finite miserable worms, beats down, I think at once, much of the objection.

"Feeling that Providence is true, and also that the free-will of man is true, and looking for a reconciliation of the seeming opposition between these two—not in the ways of *man*, but of *God*, it is enough to any heart well affected to the subject, to leave the difficulty there. And here, again, I agree with the excellent Wollaston, when he says, 'It is far from being new that our faculties should disclose to us the existence of things, and then drop us in our enquiries how they are.'

"But I by no means wish it to be thought that authority alone, if I may call it so, is to close this subject between us; because I think if only a possibility can be shewn, whether from fair analogies, or even from *imaginary* cases, that the two powers can be reconciled, it is a duty to show this, provided, if

it *is* shown, even as a *possibility*, or an *imaginary* case, you will allow the difficulty vanishes."

"I desire nothing so much," replied Tremaine.

"Had you not better propound your difficulty more distinctly?" said Evelyn.

"It is too well known to detain us long," replied Tremaine, "and I confess it goes to the bottom of all morals. If a soldier is bound hand and foot by his officer, how can he be answerable to him for not fighting? or if he obey his officer by fighting, how can he be punished for having fought? You tell me that Providence wills that a state shall be ruined, or a particular man cut off by assassination. To do this, some Attila or Buonaparte, without the smallest pretence of right, nay, with a premeditated determination to wrong, invades the state; or, to revert to a sad subject again, some Bellingham or Nicholson* shall lie in wait and commit the murder. I ask, if Providence had directed this, how are any of them guilty? I say if this was God's will, and if, in consequence of that will, Bellingham's sense of injury (true or false, rational or irrational), prompt-

* Nicholson, it perhaps may be remembered, was the servant and murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson Bonar, two most respectable and virtuous persons. He declared he had no quarrel with them; it was not for gain; and it was not premeditated. The thought came into his mind, and he executed it instantly. He was not mad.

ed his hand, how was he guilty, and why was he punished?

"I do not, as you suppose, think murderers are not to be hanged, or invaders not resisted; but is it not more rational to suppose that Heaven leaves all this to ourselves, to take measures according to our reason, than that we should be involved in the inextricable doubt as to our conduct, which your doctrine implies?"

"Your supposition is not less," said Evelyn, "than that if God is the disposer of man's actions, inasmuch as many of them are criminal, he must be the author of crime."

"It is so," replied Tremaine.

"I wish it were as easy," rejoined Evelyn, "to account for the mysterious Providence that permitted the events you have alluded to, as to defend Heaven from this imputation. For, though the wickedness of Bellingham made him a proper instrument, in the hands of the Supreme Disposer to effect this fearful, this inscrutable dispensation, it by no means follows that he was *made* wicked for that pnrpose."

"I see it," said Tremaine: "You mean that the death of Mr. Perceval was the will of Heaven—the crime of Bellingham his own."

"Exactly so," observed Evelyn; "and this is, perhaps, the best comment, in few words, that can be made upon an axiom which, perhaps, contains all

that can be said on the subject:—'Man *proposes*, God *disposes*.'"

"Still there is a difficulty," continued Tremaine; "and though of another kind, not, perhaps, so soon got over: I mean that founded upon the foreknowledge of this event in the Divine mind; for, if foreknown, it must have been resolved under all the circumstances that attended it. The murder and the murderer were, therefore, predestinated: how, then, could Bellingham fail to be the assassin? and if so, how help being guilty?"

"The objection is neither new, nor without embarrassment," replied Evelyn: "but, I own, I thought it had been so ably exploded long ago, that I wonder, with the researches you have evidently made, you have not yourself been long since satisfied. The whole difficulty of predestination, as to *the events* of life, seems to me to have been made far too much of, and by no means warrants the trouble that has been wasted upon it." Here he stopped.

"I am all ear," said Tremaine.

"Why, as to events of life, what can be more clear than the answer that has always been afforded? They do not happen, *because* God foresees them; but he foresees them, because they happen."

"Still," said Tremaine, "if they could not have happened otherwise, how is the agent free?"

"You assume," returned Evelyn, "that they could

not have happened otherwise. We say they might; only we add, what is true, that they could not have happened as they did, and not have happened as they did. There could be but one event, and that event, therefore, might be foreseen."

"Then, surely, it was predestinated," said Tremaine, "and could not but have happened as it did."

"This is the deepest of all the fallacies that mislead us," replied Evelyn; "and the cause is, that we judge *after* the fact. But, I repeat, an event cannot happen, and not happen. Only one thing can be said of it—either that it did or did not, after the time is gone by, when it was or was not to take place. We who live afterwards know the event and say, that having happened, it must *necessarily* have happened. I beg to know why? What proof is there that it was not perfectly *contingent?* What difficulty, that any one endowed with the gift of foresight, might not foresee how the *contingency* would be disposed of?"

"I would illustrate it by prophecy," said Tremaine. "A prophet foretells a fact. Is it possible that the fact cannot happen, if the prophet speak true?"

"Certainly not," replied Evelyn; "but what is this more than that man being free to act, the prophet foresaw how he would use his free-will; that is, how he would act."

"Yet, suppose the prophet foretell to any given man what he will do; is it not competent," asked Tremaine, "for the man to resolve to do just the contrary, and so belie the prophet? or if not competent, what becomes of free-will?"

"This is like a subtlety in Barataria," answered Evelyn. "Let me ask you, does a man always do what he resolves to do? And if not, may not his departure from his resolve be the very consequence of his free-will? Cæsar resolved not to pardon Deiotarus, notwithstanding all that Cicero might say. But he heard Cicero, and then pardoned him, notwithstanding his resolve. Was Cæsar free or not?"

"I am conquered," said Tremaine, "and glad to be so."

"To return, then, to our lamented subject," replied Evelyn: "Milton, with as good argument as poetry, will help us here, in what he makes the Omnipotent say of our first parents when they *chose* to fall:—

'Ingrate! he had of me
'All he would have; I made him just and right,
'Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.'

Again:—

'They, therefore, as to right belong'd,
'So were created; nor can justly accuse
'Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
'As if Predestination *over-rul'd*
'Their will, disposed by absolute decree

' Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
' Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
' Foreknowledge had no *influence* on their fault,
' *Which had no less prov'd certain, unforeknown.*'

" Now take it the other way, and suppose that, foreseeing an intended murder, the Almighty has resolved to protect an illustrious victim. He may do so without interfering with the murderer's free-will."

" I beseech you explain," said Tremaine.

" Why, even if he interposed by a miracle, and an angel is actually seen presenting a shield to the bullet, the *event* is prevented, but the crime is equally intended, and the will of the criminal uninvaded."

" This might be confessed," said Tremaine, " but the miracle never happens."

" Not as a miracle," answered Evelyn; " but if the blow is warded by other means, I mean by natural causes, yet directed from above, the victim is equally saved, and the free-agency equally preserved."

" The direction from above is the question," persisted Tremaine. " Remember the emphatic lines of Pope,—

' Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
' Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
' When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
' Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
' Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
' For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?'

" This, in fact, is the great stumbling-block; for,

will a storm at sea, brought about by the regular laws of physics, cease, because a good man (even a saint), happens to be caught in it; or, if an expedition in ever so righteous a cause be overtaken by the trade-wind, will the trade-wind cease to blow in its usual direction because the expedition will be defeated if it do not? On the other hand, will the musket of a wicked man in a battle, when levelled at a good man, burst in his hand? or will the good man's pistol, when defending his house from robbers and murderers, be Heaven-directed to defeat them?

"A child is sick; the afflicted and pious father implores Providence to bless the endeavour of the physician. Does Providence suddenly enlighten the physician's mind, discover new drugs for him, or give superior efficacy to old ones, in order to grant the prayer? If it do this, it is miracle; if it do not, though the child recover, it is not Providence. So also in the reverse of this; if the physician's knowledge is for a time clouded on purpose that the child may die, it is miracle; if it die because the physician cannot cure, it is not Providence. It was hence that I attributed our late escape, for which you scolded me, to good fortune; but as I saw no miracle, nothing even surprising, or out of the common course of things, I could not but believe myself right.

"There are stories, indeed, which, giving the imagination an agreeable surprise, and cheating it, as it

were, into an illusion it is always fond of, for a moment startle us; but they will not bear the test of inquiry, and a wise man laughs at his own dream during the fond period that beguiled him of his reason."

"Let us, however, have your stories," said Evelyn.

"They are scarcely worth repeating," returned Tremaine; "yet I have sometimes fastened upon them with delight. But the days are gone when I was thus happy, and thus deceived."

"You can at least remember," said Evelyn, "what it was that so pleased and so deceived you?"

"Yes! I recollect the impression made upon me when scarce a youth, by an account of a dog which rescued a nobleman of the North, when on his travels in Germany, from a designed murder, by preventing his going to a bed, which sunk through the floor in the middle of the night. The whole was a romance, and I totally forget the authority."

"I could match your dog with another," said Evelyn, "which *is* authenticated—Lord Litchfield's!"

"He was found in his master's room," interrupted Tremaine, taking up the story, "where he never had been used to lie. The valet, who undressed Lord Litchfield, did all he could to turn him out, but the dog would not be caught; the man persisted with eagerness till his lord told him to let

him remain. That same night, the same man attempted to kill Lord Litchfield, but was prevented by an alarm given by this very dog. There are a hundred such stories, but I count nothing upon them. This however was, I believe, as you say, authentic."

"There was at least a tradition of it in the family," resumed Evelyn, "and I rather hope it is true. But, true or false, I delight in both your dogs, because it is as good an illustration as I could wish of the *possibility* of the interference in the actions and fates of men, without preventing free agency. Both your robbers were here left free, yet their victims were protected; the feasibleness of which, with a view to show the possibility of reconciling your contradiction, is all I want to explain.

"There is another story told by Hervey, of two men who had been hunting all day, and slept together at night. One dreamt he was still hunting, and exclaiming 'I will kill him,' laid hold of his knife, still in his sleep. The other, who was awake, hearing this, leaped out of bed, and being in safety, stopped to see what he would do. The dreamer then began stabbing that part of the bed where his companion had lain; and, Hervey, not without reason, thinks he had been *providentially* kept awake. In all probability, it not only saved his own life but the dreamer's also, who would have found it hard to have escaped, by laying the death to a dream.

"Upon this subject, I need not remind you of Simonides, whose life was preserved by being merely called out of a room, a minute before the roof fell in and destroyed those that remained."

"In these instances," returned Tremaine, "I grant the seeming reconcilement, because here is no meddling with the laws of nature; but upon that part of the argument you have not touched. I remember, indeed, your respectable old Sherlock endeavours to build much upon this, but never, in my mind could succeed, because he proves too-much. He tells you in terms that, to be sure, the general laws by which the world exists, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the seasons, and a long *et cætera*, cannot be interrupted; that fire must burn, and water drown; but then again, that there are things of less consequence, such as the winds and the rains, and the thunder, the application of which God reserves to himself, in order to influence men's conduct by punishing wickedness and rewarding virtue. There is also chance and accident, which be sure is Heaven's special province, because distinct from all rules, to be used for the same purpose. I own I did not expect from a man so learned, and not a bad reasoner upon the whole, to condescend to such refutable positions. They are not even specious, since a child with only a smattering in physics, would tell you that wind, and rain, and

thunder, are all governed by immutable laws, all proceed from known and regular causes, which, therefore, will produce regular effects, and these can no more be uncertain than gravitation itself. He quotes, I think, Sennacherib, whose army, on arriving before Jerusalem, was all destroyed, or rendered useless by one night's rain, as if the rain would not have fallen exactly where it did, and at the time it did, whether Sennacherib had arrived there or not.

"As to his chance and fortune, they are no better; for they, too, are always the effect of known causes, only, from not having been foreseen, they are called by those names. That they operate of themselves, without assignable causes, it is even blindness to assert."

"Yet it was to this chance and this fortune that you attributed our recent escape," observed Evelyn.

"True," said Tremaine, and was silent.

"With all this," proceeded Evelyn, "in which I partly agree with you, the Dean may be right in the main."

"Now this is more than I expected from *you*," said Tremaine.

"My exposition is very simple," returned Evelyn; "for though I am really not natural philosopher enough to know so exactly the causes of rain and wind, as to pronounce what it is that increases

or diminishes them *so irregularly as they are increased or diminished*, and I am therefore not prepared to say with you, that this is childish in the Dean, yet I will meddle not at all with your laws of physics. I allow that the trade-wind must blow, the rain probably fall, and certainly your old ruin totter, without waiting for Chartres, if the course of nature has arrived at the proper point. I want no miracle to alter that course. But you have not adverted to the possibility for the Almighty so to dispose of the conduct of persons who are to be affected by these regular phenomena in physics, as to bring them within their scope precisely at the given moment, when the effect intended to be produced by them *will* be produced."

"This is new," said Tremaine, thoughtfully.

"Take the old invader, Sennacherib, for example," pursued Evelyn; "you may speak true, though I know it not, when you say the rain would have fallen on the night when he arrived at Jerusalem, whether he had arrived or not. But you know not how that arrival was brought about; what lurking, latent cause, unknown perhaps to himself, operated upon the spirits or understandings, the passions or views of him or his captains; in short, you know not the thousand little accidents, producing a thousand different motives, yet all tending to one point, which, by quickening or retarding his

march, did, in effect, produce the arrival in question exactly at the time it did.

"The consequence, then, is clear, and all the difference between Sherlock and me is, that he makes, or seems to make Providence send the rain to destroy Sennacherib's army; I send the army to be destroyed."

"You have still to make out," persisted Tremaine, but very thoughtfully, "the little latent causes which influenced so many persons in directing this eventful march."

"That is not my business," replied Evelyn. "I am merely called upon to relieve Sherlock's difficulty, and all the way through, I again beg you to recollect that I am not bound to prove what I can know nothing of—namely, the governing principles which impel a man's conduct in a given case, but *merely with a view to our point*, the possibility that an event *may* be regulated by Providence, without interfering with the laws of physics or the free-will of man."

"You have cleared Sherlock better than I expected," said Tremaine, "and will clear him quite, if you can do away one other difficulty, which I own has foiled me whenever I have approached it."

Evelyn was all attention.

"It is," continued Tremaine, "that drawn from the apparent *miraculous* interference with the ordinary course of things which must always be supposed

if the latent *influential* causes you have alluded to (not merely in the case of Sennacherib, but in any other), are the immediate effect of God's will, and would not *otherwise* have taken effect. If they would *otherwise* have existed, there is an end of the *Providence.*"

"Say rather of the immediate *interposition* interfering with the ordinary course of things, in other words, of miracle," replied Evelyn; "yet I trust this difficulty will be transient, provided we go but deep enough."

"As deep as you choose to lead me," said Tremaine.

"From the attributes, then, of the Deity, which you have admitted," pursued Evelyn, "I need not ask you whether you have any difficulty in allowing that the whole map of what we call Time, is always before him, and that from the moment that time to us began, to the *now* in which we are speaking, every thing was known at once, in all its relations and bearings, all its immediate effects, and all its remote consequences."

"I am willing to allow this," said Tremaine.

"You also, of course, allow the whole train of second causes, one succeeding and producing another, and all without miracle, from the remotest time, in other words, from the final cause of all," observed Evelyn.

"I do this also," said Tremaine.

"Well, then, the causes of even that leaf which is lifted by a breeze of wind from the shore yonder, might

be traced, had we faculties to do it, up to the final universal cause, as far back as when the universe began."

"An intricate supposition," observed Tremaine, "but possibly I might admit even this."

"Much more then," continued Evelyn, "or at least quite as soon, you will admit every motion of the mind, the consequence of every thing by which mind can be moved; in other words, the latent influential causes we are discussing, at whatever time they may happen."

"For the sake of argument, agreed," said Tremaine.

"Then," observed Evelyn, "our subject is concluded; for the Supreme First Cause having all consequences, throughout all subsequent time, before him at the original creation or institution of things, may so frame that institution as to produce, even in the mere course and order of nature, and without miracle, exactly what effects he pleases at any given epoch of time."

"The field you open is immense," cried Tremaine, "and the excursions wide, wild, and uncertain!"

"Wide, if you will, but not wild or uncertain," answered Evelyn; "I should rather say they were certain."

"Suppose I grant this?" said Tremaine.

"You will then grant every thing," rejoined his friend; "for no one latent or unperceived motive even now, arising from whatever cause, whether moral

or physical, whether to affect the spirits, and therefore the will and judgment in man, or producing any event in nature—for example, the march of an army, or a storm overtaking it—nothing of this, happen when it will, but must have been cast in the beginning of time, and the very laws of nature perhaps framed with a view to bring it about!"

"The supposition is stupendous," exclaimed Tremaine.

"But far from impossible, and if possible, why then there is an end of miracle in the combination of second causes," said Evelyn.

Tremaine folded his arms, became silent and pensive, eyed all the landscape of the Loire, and for a time seemed lost; till, at last, breaking silence, "Do you know," said he, "your exposition has delighted me? It is new, and, to me, cogent; at least I have no answer at hand, and I am sure I seek for none."

"This is, indeed, a great point gained," returned Evelyn.

"But as to the chance and fortune which Sherlock insists upon," resumed Tremaine.

"Nothing can be more true than what you have said of them," replied Evelyn; "but, at the same time, that which produces them is susceptible of the same conversion to particular ends, as the phenomena of nature we have been discussing. You called our escape from the bullet and from the dog

lucky; I felt it to be *providential.* Your *now* right notion of chance, which is another word for luck, but which you very properly say, means only a thing not intended, and therefore not foreseen, arising out of things that *are* intended and foreseen, confutes yourself. For, though it could not be foreseen that a snake should cross the gamekeeper's path, and make him miss his aim, and the act of the snake's creeping there was no miracle, yet, in the manner we have discussed, it might be the original act of Providence, and both the free-agency of the gamekeeper and the law of physics preserved.

"So, in closing the gate as we did, if we had been two yards farther from it than we were, that act might have been prevented, but we know not by what secret operation of the Almighty's goodness on the natural faculties of the dog, or on our own, we arrived at the gate just in time to close it."

"I might agree to this," said Tremaine, "but for one great difficulty, which strikes me here, but not certainly for the first time."

"Name it."

"You tell me of the government of a man's conduct, by perhaps secret motives, and I allow, from what you have explained, that it may be *providential* without being *miraculous.* But whether open or secret, if these motives are instilled into us by the Almighty, who knows the effect they will have, you

at once destroy the very freedom of will you are upholding. For, though there is no outward or perceptible force, yet there is an inward and imperceptible force, and the man being equally under force, is equally bereft of freedom."

"The answer," returned Evelyn, "is still the same. *Action may be controlled, yet the will left free.* For, though I say that motives may be instilled, it does not follow that the will is not *freely* exercised in being swayed by them.

"Knowing your temper, for example, I may set certain arguments before you, with a view to persuade you to a certain conduct; or I may lend you a particular book, or send you a friend, with the same view. I succeed; yet would you hold yourself *governed*, or allow that you had not exercised your own discretion in agreeing with me, on the object proposed?"

"I should not," said Tremaine.

"Well, then, in the same manner, may not the great Disposer proceed to offer such motives as he knows may incline the free judgment of man to a particular decision,—leading him to do, or refrain from doing, a particular act? Here the act is done, or let alone, by a will perfectly free, yet the end of Providence is accomplished, as much as if the will had had no discretion. The mode of doing this must for ever be unknown to us; but never taking

place except through second causes, it is not miraculous, and no force is imposed."

"Will you amplify this a little more?" said Tremaine "it demands much reflection."

"Were I to do so," returned Evelyn, "it is inconceivable what a number of petty motives, trifling actions, and trumpery passions, might be brought into review. It would almost make one lend one's-self to Walpole's flippant remark, that a quarrel between two bed-chamber women brought about the peace of Utrecht. It is certain that while old Sarah was affecting to despise the 'ragged boy' Hill, and turning up her nose at her quondam creature and cousin Abigail,* she knew not how it conduced to place a weak and jealous mistress in the hands of an intriguing statesman,† who without it probably could not have overset the Prince Marlborough, and given peace to Europe. If that statesman himself had not felt affronted and undervalued by his quondam colleagues, probably he too would not have been ready and desirous to seize upon the vacant possession of the Queen.

* The reader here is not to be told of the rivalry between the cousins, the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Abigail Hill, married to Mr. Masham, afterwards Lord Masham, of Oats. Colonel Hill, her brother, whom the Duchess, in all the vulgarity of a woman in a passion, calls a ragged boy, afforded, by his forced promotion, the first proof to the world of Marlborough's decline.

† Lord Oxford.

"Observe," continued Evelyn, seeing Tremaine prepared to contest it, "I do not say that this was either the only or the chief cause that governed good Mrs. Morley,* but it greatly assisted as a second cause; and many such causes, to use the language of Bacon, which I quoted just now, 'confederate and linked together,' produced the disposition to peace, least expected in England; and this (in the same language) drives the mind 'to Providence and Deity.'"

"I wish I could make this out," said Tremaine.

"You had no difficulty in the case of Sennacherib," returned Evelyn, "and it would not be a hard, though I allow it would be a speculative task, to imagine by what influential second causes the blood, and spirits, and passions of the Duchess were moved to the precise point which disgusted the Queen. We cannot dissect our minds, but we know that

'In the soul
'Are many lesser faculties, that serve
'Reason as chief. Among these, the fancy next
'Her office holds; of all external things
'Which the five watchful senses represent,
'She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
'Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames
'All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
'Our knowledge, our opinion.'

* The private name which Queen Anne, in the days of her romance with the Duchess, assumed in her letters: the Duchess, in the same spirit, calling herself Mrs. Freeman. Charming moments! But they were moments. Do not laugh at them, Reader; you have had them yourself.

"Thus you see that fancy excites, for reason to determine; and though you tell me (as perhaps you will), that fancy is nothing but the physical effect of the warmer or colder temperament of the brain, exercised upon what we have seen or heard; until you also prove to me that all this was beyond the control of the all-foreseeing Deity, when he began the history of the world, you cannot be satisfied that motives are not presented to us, which *though we are perfectly free to adopt or reject them, so as to make our conduct our own*, yet are they all the while conducing to some great scheme of government, in which, while we seem to manage, we are but subordinate actors."

"There is certainly much in this," said Tremaine, "and the more it is illustrated by cases, the better."

"It would take us too long," replied Evelyn; "but I cannot do it better, perhaps, than by referring you to the business of the House of Commons, in which you were once so eager."

"This will be, at least, remarkable," observed Tremaine.

"Why, on how many occasions, night after night, have members upon members, particularly of party men on both sides of the House, yourself among them, voted upon things (I must, of course, say according to your consciences) which would never have been thought of, because never presented to you, except

from the management of one or two, or at most half a dozen leaders. These have already settled (out of the House) all that shall be done within it; yet, men like yourself have always felt independent in your votes."

"No doubt!" said Tremaine.

"So man, in choosing or refusing," replied Evelyn, "is liable to be led, yet free to determine."

"You have made out this, too, better than I expected," proceeded Tremaine; "but if I understand you, we must at best fall back upon our old difficulty, since you prove all to be the act of Heaven, the leader, not of man, the led. For although you guard yourself by the salvo that the will is free to determine, yet if the motives presented are sufficient to produce the determination, I see no difference between that and positive force. In your illustration, you supposed a few leaders to propound all business of the House of Commons. They, then, in effect do that business; and if so, though those who adopt it may in fact be free, yet the junta alone are principally and really responsible. The effect of this upon our question is obvious; for, from your own account, it is Heaven that moves us, though we think we move ourselves, in the same manner as I toss an apple before a child to make him move in the direction I wish him. Thus, then, all our acts are God's acts; and though, spite of the mechanism you have supposed, some responsi-

bility may attach upon us, yet, in effect, all that is done, being done by Heaven, the evil and sins of the world have Heaven for their instigator. This is fearful, and from you I looked for a far different exposition."

"This is no more than what I expected from one so keen in objection," replied Evelyn. "Nay, I will own to you, I think it the greatest difficulty in the whole subject. Still I think it may be solved."

"If it can, you will have my eternal thanks," said Tremaine.

"At least be assured," continued Evelyn, "that I mean no such impiety as that Heaven is the author of sin. In order to this, I would beg you for ever to keep in mind, that there is a broad and marked distinction *between an event, and the moral conduct that produces it.* The event, according to us, must always be God's, either by his willing, or suffering it to be brought about; the manner of bringing it about may be entirely the agent's."

"This is important," said Tremaine.

"Again, the agency may be of a nature either virtuous or vicious, according to the character of the agent employed; which character is his own, and is not affected from the mere circumstance of his being used as an agent. A physician may use violent or gentle remedies, as best suits the nature of the case, yet is he not the author of the poison or the emollient which it may be necessary to administer."

" Proceed," said Tremaine.

" If a poison, therefore, be to be administered as a medicine, the physician does not make it more a poison by mixing it up, or giving it to his patient. So, if the Almighty, in his wisdom, choose to remove even a good man from the world, or, for impenetrable purposes of his own, to occasion his downfal, or try him by any severity of discipline (of all which we can never be the judges), should he do this through the instrumentality of wickedness, and a man who, in his free-agency, has become ripe and ready for this instrumentality, ..."

" I see your meaning," said Tremaine; " and allow that Heaven, though it ordain the event, does not cause the wickedness."

" On the contrary," returned Evelyn; " so determined might the Deity be to leave man perfectly free, that in casting the scheme of his dispensations when he originally created mankind, he might, according to my theory, from foreseeing what every man would do in given circumstances, have originally shaped his own government of nature accordingly."

" This would allow him even to alter, or accommodate his plans; but is it possible," said Tremaine, " that you can mean to go so far?"

" It is clear, from all that we see of the powers of God," replied Evelyn, " that nothing can happen without him; and also so clear, that he has left us

free to determine of ourselves upon our actions; that I am ready to go any length, not amounting to impossibility, in explaining the seeming inconsistency."

"Do you mean then," asked Tremaine, "that if any very wicked man—Borgia, for example—had chosen in his free-will to be virtuous, that the course of things originally in the Divine mind would have been affected by it?"

"I go all that length," said Evelyn.

"This is the most extraordinary doctrine I ever heard," observed Tremaine, yet seriously revolving the train to which it led.

"It is not altogether new," returned Evelyn; "at least there is a very curious dialogue of Laurentius Valla, quoted and enlarged by Leibnitz in his Essay upon the Goodness of God, and the Free-will of Man. In this, he supposes Sextus Tarquinius to consult the Delphic oracle as to his fate. It is predicted. He complains. The oracle refers him to Jupiter and the Destinies; to whom he bemoans himself, and says, they might have made him happy if they had pleased. Jupiter answers, it is you who determine your own lot. You *choose* to go to Rome to be a king, and I know best what will happen there if you do. Give up going to Rome, *and the Destinies will spin another thread for you.* Sextus does not see why he should give up the chances of being a king, and thinks he may avoid the evils of a visit to Rome, and be a good

monarch notwithstanding. He goes, and is undone."

"This is amusing," said Tremaine; "but how does this come up to your doctrine?"

"The story is not ended," observed Evelyn. "Theodosius, the high-priest and favourite of Jupiter, is a little shocked at the answer to Sextus, and submissively begs to know whether he might not have been allowed to be a good king as he desired. Jupiter, through Minerva, shows him the palace of the Destinies, in which are the plans of many worlds, varying according to the choice and actions of men. In some of these, he sees Sextus, under another *choice*, exceedingly happy; but he had chosen as above stated, and the plan of the world he was in was shaped accordingly."

"This is a profound speculation," observed Tremaine.

"It is so," said Evelyn; "but I wish you to pursue it. It will show you that men who have chosen ill may be used by the Almighty for his own purposes, yet they, and not Heaven, be the authors of their own sin. Having chosen sinfully beyond redemption, God may then make use of them, and for a while appear to let them prosper, till his purposes are answered. It is in this sense that many a scriptural phrase of seemingly dangerous ambiguity is to be explained, where God is supposed to *harden* men in

their sins; to have hardened Pharaoh's heart, for instance; than which, without such explanation, few expressions can be so liable to abuse."

"This account is not without satisfaction," said Tremaine; "for I own this very point has often provoked, as well as baffled my inquiries."

"You will observe," continued Evelyn, "that I have supposed the case of a suffering good man destined to trial. Let us now imagine a wicked man destined to punishment. Here, it is obvious, sin may be made use of to punish sin, without his being the cause, who directs where it shall fall. As if a tyrant or private villain be cut off by another tyrant or private villain."

"I wish this explained," said Tremaine.

"I do it thus," replied Evelyn: "Suppose a man prepare his weapon, determined to murder A, and waylay him for that purpose. God, by his secret agency, influences A not to pass that way, but impels B, a very sinful man to do so,—who is mistaken and murdered by the original plotter. Here the sin of murder was already complete in the assassin's mind, caused by his own free-will alone, and cannot be attributed to Heaven, though the fall of the blow where it did fall, may be so attributed and justified too."

"This is intelligible," said Tremaine: "but suppose the case of the good man cut off by this secret

influence over the assassin. For example, could we suppose the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth real, and see it marshalling him the way to Duncan, must we not rather pity his weakness, and suppose him hardly dealt with in being so tempted?"

"Every thing fancied by the great bard is so classical, so sacred," replied Evelyn, "that I cannot be surprised at your warmth—I might even join in it. But, according to our principles, even this case is not an exception. Macbeth was already condemned, past redemption, in sin, by his having listened to the temptations of the weird sisters, and the goadings of his wife. He might, therefore, be selected, as the proper instrument of Heaven's purpose, without its enhancing his sin in the eye of the Deity. He had sacrificed to the devil, and renounced God; what wonder that God should renounce him, or supposing these beautiful horrors true, permit them,

'By the strength of their illusion,
'To draw him on to his confusion.'

"This, however, is an imaginary case, and respect for Shakspeare alone has made me stop to answer your question upon it. If really there were such an air-drawn dagger impelling a man, *not otherwise so inclined*, to murder, depend upon it, it would not be the work of Heaven,—which can never instigate to sin; nor can the secret influences I have mentioned be used otherwise than for goodness and justice. For

instance, in the case I supposed above, where A resolving to waylay and murder B, Heaven secretly influences B not to take the road he intended."

"If it influence at all, why not for harm as well as for good?" asked Tremaine.

"Simply, because every thing we see and know of the Deity, the whole frame and constitution of things, every contrivance of nature, prove him to be good and just. Throughout his works all is instituted for good, nothing for evil."

"Yet he made man," said Tremaine, "and consequently the evil that belongs to him."

"*There is no scheme or contrivance for this evil in his composition,*" replied Evelyn. "It is, therefore, adventitious and his own, as I have shown you before."

"How it could spring from himself without Heaven, is the question?" observed Tremaine.

"Milton will answer you better than I," returned Evelyn:

'When lust
'By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
'But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
'Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
'The soul grows clotted by contagion,
'Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
'The divine property of her first being.'

"This fine doctrine of Plato he goes on with, as you know, to account for the unwillingness of such

self-depraved creatures to quit the sensual world they love, even for Heaven; and hence he says,

> ' Those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
> ' Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
> ' Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
> ' As loth to leave the body that it loved.' "

" Beautifully terrible !" exclaimed Tremaine.

" And well reasoned as beautiful," said Evelyn, " allowing it as mere allegory or illustration. It shows how easy it is for the mind, left to itself and its own free-will, to be self-corrupted, self-degraded, till ' unmoulding reason's mintage,' it converts men into real brutes, while they,

> ' So perfect is their misery,
> ' Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
> ' But boast themselves more comely than before.' "

" This is charming language," said Tremaine, " and accounts too well for much of the wickedness that exists, without accusing Heaven. Still, upon this secret power of influencing, if it lead to a specific crime, I cannot feel satisfied; for with all the wickedness of man, the individual crime must be Heaven's."

" You will recollect," replied Evelyn, " that our disquisition is under a difficulty that always attends generals, when we seek satisfaction as to a particular case. Be assured I nowhere pretend that if even a wicked man be instigated by Heaven to a very wicked act, *which he would not otherwise have cer-*

tainly committed, he would be made responsible for that act. But we have been all the way through in the regions of fancy, or rather of obscurity—of uncertainty as to facts, and of hypothetical contingency. Your dramatic case, therefore, can admit of no absolute demonstration. Still, if I am allowed to command my possibilities (as Parnell in his Hermit), my principle, if it is sound, must be capable of proof."

"This it is but fair to allow you," said Tremaine.

"Why, then, even in the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth," said Evelyn, "I could suppose it might send him, Heaven-marshalled, to the chamber of Duncan, and yet the blame be all his own."

"This, indeed, would be ingenious," cried Tremaine.

"Admit," continued Evelyn, "that Duncan, for wise and providential purposes, not to be scanned by us, might be destined a sacrifice. Admit that Macbeth, after an at least intended and believed intercourse with hell, *had determined upon that sacrifice.* Admit, therefore, that the sacrifice was to be made, and by him."

"What then?" asked Tremaine.

"Why, then, the manner of it might be Heaven's, yet not the sin."

"Could the manner make any difference," cried Tremaine, "so as to justify the interposition?"

"I know not," replied Evelyn, "and at best we are, as I said, in the regions of fancy; but if fancy could suppose it, I have a right to make a supposition."

"Agreed," said Tremaine.

"Why, then, can I imagine that, if Duncan was to fall, and his throne be usurped by a wicked murderer, it might very much raise the horror of the deed, so as to kindle the desire of vengeance that followed, and accomplish the restoration of his family in the way it was accomplished, if he fell, as he did fall, under the roof of the assassin, with whom he was

> 'In double trust,
> 'First as his kinsman and his subject,
> 'Strong both against the deed; then as his host,
> 'Who should against his murderer shut the door,
> 'Not bear the knife himself.'"

"I confess this is at least ingenious," said Tremaine, "and for Shakspeare's sake, I could almost believe it."

"Could you follow a better guide?" asked Evelyn. "Indeed he goes on to say, that the virtues of Duncan

> 'Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> 'The deep damnation of his taking off.'"

"You delight me," said Tremaine; "for though, as you say, this is but an imaginary case, yet it is easy to extend it by application to other cases that are real."

"We know in point of fact," continued Evelyn, "that the manner of an action has often produced consequences disproportioned to what might be expected from it: the deaths of Lucretia and Virginia, for example. You see, then, that it is possible even for our finite and very blind understandings (uninformed of a hundred millionth part of what is known to the great Disposer of all, looking at once into past, present, and to come), to fancy cases where the Disposer may lead, and yet be the author of no sin. If this be so, how much more may he lead, where the leading is for good, for safety, for protection!"

"Again, I would wish you to come to some practical illustration," said Tremaine.

"Suppose you take the story of Simonides we mentioned," observed Evelyn.

"I remember it beautifully told in Cicero," returned Tremaine. "I think he was employed to write a poem in praise of Scopas. He wrote, but only half his verses were in praise of Scopas; the other half eulogized Castor and Pollux. They were recited at supper, and Scopas gave the poet but half the sum agreed for, telling him, Castor and Pollux might pay him the rest. At that instant, Simonides was called out of the room, by a message, as it was said, from two young men, who wanted him at the gate. No sooner had he left the company than the roof fell in, and crushed them all, and by this Provi-

dence was the poet paid. You surely, however, do not desire me to believe this nurse's tale. You might as well require me to believe that Castor and Pollux were really hatched from eggs by Leda, and that Jupiter really was their father, in the shape of a swan."

"I do not do this," said Evelyn, "yet I should not call the tale of Simonides foolish, if only taken as an illustration, which is what you ask for. That Simonides may stand for any good man, favoured by Heaven, is clear; that he might be called out of a room just before the roof fell in, and so escape destruction, is equally possible: it is only suppressing the incident of the verses, and the jeering of Scopas, and changing the two demi-gods into two common persons, who may, however, be secretly moved by Heaven—and the story is complete, whether for Jew, Turk, or Christian. For my own part, thus changed, I am free to avow my belief in its possibility, and if possible, it is an answer to your triumphant question from Pope, 'whether Ætna shall forget to thunder, or gravitation cease, or some nodding ruin suspend its fall, till some good man has passed by, and a bad one come within their range.' 'Tis in fact a complete answer to the difficulties, which you have certainly made the most of, drawn from what is called the 'Mechanical Hypothesis."

"At what have we arrived?" said Tremaine, after a pause.

"At Orleans," returned the Doctor, smiling at his own joke; and the boat ranging alongside the wharf, the two friends landed, and proceeded to the palace of the Bishop.

Tremaine was, however, any thing but prepared for a visit. Every one of his opinions, or rather his doubts, upon the great subject that had occupied him, had received a shock, fraught with the most important consequences. All that he had ever relied upon as valid in his scepticism, had been made to totter, and new and heavenly light seemed to burst through the breaches that he felt had been effected in opinions which he had thought impregnable.

To do him justice, the prospect which this let in to him was very sweet to his heart, and his natural reverence for the Deity enhanced in a tenfold degree the impression thus made. Piety seemed suddenly regenerated; and only proportionably stronger from the long suspension of it which his mind had sustained. He followed his friend, therefore, with a slow pace, and in silent musing, when a stream of music of the most sacred character stole upon his ear, at first faint and dying in the distance, but increasing in power even to grandeur as he approached it, in the very moment when his soul was most calculated by previous preparation to feel its influence. All this, however, must be accounted for in the next chapter.

CHAP. XV.

A MASS.

" What harmony is this, my good friends? Hark!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Every one has heard the *Chaconne* of Jomelli; rich, solemn, flowing, majestic, yet full of sweetness. Music never had such a triumph in its power to kindle veneration. The soul is rapt in a sort of expectation of something preternatural, some impending mystery, some concealed wonder about to be unveiled. Yet it is felt differently, according to the ear and taste, the character and sensibility of the hearer. As these lead, so is the heart affected. A person of a religious heart in particular, is ready to admire, deprecate, or sympathize in all the fervour of pure and perfect devotion. Even Lady Gertrude, who had a fashionable ear, had felt these notes of grandeur "long drawn out:" but she only knew them as the music of the *Castle Spectre*. The name of Jomelli she had never heard, or forgotten it, if heard; and at any rate, though she felt something amounting to terror when it was performed in the

theatre, it was only, or chiefly, because it was accompanied by a ghost.

Very different was the composition of Tremaine. He never heard the *Chaconne*, but his whole heart was arrested; he drank every note with all the mixed sympathies I have been describing, and spite of philosophy and scepticism itself, he felt as if something of sacredness had shed its influence over his soul, and made him dream of Heaven.

What was his surprise on entering the cloisters of the cathedral, which, as we have said, led to the Bishop's palace, to hear this identical composition, pealing through the aisles, more solemn and impressive than ever he had heard it before,—for it was accompanied by voices in full quire, of exquisite harmony, performing an anthem in honour of the attributes of God, and the course of his dealings with men. After this came the *Te Deum* of Graun, —which if any one ever heard or can hear without feeling his soul transported to the very gate of Heaven, I can only say, I envy not his composition.

'Twas the whole chapter, assisted by all the clergy, regular and secular of Orleans, celebrating a high mass on one of the highest days, and forming an union of two or three choirs together, with the addition of several female voices, remarkably sweet, and equally skilful.

The two friends stopped, the moment their ears

were thus greeted, and drawing near to a side door of the church, which opened into the cloister, kept in their breaths, and placed each his finger on his mouth, that he might not lose a note from the interruption of the other.

A chorister in a surplice passing that way into the chapel, civilly presented them with a copy of the anthem, which was extracted from the 50th Psalm, of which the following is a part in our English version:

"The Lord, even the most mighty God hath spoken, and called the world from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same.

"Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

"And call upon me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise me."

The majestic solemnity of the music was admirably fitted to set off the imagery and sentiment of these words, in the heart of any one endowed with the commonest feeling either for music or religion. But after the late discussion, and with a mind teeming, as it were, with these very sentiments; impressed also, as I have observed, anew, after years of sad apostacy, with their force and beauty;—Tremaine was particularly moved. He felt that every note had a peculiar power over his heart, as it rolled off the organ, and, with the accompanying voices, filled the vast concave of the

church, and the "high embowed roof" of the cloister.

But when the voices returned at intervals to the verse which formed the burden to the anthem, set to the passages which may emphatically be denominated the *Chaconne*, the power of the music was at its height, and thrilled his very soul.

The verse was—

"And thou thoughtest, wickedly, that I am such an one as thyself, but I will reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thou hast done. Consider this, ye that forget God."

The crowd of spectators that thronged the church—the body of which was filled with the population of Orleans, all of them seemingly moved, some of them with wonder, some with hope, some with dismay, many to tears—added potently to the charm of the scene.

Had Tremaine been Bolingbroke himself, he could not have been insensible: for even of Bolingbroke it is recorded, that he was once so much moved by the celebration of the Host at Paris, as to exclaim, after some minutes musing, "If I were King of France, I would suffer no one to perform this but myself."

How then was it with Tremaine? His prejudices beaten down, his reason much convinced, his objections removed, or in a way to be so, with a soul originally pious, and at any rate, of the keenest sensibility, he seemed fixed in admiration; his eyes and

ears were overpowered, his countenance beamed, he breathed quick, and his flesh seemed to creep.

He was not unobserved by his friend, who measured his impressions by his own, till the observation of him (with so many reasons for it), became much the more absorbing interest of the two. The music was almost forgotten in the contemplation of its effects.

In fact, full of hopes from the conversations that had just passed, and the candid admissions of Tremaine, Evelyn could not help watching the impressions of this imposing service upon him with peculiar interest, as the most unerring index that could be afforded of his real state of mind.

But when, the anthem over, a prayer and thanksgiving ensued, which required all present to kneel, and he beheld him the first to bend in that attitude, and saw that he was not merely moved by example, or a wish to comply with the habits of the place, he hailed this silent promise of a future conversion with a joy which he had some difficulty in keeping concealed. It spoke every thing he could wish, and more than Tremaine himself in words could have confessed.

It was not that a man of Evelyn's discrimination could be content with what might, he knew, prove a mere temporary ebullition, the consequence of a warm imagination, operated upon by a sudden and imposing scene, and excited to almost passion, by the charms of music. No! he saw the realization of his

hope, (conceived from many passages of the arguments themselves most relied upon by Tremaine in defending his scepticism), that this scepticism was solely of the head, while genuine religion and natural piety had at least originally possessed his heart.

And so they had—for in them had he been nursed, with them had he been happy, and for them, after they had abandoned him, had he often and ardently sighed.

This also must explain to the reader what otherwise would promise but little real satisfaction, in the prospect which is now attending Tremaine. For had he been a determined, rugged infidel, unimbued from the beginning with any religious feeling; had he even ever arrived at that wicked hardihood in scepticism which corrupts the heart as well as the understanding, it would be trifling with common sense, and inexcusable in us as biographers, to attempt to persuade the world that this was a fair or reasonable conversion. No performance of the most exquisite sacred service could ever have moved him, even engrafted as it was on a two days' argument; and though that argument might have convinced his reason, nothing in fact could have removed prejudices so inveterate.

But it must be remembered that his natural bias had been the other way: that it was his understanding only, not his heart, that had been perverted, and that from the beginning he never had been able to

escape into absolute disbelief, though his refinements in reason, as well as every thing else, had plunged him into doubts, from which he had in vain tried to extricate himself by his own powers. It must be remembered, also, that for more than twelve months *he had himself been laying the train for all that Evelyn had been enabled so forcibly to impress upon him*, and that if he had not succeeded in convincing himself, he had often gone far towards it, and was familiar with the arguments which *were* to convince him. He combatted these arguments, indeed, with all the force he was master of, but it was in order the better to be satisfied with their confutation, where he allowed they were confuted. When, therefore, he landed with Evelyn from his boat, and walked with him to the cloisters, where their progress had been thus unexpectedly and pleasingly interrupted, he was already a proselyte, and more than half prepared for that impression which a superstitious person might have traced to the immediate finger of God.

But Evelyn was not superstitious, and if he hailed the emotions of Tremaine as a proof that his mind was returning from error to the right path, it was not because he thought any ceremony, however solemn, could effect this, but because all that had been passing for the last three days, added to all that had passed for the last twelve months, gave him the fairest hopes that all was right, or in a way to be so. We may

guess, therefore, with what pleasure, when the service was over, he took his arm and entered the Bishop's garden which divided the cathedral from the palace.

CHAP. XVI.

JOUR DE FÊTE.

" Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
" Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life."

SHAKSPEARE.

" It has been good for us to have been here," said Evelyn, " even though amidst the errors of popery. I, at least, never heard this sublime music so impressively performed."

" 'Tis an impression," observed Tremaine, after some moments' musing, " that will not easily wear out. The sounds seem still to float in the air, and I could wish not to part with them so soon."

At that instant a domestic, whom they had desired to announce their visit, returned with a message from *Monseigneur*, that he was not yet disengaged from the occupations of the church, but hoped to see them later.

" I am not sorry for it," said Tremaine: " I was

never so little disposed for a visit, and would much rather for a time continue where we are."

"I suppose that is in our power," observed Evelyn, mentioning their wish to the domestic.

"*Monseigneur* would be too happy at any time," replied the servant, "but to-day is a fête for the whole town, making no leave necessary;" and he pointed to an avenue into which the people of the place were entering in crowds.

The avenue was a long and broad walk of beautiful acacias, that led from a fountain in a gay parterre to one of the principal streets of the city, into which it opened by large massive iron gates, that were surmounted by the arms of the See, in burnished gilding. These gates on high days, such as the present, were thrown wide for *Messieurs et Mesdames* of Orleans to enter and take their recreation for a certain number of hours, and this they were now doing in all the plenitude of liberty and enjoyment.

The *bons bourgeois* with their wives and daughters; artizans and grisettes in their best attire, and though old-fashioned as compared to Paris, with an air of smartness wholly unknown by the same rank in England; children with their *bonnes*, and be sure, what are never found wanting in France, lovers in plenty, who took to the side benches, or ran up and down a mount in the garden, according as the mood they were in prompted them. To none, who were of the

least decency of appearance, was admission denied, and the two porters at the gates seemed never tired of returning the salutes of the numbers who flocked to enjoy the good prelate's garden in a holiday sun.

The gentry of the place, far from flying the happy throng, added to it with a glee almost equal to the wildest; and the whole scene had an appearance of busy active happiness, which must have pleased Diogenes or Heraclitus himself.

"This is a gay sight indeed," said Tremaine, "and one is happy to see so much happiness in our fellow-creatures. Yet, in the humour I am in, kindled by far other feelings, I could have wished to have had this broad walk and these fine acacias all to ourselves."

"We shall, at least," replied Evelyn, "have the consolation of observing one proof more, that man is not an unhappy being. I think I never saw greater hilarity."

"What a contrast to the cathedral," cried Tremaine, "yet I suppose some of these motes were there."

"All of them, I'll answer for it," said Evelyn; "but there was a sunbeam in the cathedral as well as here. I never saw a large congregation so attentive, or so impressed."

"Yet here," cried Tremaine, "all unbent, all forgetful."

" Perhaps not the last," observed Evelyn.

" Strange, at least, if it were so," said Tremaine, " so near as we seemed to a positive intercourse with Heaven ;" and he again fell into musing, and led his friend to a more retired part of the grounds, to which the *bourgeoisie* had not access.

" Depend upon it," resumed Evelyn, " these good folks only enjoy themselves the more for the service of the morning. Their cheerfulness would not be so pure, if they thought it was not pleasing to that Heaven with which they have just had communication—a communication, too, which only raises cheerfulness. Never was there such a mistake as the supposition that religion makes a man sour : want of it may do so."

" My good friend," said Tremaine, " you probe too severely ;" and his brow became overcast.

" My dear Tremaine," cried Evelyn, " I meant it not for you."

" Your observation, however," resumed Tremaine, " hits me, and the more so, because I believe it correct. Yes !" added he, after some further deliberation, " I allow my happiness, nay even my temper, has been often much affected by the wreck I sustained of all those treasures which you have preserved—not only preserved, but improved. Would I had been like you !"

" It is by no means yet too late," said Evelyn ;

and he spoke in a tone of the most consoling cheerfulness.

"That is the question," answered Tremaine. "It is too certain I basked in the world, till I was spoiled by it; and the doubts I allowed to beguile me becoming troublesome, I silenced them into conviction, on what I thought the easiest side, in order that they might not interfere with other pursuits. I was even not alarmed to think them prejudices, provided they settled into certainty."

"A certainty," interrupted Evelyn, "which, I will venture to say, you never credited."

"I now think not," proceeded Tremaine. "It is at least evident to my own heart, that, however strongly I may have laid before you the arguments that so much shook me, I mentally gave you every assistance, from feeling and wishes, which you yourself could desire, in enforcing the powerful answers you have given to my doubts."

"Have they been powerful?" asked Evelyn, with interest.

"Most of them, ultimately, I hope, to conviction," answered Tremaine; "all of them weighty enough to have staggered me where I thought myself strongest."

"I hail this confession with the truest joy," replied Evelyn, "nor would I have it for the present either more ample or more decisive."

"You are right, my friend," observed Tremaine. "The opinions of almost twenty years, although never well settled, never entirely rooted, cannot be torn from their hold in a moment. But all is loosened, bowed, and bending; and though the prospect is yet somewhat obscure, somewhat confused, the shadows that flitted round me are visibly retiring, and I believe as well as hope, that ere long a fair morning will arise and let in the day."

"This is beyond my expectation," said Evelyn, "nay, almost beyond my hope; and I shall ever love these towers, these gardens, this river, in short, this whole venerable and classical ground; but above all, that interesting, though deserted, St. Jules, that caused our extraordinary meeting, and restored my friend to himself."

"Something, however, yet remains to be done, and that by no means the smallest in importance or difficulty," said Tremaine.

"I fear nothing," cried the Doctor, "after having conquered a hydra."

CHAP. XVII.

FUTURE STATE.

" I had a thing to say—but let it go ;
" The sun is in the Heaven, and the proud day,
" Attended with the pleasures of the world,
" Is all too wanton and too full of gauds,
" To give me audience."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE gardens of the Episcopal palace at Orleans are large and umbrageous, and the merry throng that had been let in from the town being confined to a particular enclosure, there was yet space enough elsewhere for even the thoughtful and serious mood of Tremaine to indulge itself without interruption. He was quite alive to Evelyn's observation on the cheerfulness of religion ; and the scene he witnessed would have convinced a spleen darker than his, that there might be a great deal of happiness in the world, if the world knew how to enjoy it. If he avoided this scene, therefore, and sought out a more secluded part of the garden, it was not from gloom of mind, but to give loose to those higher thoughts which the last important hours had generated.

There was a retired grove of limes on the other side of the ground, between which, and the moving scene under the acacias, the whole of the buildings called the Palace intervened. Into this he hurried Evelyn by the arm—who, at any other time, would, perhaps, have resisted, for the sake of his favourite contemplation of a holiday sincerely enjoyed by those to whom a holiday was valuable. But, on this occasion, Tremaine was commandant for the day; for it is not easy to describe the hope, and consequent pleasure, that had begun to expand his friend's mind on the subject between them.

And yet, reader, I dread another argument, for you as well as for myself; and nothing but the task I have undertaken, and the end I have propounded in setting these notices to paper, could make me go on.

At any rate, you may read or not, as you please. But if you do please, my love for Tremaine and my respect for Evelyn tell me, your pains will not be thrown away.

"What you say," said Tremaine, as they entered the grove abovementioned, "is very true: you cannot give up your visit as you have announced it; but as you did not tell the Bishop I was with you, you may leave me here, and I promise you my thoughts will have full employment till you return."

"*Felix faustaque sit*," said Evelyn, taking his leave, and following the servant, who had been sent

to announce that the prelate was at leisure, and hoped to see him.

Tremaine almost rejoiced to be alone, so tumultuous and scattered were his ideas, and so necessary was it to marshal them into some sort of order, before he could say to himself what opinions he had really come to, what conclusions were true, what doubtful, what to be entirely rejected. That new lights seemed to have broken in upon him, or rather that the long thickening darkness which had obscured original light had been pierced and penetrated, so as to be in a fair way of being dispelled, was a discovery which even his habitual prejudices could not disguise, and he hailed it with pleasure. Still, that a full conviction illuminated him, could not be said; and it was with pain that he still smote his breast as with a hurried step he coursed the walk, or threw himself on one of the seats, imploring (for he now actually implored it of the Almighty), that he might be still farther enlightened.

He had been already on his knees in the cathedral; though that, in some little measure, had been from sympathy. He now, from sheer, prone, and confiding hope, felt disposed to resume that attitude, and address himself to Heaven for assistance.

And this he actually did! believe who may, and tell it who will in the world of politics or fashion, where he had once blazed in a light and colouring so very, very different!

There was a recess, forming a sort of labyrinth in the side of the walk, composed in the old fashion of hornbeam and clipt yew, so thick and retired as to be impervious to the eye, and almost to the sun itself, though glowing at that moment. Into this he retreated; nor are we ashamed to relate, that on his knees and in all sincerity and fervour of heart, he prayed for knowledge, and, perhaps without knowing it, for grace itself.

It is seldom such prayers are unavailing. It is at least only where the heart is hardened to the core, that the supplicant, like the murder-soiled king in Hamlet, is obliged to confess,

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
> "Words without thoughts never to Heav'n can go."

The heart of Tremaine was indeed something relieved by this act of devotion, but he felt not yet the reward which generally attends it, nor was it with lightness of spirit that he returned to the walk which continued to be abandoned to him by all the world. For all the world was still flocking to the holiday-making on the other side of the garden, though the heat was so oppressive from a sultry sun, now above an hour beyond its meridian, that not a breath of air could be felt to fan a leaf; the very birds slunk in distress to their darkest covert; and all seemed the palace of silence, save where a suppressed note or two now and then shewed that life and animation were not absolutely extinct.

Tremaine in his then frame of mind required this absolute stillness, to which he gave himself up without reserve;—forming a remarkable contrast, could any one have seen it, to the gay multitude within a furlong of his retirement.

But his thoughts were by no means yet satisfactory. Nothing can be more true than what he had himself so recently observed to Evelyn, that the opinions of twenty years, though never well settled, never entirely rooted, could not be torn from their hold in a moment. It was a great point indeed gained, to have so won upon his prejudices upon the great subject, as to have deprived them of their wonted power; witness the act of devotion in which he had just indulged. But prayer for direction here did not with him imply a life to come; which had always proved his most unhappy doubt, and upon which, however long and even satisfactory the recent argument upon Providence, nothing in point of fact had been yet attempted. We must not therefore be surprised if his difficulties—his cruel difficulties upon this part of the subject, still floated through his brain, nay were almost encouraged to present themselves to his recollection; as if his mind, astonished at the change it had experienced, was fearful that it had been taken by surprise, and not fairly dealt by, and had therefore become wary and suspicious of what seemed too great a benefit to be so suddenly conferred. A sort of reaction was thus generated in

favour of those of his old tenets, which at least had not yet been discussed. Nor is this, spite of his pleasure in the prospect of the complete recovery he had hoped, either new or wonderful in the human mind. After a violent storm, though a calm succeed and all is fair, the undulation of the subsiding waves will continue for some time on the surface.

Thus it was with Tremaine, who, though almost satisfied upon Providence, was by no means out of doubt as to an hereafter; and who, as has been observed, from the very surprise at the change he felt upon other points, was the more jealous to receive satisfaction on this.

"That all and every thing is and must be within the power of the All-knowing and All-supreme, cannot be denied," said he to his own mind; "that there may be and perhaps is another state, nay, innumerable other states and other beings, is no more than likely; that metaphysics may prove, as far as such dark, uncertain, and at best probable conjectures can prove, that our souls are immortal, cannot fairly be denied. But is this, after all, more than very refined *guesses*, upon which many fine, perhaps unanswerable things may be said, without any absolute satisfaction remaining behind? How many things are there which we cannot answer, yet do not believe? The birds and beasts of the field perish, and do not, cannot live again. In what are we so much,

so very much better than they, that we alone are to think ourselves immortal? In how many things have we only a common nature with them? Our frame, constitution, life, mechanism, and the means by which all are created, supported, and destroyed; even the immateriality, and therefore it should seem the immortality of our souls, (if they are immortal)—all, all, even our reason are the same with theirs, allowing merely for diversity of figure, faculty, and degree. And what is there in this reason, this boasted characteristic difference, to make us presume ourselves so infinitely more favoured, that while they perish we cannot die? 'Tis true, my friend has demonstrated a providence, an inspection, a government by the Most High, to assist our most imperfect and dangerous reason; and thanks to Heaven, and him its instrument, I think I may say I am upon this satisfied, where I had once despaired of satisfaction. Religion, therefore, as far as this goes, has returned (and sweetly) to my heart. But to live again, to be called to account hereafter, to be judged in a future state for all we have done in this; in short, the joys of heaven, or the punishment of hell;—where, from natural religion at least, where is the proof?"

The pain of renewed doubt here got the better of him: nor can we wonder; for could our natural lights alone satisfy even the most pious upon this

most cruel point of interest, who, even without the Gospel, would be an infidel?

"No one," continued Tremaine in his soliloquy, "no one has yet returned from the other world to assure us of its existence, or if it exists, which probably it does, that it does so for us. Here we *see* that all is mortal. To-day animated, to-morrow a clod; to-day sparkling, to-morrow crumbled. Such is that poor bird"—and he looked at a dead linnet which had been left in the walk. "Yet but a few hours, and it sang; had a heart, and it breathed; a mate, and it loved; motion, and it flew; it was capable of happiness, and happy—and now no more. Is this other than our own history? beginning in joy, continuing in action, ending in oblivion. In what, then, are we different from the linnet? or because *we* are directed by reason, *he* by instinct, even though Providence govern both, why is death oblivious to him and not to me?"

These were sad reflections, and coming in the train of such happier feelings as had begun to possess him, they astonished even himself, and filled him with dismay. It was therefore not without unusual pleasure, and a sensation of relief, that, after a few minutes more of musing, not at all satisfactory, he beheld the return of Evelyn from his visit, and immediately joined him.

Upon being apprized of this revulsion as it were

in the mind of his friend, the Doctor, a little uneasy, questioned him as to the state of his opinions on the great points they had already discussed.

"They are where they were," said Tremaine, "when you left me; that is, there is an approximation between us not more pleasing than unexpected. But although I allow my prejudices as to the government of the world by Providence, as to all the metaphysical arguments on the nature of matter and spirit, and above all as to your great argument from innate feeling, are much beaten down, if I may not say they are removed; although, too, I can say with confidence, my feelings are all newly and strongly awakened on the side you would wish, instead of being blunted and deadened as for years they were; still the belief of all we have discussed does not seem incompatible with the disbelief of a future state, and the proof of that state seems as much as ever wanting."

"I thought," said Evelyn, anxiously, "we had yesterday settled, that for us to be such machines as you had supposed, was absolutely impossible."

"You argued it admirably," replied Tremaine, "and most certainly proved to me that materialism was an absurdity. You also shewed how presumable it was, that to be spiritual was to be immortal. But even you allowed that this depended upon the will of Heaven; and your whole argument, as I

observed to you, applied to brute and beast, as well as to man. That they, too, are to live again, that any scheme of the Almighty in creating the universe is to embrace *them* in any other part of it, you will scarcely contend; and the step is but a short one from them to us. Whatever our place in the general order of things, whatever the end and object of our being (questions for ever inextricable to human intellect), why are we to suppose that we alone, of all sublunary creatures, are not to continue sublunary, or obey the general lot of destruction? 'Tis true we have reason; but does that do more than elevate us a little in the scale....."

"A little in the scale!" interrupted Evelyn.

"Hear me," said Tremaine, "be assured you will find me a willing listener in return."

The Doctor was silent.

"Does reason then do more for us," continued Tremaine, "than raise us a little in the scale;—enabling us as it does, inferior in many things, to obtain the mastery of all: to move the mountain, clear the forest, and tame or expel its inhabitants, nay, enlist many of them on our side; in short, to resist the elements, and almost direct the storm? That we are kings of the world (and I agree with you under the guidance of Heaven) is a demonstrated fact; but will this take us beyond the boundary of our kingdom, where all our actions are con-

fined, and to which we are, for any thing that appears, as much chained as any of our subjects, animate or inanimate? I ask you to complete the great, the benevolent work you have begun, and give me your proof that my fears are unfounded."

"Easily could I do this," returned Evelyn, "if you will only give the argument fair play, nor expect more than the nature of the subject permits."

"Be assured I will not," said Tremaine: "but to what limits do you confine me?"

"To feeling and common sense," replied the Doctor; "I want no more."

"Agreed," cried Tremaine.

"You will promise, then," continued Evelyn, "that in this, as in the argument on Providence, you will not demand proof of which the subject is not even susceptible; that you will not expect geometrical demonstration of what can be no object of geometry."

"I will," said Tremaine. "On the other hand, you will not expect me to be swayed by simple conjecture, or admit as demonstrated what may be merely a speculation."

"This is, at least, not my design," said Evelyn; "and yet where all we see proves only that there is, and must be, infinitely *more* than we see, who can sit down content to go no farther?"

"I know not your exact meaning," observed Tremaine.

"That the world should have had a beginning—that is, that there should have been a time when it was not—implies that there was some design in its creation, beyond merely that it should exist in the manner it does, and then be destroyed. For otherwise we approach the impiety of supposing the All-wise to have bestowed his pains and attention in vain, or, at best, to amuse the space of a moment—if we can venture so to talk as to suppose amusement an object with such a Being. The child raises his house of cards for the pleasure of knocking it down again, or he employs himself in making toys which for the time interest him, but, as soon as made, interest him no longer. Can we, dare we impute such conduct to the Deity? Yet such is our supposition, if we believe there is no final cause for our existence beyond what we see. This cause it wholly goes beyond our unassisted faculties even to guess at. It surpasses reason, or even imagination. But of this we may be sure—that *some end* there is for our being here, as well as for all other animals, all the vegetable productions, and even for stocks and stones. Can we think that all other kinds were made for human kind? If so, why a lion? why a monkey? Yet I own I am baffled whenever I think of a lion or a monkey. They have clearly no connection with man, and must have some purpose of their own, that caused their creation.

" Reasoning as well as we can from the objects of man to the objects of his Maker (which, at best, is most imperfectly), we should say that it is not a usual object for which to erect a stupendous or elaborate work, merely that it should exist, without any farther end. The question has often been asked, What is the final end of the creation? Different answers have been given. The glory of the creator has been the general one. I own I never understood this; and the answerer has, I think, been fairly asked, Is God then proud?—The happiness of the creation is a better answer. But, alas! this is broken in upon with so many cruel instances of the reverse of happiness, that unless there is something farther, at best the account is doubtful. A third is, that we belong to a system, and that man and all other animals have their place in it. This is your famous Bolingbroke. Does this inform, still less does it satisfy us one whit the more? Does it give us any knowledge of our end or aim, of the nature of the system we are placed in, and for what purpose placed—particularly if all is to end here, and we are born only to die? Yet this is your argument: and you not unfairly refer me to the meaner animals, who seem so born, and ask why their's may not be our fate? or if they appear, as they do, of too little consequence to live again, whether the difference between us and them, because

we have speech and reason, with ten thousand crimes and corruptions which they have not, is so great, that we are to be translated to some other part of the system—they not?"

"This, I grant you, is fairly asked. Nothing can be fairer than your statement," said Tremaine.

"My answer is," observed Evelyn, "that, whatever the object of the creation of meaner animals, it seems fulfilled here, without going farther. *They have no responsibility*, and from this circumstance alone, it should seem that futurity to them is shut out. If the sort of happiness, therefore, which they seem to enjoy, is the end of their existence, they have it, and the end is accomplished. But not so with man."

"And why not?"

"We have so much more, and so much less, than we want," replied Evelyn. "Futurity lies open before us, could we but open our eyes to look at it; and though Bolingbroke rave ever so much against the ravings of those who disagree with him, the whole human world will never (because they cannot) desist from endeavouring to make out the prospect."

"Has any one succeeded?" asked Tremaine.

"I know not," said Evelyn, "nor is it vital to the argument that I should. It is sufficient that what I observed is true; the world is never satisfied but in the attempt. Baffled, thwarted, disappointed, mor-

tified,—no one desists; and though the prospect may never have been distinctly seen, and the road never completely opened, yet all that ever were born, and almost as soon as born, take for granted that there is this prospect, and rush into the road which they think must lead to it, in the same manner as birds try their wings, or hunting dogs their scent, from instinct alone.

"I ask why this should be? for I presume you do not dispute the fact."

"Perhaps not," said Tremaine.

"Then, why this fact? why this disposition, 'never ending, still beginning,' throughout the universe of human nature, if all these pains, this restlessness, this conviction of something to come, though we may not discover it, be implanted in us for nothing?"

"But why not discover it?" said Tremaine.

"That is not for me to tell," replied Evelyn, "being a mystery of the creation, which, like a million of other mysteries, it is not given us to unravel. Thus, then, contenting myself with the *fact*, it is not unreasonable to presume it may be one of the very plans of our nature, that we should only feel convinced there *is* this futurity, without being allowed sensibly to behold it. Now, as mere clods of earth, this notion or feeling is too much; while, to think it *only* notion or feeling, and that we are never to enjoy it, is too little.

" This, then, is one, though only one, of many important differences between us and the brute creation, —from which your fears will not permit you to distinguish us. You allow, indeed, that reason is a characteristic distinction, but only as the claws of a lion are characteristic of a distinction of species; and the utmost benefit of this reason is, according to you, to enable us to enslave the rest of the world. I had hoped there were more things, even upon this earth, much more in *Heaven* and earth, ' than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' "

" Willingly would I hear the proof of them," said Tremaine.

" This very conversation proves them," answered Evelyn.

" I know your meaning," cried Tremaine, " and see all to which this concentrated observation leads."

" No man better I will answer for it," observed Evelyn.

" You would tell me," continued Tremaine, " that to be able to discuss this very question of a future state; to have those aspirations after it which many of us have; to contemplate a Creator in his works, and, above all, even to *attempt* to unveil the final purpose of the creation, though we fail,—proves there is something beyond the present, to be known only hereafter."

" You perceive my meaning exactly," observed

Evelyn; "and I would ask why man is not only endowed with this, when no other animal so much as dreams of it, but is also so restless, so persevering, so intent upon it, from his cradle to his grave (and only the more intent as he approaches that grave), if this were a mere philosophical speculation, like the solar system, electricity, or the philosopher's stone? It has been forcibly said by the religious poet,

'Who *wishes* God immortal, *proves* it too.'

"This is no more than sound argument. The very wish, above all, being so universal in man, yet extending to no other creature, proves the whole subject. Why? Because it is the voice of nature —a voice that never yet was raised in vain.

"The approach of death appals, the hope of immortality kindles, no animal but man. The ox grazes to the last,—placid, happy, and ignorant; the lark sings to the moment when she is hawked; even the very hare, when unpursued, though the hounds may be abroad, frisks and gambols in her covert. Till the last blow is struck, not these, but the whole of animal life, when not actually threatened, is free from the evil, the misery of apprehension. But we, although the sword sleep, and a Trajan reign, nay, even frolic with youth and health, *we* can never deliver ourselves from the fear, not so much of death as what is to follow after. And *why* this, if nothing *is* to follow?

" Upon this simple question, these three or four little words, ' Why, if nothing is to follow,' I would almost rest the whole case. Search nature through; examine all instincts, all feelings, all propensities, all ends proposed, all means supplied, all objects, powers, faculties, impulses; the passions, the fears, the hopes, the ambition, the attachments of man, the incitements of brutes, the reasons for love, hate, joy, or anger. Examine all these, and then tell me whether there is not some fit end, for the benefit of the creature, or the general advantage of the world, in every one of them?

" I pause for your answer."

Tremaine allowed there could be no doubt of this.

" Then tell me, if you can, why this feeling, this restless curiosity as to something that is to follow death, this shrinking of the soul back on herself, this startling at destruction? I may add, in the same forcible and beautiful language,

> ' This pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> ' This longing after immortality.'

" Tell me, I say, why all this belongs to man alone, and not to bird, or beast, or insect?"

" It is a powerful question," allowed Tremaine, " and I have sometimes asked it myself."

" Have you ever answered it?" demanded Evelyn.

" I have not."

" Then be assured you could not, any more than that on which it is founded,—' Does nature ever act in vain ?' But oh ! mockery ! pitiless, ruthless, worse than unjust, merciless, tyrannous mockery, if after all to be deceived ! If the desire of future life is unquenchable, and if the fear of the uncertainty of our fate is, in itself, unbearable,—so that hope, sweet and ever springing, ever buoyant, can alone support the darkening soul against it,—what can we say to this injustice, this inconsistency in Him who is all justice, all consistency, to have reserved such a miserable illusion for one only being, and to place that being at the head of the creation ! May I not again ask, in the language of the same religious poet,—

" Is not this torment, in the mask of joy ?'

And may I not add,

' Oh ! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
' Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race ?' "

Tremaine, not a little moved, allowed, and he said with pleasure, that he could not answer these questions.

" Believe me," observed Evelyn, " they are deeply founded. They are the anchoring places of the mind in all her doubts. Other topics may, I allow, be urged with force, with eloquence, with impression, and may finish a conquest over a willing heart, already half won. But these must bend the most stubborn. They may be rejected, but cannot be answered.

They require no rhetoric to set them off; and as long as you allow man to be nobler and better than the brutes, so long must you say it would be gross cruelty as well as inconsistency in his Creator (which cannot be), to have made him, in the most essential point of all, so much their inferior."

"Perhaps I might allow this," said Tremaine.

"I thought you would," said Evelyn; "and having laid this ground, it no more than naturally prepares us for another, almost, though, I will allow, not quite so conclusive."

"What is that?" asked Tremaine.

"I mean that fond clinging of the soul, in its most afflicting moments, to a hope which has been always its efficacious, and almost its never-failing support, when support would otherwise be lost. I mean that hope of rejoining friends, parents, and children, all whom our hearts held dear, when God in his dispensations has deprived us of them here. Why in this are we made so differently from other animals? Why dread the losing them—why languish after them when lost—why confide in the thought of seeing them again,—if all be illusion? Without this thought, this hope, to which we cling with a constancy in many instances interminable, the loss of our favourites here would sometimes be beyond our strength."

"Is this the exact account, or do you hold it uni-

versal?" asked Tremaine. "Does it last longer than a time, and with time do not all of us recover?"

"I grant you we do," replied Evelyn; "nor would the lot of humanity be bearable, did not time shed balm and healing from his wings. But how recover? How are we healed? Is it more in many cases than to escape from the immediate paroxysm of grief, which, if it lasted long, would assuredly kill us? And, as it is, how many are there who actually, in secret, never do cease to wail the objects of their fondness, until their hearts waste and wither away, as it is supposed under other diseases? At best, we are long, long in recovering, and though competent to all the functions of life, may even never resume that lightness of spirit, that buoyant pleasure we enjoyed before. We have heard of nursing our grief, of even the luxury of woe, till, like the raving Constance, we call death amiable and lovely, and wish 'to ring our fingers in his household worms.' It is hence that, under these heavy afflictions, numbers have abstracted themselves from the world; and the walls of the Paraclete or the Chartreuse have witnessed many a sigh of anguish after those that are gone, which would not be exchanged for the gayest scenes the world could offer.

'Ask the faithful youth,
'Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
'So often fills his arms, so often draws
'His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,

' To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
' Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
' Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
' That sacred hour.' "

Here Evelyn stopped, and both he and Tremaine seemed much affected. Soon the Doctor proceeded:

" And yet I grant you that I count not upon this argument as I do upon the other two—drawn from the fear of death as a gate to unknown terrors, or, at best, to some unknown farther existence, and from the hope of living again. The thought of rejoining friends may, with many, as you say, wear out with time; the hope of living again only increases."

" This is but candid," said Tremaine; " but yet is it not extraordinary that this hope, this longing, which I allow is universal enough to entitle itself to be called *natural*, should yet have nothing precise, nothing certain, attending it—that few can even give a reason for it, and that they can only say that it is? Did it imply the certainty of things so important, would not the *rationale* be more evident, and better understood?"

" Yet how many other things are there in nature, particularly in physics," answered Evelyn, " of the *rationale* of which we are utterly ignorant, though with the fact familiar? Magnetism for one. The needle points always to the Pole: why she points—what is the attraction—for what farther and greater purpose in the creation than to guide man across the deep—no

one can say, but that there is a something existing at the Pole, to which the needle points, and between which and the needle there is some natural and necessary connection—who can for a moment doubt? Thus there is analogy; and analogy, as argument, you will not reject."

"Certainly not," said Tremaine.

"But our very imperfections here," continued Evelyn, "furnish another argument, equally irresistible in my mind. I set out with observing, we have so much more, and so much less than we want, if always to be

'Confined and pestered in this pinfold here.'

"Let us again reason from analogy. A kind and considerate parent prepares for his son the education suitable for his intended occupation in life. Is there no choice in this education? Is the intended scholar sent to learn handicraft, or the mechanic, Hebrew? What should we say to a young man sent to college with trunks filled with the tools of a watchmaker, or any other art? What to a sailor, with a collection of law-books, instead of maps and charts? On the other hand, if the young man know not for what he is designed, except from his outfit; if the outfit consist of books, will he not say he was intended for study? if of weapons, for war? if of spades and axes, for labour?'

"This is easily granted," said Tremaine.

"Then why," continued Evelyn, "why make man, so formed for contemplation, and eminently for the contemplation of God, of Heaven, and a future state? Surely, if there is no future state, this is a most unnecessary part of our constitution! Surely we might be not merely as happy, but infinitely happier, without that insatiable, restless curiosity, in respect to a subject never to be understood, and after an object never to be attained! Why is this subject the most interesting, I had almost said the most distressing, though, at the same time, ever during, of all that gives food for the inquiry of man? For all other subjects there is a reason. Arts, sciences, war, politics, agriculture, medicine, commerce;—all these exercise *our nature*, and all these may be more or less attained, as the beaver and the bee exercise *their nature* when they build huts, or gather honey. Why, then, the contemplation of the Godhead, and our relations with heaven, for us, and not for them? Reason, you will say, is necessary to admit it—reason, which they have not. But why should reason extend so far, if really for no result? The reason, too, you will observe, not of three or four persons only; of a sage here and there scattered in a century, as gems and ornaments on the bosom of time; but the reason of every man, however simple, however uneducated, that ever was born since time began.

"If you answer, it is merely the result of the think-

ing faculty, which cannot be controlled—I deny the impossibility of controlling in him who created it. If you say it is at best a gratuitous curiosity, I say that curiosity was never gratuitous, but always proposed utility for its end. Here, however, where there is no result, there can be no utility, and the whole being frustrated, is worse than useless. We have too much knowledge to be quiet, too little to be satisfied. Thus, the brute with his instinct is infinitely more perfect than man with his reason; infinitely happier, because never deceived; infinitely more independent, because without religion."

"Without religion!!"

"Yes! You are surprised, but this is no paradox. For why should man be religious, how indeed can he be so, if all end here? Only to know enough of God, to long to know more; only to think he exists, yet not for us; to feel responsible for right or wrong, yet nowhere to be called to account; to love God, to wish to please him, to feel always acting in his sight, yet never to know whether he accepts our love, whether we succeed in pleasing him, or he approve or disapprove our actions! This! this is, indeed, paradox. Who could sustain for a year, a month, a day, much less a whole life, such tasteless effort, such heartless exertion, such gratuitous slavery? Now what answer does the flimsy Bolingbroke (excuse me for being so irreverent) tell you to give to all this? Why, that

we have no business with it at all, still less with God, whom we were never intended to know. I allude to his lines, (for they are his)—

> ' Know then thyself, *presume not God to scan,*
> ' The proper study of mankind is man.'

" If this is more than mere jingle, I never yet detected emptiness under a pompous outside. As if man, with all these dispositions, these powers of contemplating futurity, these unrepressed and irrepressible impulses to know his Maker, which no other animal has, in order the better to act up to the intention of his Being, could possibly study himself, without studying that Maker at the same time! Now, what should we think of a man, who, being called upon to study, much more to expound a law, gravely tells you, that you are not to inquire who was the law-giver, or what his intention. Yet such is this famous maxim. A child would be ashamed of the assertion, though the philosophical fop who made it, no doubt, thought it an oracle. You see I attribute it to its true author, not to poor Pope, who was gulled by him, and frightened out of his wits, when he came to learn what he had really vended as true philosophy; like Fear striking the chords of the lyre, and scared

> ' E'en at the sound himself had made.'

No! no! This is not, cannot be the scheme of an

all-wise Creator, who never gave an *incitement to action, without a proportionate end.* It were to contradict his own wise purpose to give this knowledge of himself, and give no more."

Observing the Doctor to pause, Tremaine said he felt all this, if it could not be done away, to be most important, and intreated him to go on.

"Sensibly, therefore, it has been asked," pursued Evelyn, "why man alone should be condemned to the universal torture of fearing death, unless there was some important object to be fulfilled by it? Now that object is evidently, by convincing us that there is something to come, to force us to set a guard over our conduct before it arrives. I have said, that if there is no future state, the beasts with their instinct are more perfect than man. Surely it is more perfect to have a visible object, visibly answered, and there an end, than both to have the object obscure, and not know whether it be answered or not. If all finish in the grave, I repeat, we should be more perfect if our inquiries and curiosity never went beyond it."

The Doctor pausing here, Tremaine allowed that he had put these arguments so forcibly that it would be difficult to overcome them. "Nevertheless," added he, "there is an answer, of the soundness of which I am indeed not perfectly sure, but which I should be glad to hear refuted."

" Your answer," said Evelyn.

" Simply this: It is most true that, from the hope and fear as to futurity which the idea of death always inspires, it may be presumable, and many may feel convinced, that that futurity must be. But you say, it is because no *end* can have been proposed in the infusion of such hope and fear, unless one or other be realized."

" I do."

" Now may not there be *this* end, even in *this* world, without the reality of a world to come? Hope is in itself a positive good, even though never realized!"

" Admitted."

" Is not Hope, then, part of the constitution of our nature? Is it not our every-day's practice to engage in the most difficult pursuits, to encounter the most menacing dangers, to persevere under the most oppressive toil, supported only by this sweet and powerful instigator, sometimes even happy in her delicious illusions, and yet fail at last in every object that kindled our exertion?"

" I grant all this," said Evelyn.

" Were I to come to particular cases," continued Tremaine, "what voyages have been undertaken, and hardships voluntarily suffered, with no other incentive but hope? All has been frustrated; and yet during the action, the hope of succeeding has kept every thing right, every thing well; and the passion

itself must be considered as a positive good, perhaps as great as the failure in the end was a misfortune."

"This may also be true," said Evelyn.

"Why, then," pursued Tremaine, "may not this hope of an hereafter, *even though there be no such thing*, be a mean, ordained by the Almighty, to incite us to good in this our earthly pilgrimage, though, as in the voyages I have supposed, the thing expected fail in the end? Thus, then, the *positive* good which you admit this hope to be while it lasts, is a complete answer to your question founded on our clinging to it in the agony occasioned by the loss of those dear to us. It assuages that agony, and renders it supportable until time finish the cure. But, as applicable to our general subject, there is even a marked and favourable difference in the hope we are discussing, from that in the every-day business of the world, to which I have compared it; namely, that in the first, none of the disappointments on which you have so much rested, supposing it to fail—that is, supposing there to be no hereafter—can possibly be experienced."

"I understand you," said Evelyn; "you mean to say, that death having occasioned a total insensibility and oblivion, the truth or falsehood of the expectation fostered can never be determined."

"That is my exact meaning," observed Tremaine.

"Your very question overthrows your whole argument," replied Evelyn.

"How?"

"Because you bring the whole into positive doubt; and positively to doubt, is to cloud the whole prospect; it is in itself a practical disappointment."

"I see not this," said Tremaine, "since to doubt is merely not to feel sure, and hope itself would not be hope, were the thing hoped for an absolute certainty."

"This, as a general proposition," said Evelyn, "is true. But you have assumed as at least likely, all that makes for you on the other side. For your answer supposes (or it is no answer at all), that to give this hope *without gratifying it,* is a part of the scheme of the government of the world by the Creator."

"I put it as a mere question," observed Tremaine, "not whether it is, but whether it *may* not be so?"

"I so understand you," said Evelyn, "and I reply, that to suppose even that it *may be* so, does away the incitement to good on which you have rested."

"I wish for more light on this," said Tremaine.

"Why, what should we say," answered Evelyn, "to the case of a body of adventurers, encouraged by their Prince to undertake some important expedition, some colony, or voyage, in the strong hope held out to them of reaping honours, riches, and happiness. The Prince has at least never been *known* to

break his word to his subjects, or *wilfully* to mislead them with false hopes."

"What then?" asked Tremaine.

"On a sudden a panic breaks out among them; either from some emissary, or their own natural, but unaccountable feelings. *Suspicions arise of the honest intentions of their Prince;* they believe, with no other proof than that it is barely *possible*, and that they cannot *prove* the negative to a demonstration, that their sovereign, hitherto so good and sincere, *may be* cheating them with a false account of this expedition, which in reality *may be* undertaken for no purpose, possibly a bad purpose, or at best to keep them peaceable for a time, and then get rid of them. I ask, what becomes of that blessing of hope which first prompted them to undertake the adventure?"

"It is poisoned," said Tremaine. "But yet if the Prince permit these suspicions....."

"That is not the question," interrupted Evelyn. "I only ask as to the state of the hope as an excitement to action? Is it even compatible with the existence of this suspicion, or the suspicion with the continuance of the hope?"

"Go on," said Tremaine.

"But what shall we say of the Prince himself,—especially if he be such as I have described him, benevolent, just, and sincere, and particularly stu-

dious of the interests of his subjects,—should he really intend to deceive them into good behaviour by promises he never meant to perform;—content in thinking their fate will overtake them before they can either discover or suffer from the deceit?"

"How can this be?" said Tremaine.

"Suppose some such case as this," answered Evelyn. "In order to secure quiet and happiness among his people, and trusting to their opinion of his fidelity to his promises, he holds out to all who have deserved well to a certain age, that they shall be conveyed to some happy place in another part of his dominions, there to pass the rest of their lives in perfect prosperity. They trust him, and set out, and are led by him or his officers to some Upas tree, where death, without even the apprehension of it, overtakes them; or to some water of Lethe, where thinking pleasantly to slake their thirst, they fall into an oblivion of all that is past, and die in either case, without discovering the cheat. We will suppose, too, that no one else discovers it; will that latter circumstance excuse the Prince, or make it one whit the more reconcileable to the character of a fair-dealing ruler, which I have fancied for him? Is it most likely, even with the good end he had in view, that such a Prince should pursue it in this disengenuous and crafty manner; or that he should propound some other less complicated and more consistent mode of accomplishing his point?"

"Certainly, the last is the most likely," said Tremaine.

"Would you, then, if the question were put to you (and always supposing the character of the Prince to be what I have represented it), decide for the first, merely because it was within a possibility of being true, that is, because the negative or impossibility of it could not be demonstrated?"

"I should not," said Tremaine.

"Yet this is the case you have supposed," observed Evelyn. "You are even *astute* in evading the consequences of the argument we began with. Now, as a logician, I do not say that astuteness may not on some occasions be fair."

Tremaine, smiling at his eagerness, asked him to explain.

"Why, where a thing is well made out, and proved to all satisfactory conviction, should any thing *apparently* inconsistent with it be started, the utmost ingenuity (by which I mean remote conjecture and fancy), are no more than fair to get rid of it. But here the astuteness is your's, against the whole weight of our preceding argument, against all analogy, nay, against all that you have yourself allowed to be the probable truth. In shorter language, what you do not, cannot, and wish not to resist, you would escape from, because of the impossibility of proving absolutely the negative of a possibility, however impro-

bable. I do not mean to say, that because hope exists, it *must* therefore be realized, but existing as the *designed* incentive to good conduct, the *suspicion* that it is to be disappointed, does away the design. To suppose it, therefore, a stimulus, yet take the stimulus away, is to suppose a contradiction."

"There is much in this," said Tremaine,

"But if this is so as to *hope*," added the Doctor, "what will you say to *fear?* That, at least, though it may be groundless, is not a positive good."

"It is a positive evil," said Tremaine; "yet supposing my conjecture probable, it also may be a mean of moral government, by deterring men from vice, although groundless in the end."

"The possibility of which, the moment you broach, and can win believers to your side, that moment you do away its terrors. My dear Tremaine, this is but sad wild work, and surely unworthy the character of argument. I should be glad to know the force of that man's virtue that is kept in order by a fear, which he thinks, or is told, is only inculcated as an inducement to that order, but that as to its reality, he is safe."

"What if I give this matter up?" said Tremaine, "satisfied that the preponderance at least of the evidence, both as to hope and fear, is with you."

"We may then proceed from the point where we left off," said Evelyn, gladly; "which was, that

these two master passions, applied as they are to induce the belief of a future state, are the best proofs that nature has given us of the existence of that state, and that if this is not true, the beasts of the field are better off than we. One, and only one supposition, can explain this otherwise."

Tremaine eagerly asked what that was?

"It is," said Evelyn, "that the Almighty regularly and visibly takes upon him to govern man in his conduct here upon this earth, in the same manner as, for a time, he governed the Jews of old. That is, that he calls us to account in our present life, judges of our actions to our faces, and rewards or punishes, as the civil magistrate rewards and punishes.

"Whether or not he does this, is what I need not ask of you."

"Certainly not," said Tremaine.

"In this the most orthodox will agree with you," replied Evelyn: "for

> 'Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
> 'The fire from Heaven that led thee
> 'Now lights thy path no more!'

"Even, then, without those yearnings of nature after farther existence, but as mere cold speculators, we say that the *apparent* irregularities in the Providence of the world, and the unbending nature of eternal justice, would alone prove that there must be

some other state, some future inquiry, some future change, to bring all things right that are now wrong. But if there is no such state, no such inquiry, no change, no judgment, how miserably, how cruelly, as well as imperfectly, are we constituted—to live in perpetual fear of them, to apprehend something in death worse, infinitely worse, than death itself! For nothing was ever more accurate, as well as sublime, than the horrors detailed by the great master of nature, in his account of the fears of the guilty Claudio, even from the mere uncertainty of his future fate:

'To die, and *go we know not where!*
'..... or to be worse than worst
'Of those, that lawless and *incertain* thoughts
'Imagine howling! 'Tis too horrible!
'The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
'That age, ache, penury, or imprisonment
'Can lay on nature, is a paradise
'To what we *fear* of death!'

Tremaine did not answer, but evidently, by his countenance and gestures, felt all the force both of the reasoning and the poetry.

"We might certainly, therefore," continued Evelyn, "have been so formed, that death might have none of these terrors, and the wish to live again be absolute madness. Who wishes to inhabit the moon, except a lunatic? If there is no hereafter, who would fear it but one equally mad?"

Tremaine again signified that he felt this to be true, but asked how it could be remedied.

"Easily," answered Evelyn, "for we might have been so constituted, as to lose friends the most affectionate, and children the most beloved, without thinking of them again; and as to ourselves, we might have carried on all the business of life, performed our fair duties, and answered all the then purposes of our creation, without that extent or refinement of reason, that view of futurity, which now belong to us. Speech, and some little more than the sense of an elephant, or the imitation of a monkey, would have done very well. We should have tilled the ground, bartered its produce, and governed by laws and the gibbet, in the same manner as now, or rather infinitely better, by having less reason, and less free-will. It is reason and free-will alone that confer upon us responsibility, and responsibility is nonsense without a future judgment."

Here he made a considerable pause, and Tremaine, whose attention was at its height, waited in silence for him to go on.

"I have done," said Evelyn, "for I have promised you to content myself with what I deem proofs, and not to travel into conjecture. I therefore purposely avoid many beautiful reflections, as well as branches of argument, which are cogent enough as auxiliaries, but which I leave out of the case,

I am willing to press nothing upon you, but what even a rhetorician, arguing for victory, cannot in my mind answer.

"One auxiliary, however, there is," continued Evelyn, "too imposing, if I may not say too convincing in its fabric and colouring, to let it pass unnoticed in an argument of this kind; and this I must therefore be forgiven if I lay before you, in all its beauty, and all its warmth."

"To what do you allude?" said Tremaine.

"To that melancholy, but too interesting lamentation of Wollaston, upon the disappointed lot of man, if, after all he has been allowed to enjoy, and expect as well as enjoy, he is to be levelled with the brutes, who never knew, never were allowed to entertain a notion of their Creator, or a hope of joining him.

"'Fancy,' says he, 'a man walking in some retired field, far from noise, and free from prejudice. Would such meditations as these be unjust?—I know that I am neither a stock, nor a stone, nor a vegetating plant; I can reason as they, or even the sensitive animals cannot do. I may, therefore, pretend to be *much* above these things. *From what is, and has been, I can gather what may be, and, by thinking, can almost be said to get into another world beforehand; and whether I shall live again, I may be certainly said to be capable of such an expectation, and am solicitous about it; which cannot be said of*

these clods and brutes. But can I be made capable of such great expectations, which those animals know nothing of (happier by far, in this regard than I, if we must die alike), only to be disappointed at last? Thus placed, just upon the confines of another better world, and fed with hopes of penetrating into it, and enjoying it, only to make a short appearance here, and then be shut out, and totally sunk? Must I, then, when I bid my last farewell to these walks, when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions, and all this scene darken upon me and go out,—must I then only serve to furnish dust, to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dust under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them at death?" "*

Tremaine allowed both the beauty and argument contained in these passages, but hesitated—for he thought of Bolingbroke.

"And what says the noble philosopher," asked Evelyn, "to these glowing sentiments? That all this is *nonsense*, proceeding from the delirium of metaphysics; that the author is a 'whining philosopher,' a 'learned lunatic.'"

"The epithet might certainly have been spared," said Tremaine.

"It is, in truth, downright scolding," returned his

* Religion of Nature, p. 219.

friend, "a *polissonnerie*, a calling of names, in every body's power, though not at all uncommon with our noble philosopher. He here, it must be owned, a little forgot himself, and that high-breeding which even Lord Chesterfield celebrates, but which, unfortunately, whatever it might have been in the drawing-room, seems always to have been forgotten in the study."

"Allowing this," observed Tremaine, "there was at least another answer."

"You shall state it," cried Evelyn.

"I remember it well," said Tremaine, "and I own that it once much impressed me. It is, that we must submit to our nature, whatever it is, and that if we are doomed by God to be trod into dirt with others, our fellow-animals, no indignity is cast upon us; that we are removed, indeed, above them by our intellectual faculties, but only in degree, and above some of them in a very small degree; that we in other respects partake their nature, nay, the nature of mere vegetables, and those very clods to which Wollaston shows such a horror of being related. All, however, is a drama, in which we are appointed actors as well as they, and resignation to our fate, which we can neither sit in judgment upon nor comprehend, is the only duty we have to perform;—satisfied to live again if we may, to die if we may not, but certainly satisfied that

God knows best what is good for us. These are the answers which Bolingbroke would have given Wollaston had he walked with him in his retired field."*

"And do they satisfy you?" asked Evelyn.

"I own not now, though I also own they once did, so far as to harden me against what I thought Bolingbroke had demonstrated to be the ejaculations of a melancholy spirit, rather than argument."

"That such a mind," replied Evelyn, "should be misled by so egregious a coxcomb!"

Tremaine almost started at this attack upon one who, for the fineness of his parts, and the attractions of his style, was still much an object of admiration with him.

* Lord Bolingbroke's Works, 4to. vol. v. sec. 50.

CHAP. XVIII.

BOLINGBROKE.

" What says King Bolingbroke?"

SHAKSPEARE.

" His reasons are like two grains of mustard seed, hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when your have them, they are not worth the search."

SHAKSPEARE.

" I ALLOW his fine parts," observed Evelyn, " and I am not ill disposed to allow a certain attraction in his style, particularly in his political writings, and most of all in his official correspondence. I am also not unwilling to say, that in the midst of such turbulence as an ambition almost frantic produced in his life, *Vacare literis*, (to use his favourite expression), and to have addressed himself in seclusion, to subjects of such high import to the mind and heart of man, was alone a considerable praise.

" There is something in this so engaging to a real searcher after truth; the very notion of a philosophic retirement is so soothing to the soul; that I

will confess to you I formerly, both in England and France, (in which last kingdom he prepared many of his philosophical works,) rode several miles out of my way to view the seats of his leisure at Fontainebleau and Dawley. At the last in particular, which, with pardonable affectation, he had painted over with rakes, and forks, and other rural emblems, (fond as he was of calling it his farm.) I lingered with interest. I fancied him there, ordering the motto over his hall-door, '*Satis beatus ruris honoribus*,' of which, he *said* at least, he was so fond. I saw him, with Pope, in his field, running after his cart, (while Pope wrote between two hay-cocks,) and viewing a rainy sky with a farmer's anxiety.* I followed them to the house, and listened to conversations which no mind imbued with any thing like classical impressions can imagine, without feeling great interest for the speakers. But having said this, here I take my leave of him."

"You have almost made amends by these admissions," returned Tremaine, "for the hard word you gave him just now."

"I cannot retract it," replied Evelyn; "for with all his attainments and love of inquiry, a more egregious coxcomb never pretended to the palm of philosophy. The same rash fatality which characterized

* See Pope's Letters.

and ruined his political life, seems to have pursued him here; and though, as I have said, I allow the fineness of his genius, I cannot disguise my contempt for him as a reasoner."

"Are you quite sure," asked Tremaine, "that there is no prejudice in this?"

"No man can be thus sure," replied Evelyn: "but I can be quite sure both that his arguments, as to essentials, were a tissue of mere pompous nothings, and that his self-sufficiency and affectation made him as offensive in his mode of putting them, as they were weak when put."

"And yet," replied Tremaine, "no man brought forward either more learning or more eloquence in support of the system."

"He had no system," answered Evelyn, "nor has he even pretended to any. Though I will do him the justice to believe he would have set one up, had he known how. He is, therefore, singularly obliged to you for giving him what he never could give himself."

"He was keen in exposing error," said Tremaine, "and supported his attacks with an erudition that astonished the world."

"There are two worlds," returned Evelyn, drily, "the learned and the unlearned. The last, perhaps, he might astonish. He had, at least, much pride, if I may not rather say vanity, in displaying this learn-

ing of his. He most certainly never lost a customer for want of exhibiting his goods. Like a small capitalist, his wares were always arranged to the best advantage, in the show-window of his shop, for passengers to admire. Yet what was said of him by Hunter, a blind and obscure, but learned parson in Cheshire, was no more than true: 'His erudition was neither deep nor exact.'* Bishop Newton, too, I think, convicted him of gross mistakes in his quotations of authors, such as attributing the Codex Alexandrinus to George the Monk, a man who knew nothing about it; such as that Virgil might have given the palm of writing history to the Romans above the Grecians, and proving it by Livy and Tacitus, one of whom had not begun to write, nor the other to live, when Virgil died. To be sure any one else might make these mistakes, but any one else who could make them, would never have usurped the high tone of insolence with which he seems to issue his decrees on all subjects, from his literary chair. Infallibility itself could not justify this, but fallibility so detected, and of which a school-boy might be ashamed, ought to have been at least more modest."

"The insolence you talk of never struck me," said Tremaine; "nay, he was celebrated for good-breeding."

* See Hunter's Sketch of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy.

"Yet all who differed from him," replied Evelyn, "were whiners, or madmen. Wollaston, we see, was both; and Clarke, whom he has the presumption to call presumptuous, together with most of the ancients, particularly Plato and Socrates, were the last. He thinks, too, had Aristotle's works been destroyed, learning and truth would have been better advanced. If this allude to Aristotle himself, never was there a more unlearned or sillier observation. This, however, is mere foppery, and despicable enough, particularly as I doubt his powers of understanding Aristotle—at least, in Greek. At the same time, for his own presumption, I need only refer you to the decent epithets which he scatters, with so full and muddy a hand, upon all, whether old or modern, sacred or profane, who ever cultivated the ethical science, or aspired to philosophy before him. He says, all are mad, foolish, dreaming *Noctambules*, fit patients for Monroe; rogues and impostors, liars or drivellers,—particularly the divines, who, be sure, are always coupled with the atheists.

"Wollaston asks *impertinent questions*, because he ventures against materialism, to demand, if matter thinks, where it begins to think? And yet, perhaps, a more obvious question never presented itself on such a subject. And for what all this abuse? For presuming to have had opinions, which this paragon Lord does not approve."

"You surely do not mean that he condemns all?" interrupted Tremaine.

"All, on my word. But, no! I correct myself, for the real atheists, and some few violent theists, are excepted. Democritus, Epicurus, and the atomists of that school—and Hobbes, and some of his fellow moderns;—these illustrious few are not disrespectfully spoken of. But for Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and such Sciolists—of course St. Paul, and the Fathers, and all Christian Polemics, Malebranche, Des Cartes, and even, in some instances, Locke, much more the irrefutable Clarke, and this excellent Wollaston,—these are mere pigmies in knowledge or wisdom, compared with this notable Lord and scholar, this prince of *philosophes soi-disants!*"

"I will grant you there was presumption," said Tremaine, with a little uneasiness; "but after all, must we not measure this by his real attainments, and weigh his pretensions by his own worth?"

"Nothing more fair," replied Evelyn; "and of that worth I would wish to take measure. Of his boasted learning I have already given a hint, though I mean not to undervalue it. Considering his busy life, and the headlong passion, described by Chesterfield, with which he gave himself up to the most licentious pleasures, as well as to the toils of an ambition that was absolutely insane, his acquirements

were astonishing. But they were not all that they appeared. I repeat, I believe he had little or no Greek, if only because he does not quote that language;—which he would have been too proud to have done if he could. His opinion of Herodotus, who, according to him, was a mere story-teller, who even professed no object but to amuse, is at variance with the judgment of all real scholars. But his Lordship was a great gleaner; a great and adroit retailer of passages which he well knew how to use. His memory (his chief gift) made that his own which belonged to other people. His quotations are as often the quotations of quotations, as original. He sometimes confesses the citation of a philosopher, or a tenet, from the logic of Port Royal. Cudworth, while he was actually criticising him, gave him much, nay, most of what he had; and old Montaigne not a little. Thus, his discoveries were borrowed from preceding navigators; and their errors as well as knowledge were alike made his own. Immediate purpose was every thing. What most annoys us is the waste of his acquisitions. Affecting the fine gentleman, and to hold pedantry in contempt, he is himself the most sovereign of pedants."

Tremaine smiled at this warmth, but did not contradict the assertion.

"It has been well said of him," continued Evelyn, "that he overwhelms himself and his reader with

names and opinions; and half his displays are to combat dreams of ancient writers who dream no more. As curiosities, they may be read, but nobody follows them. Who now cares for Plato *as a guide*, any more than for Bolingbroke himself?"

"In this last part of your critique, I agree with you," said Tremaine.

"But I have a worse quarrel with him," proceeded Evelyn.

"Let us hear it all," said Tremaine, half smiling.

"He has presumed to call such a man as Clarke presumptuous. Do you recollect the ingenuousness with which he states some of this presumption?"

"I do not," answered Tremaine; "or at least not what you point at."

"He misrepresents," proceeded Evelyn, "not merely Clarke, but almost the whole body of divines who presume, against his Lordship, to believe the course of human affairs not quite so uniformly marked with justice in the different lots of virtue and vice, as to preclude the necessity for something different in a world to come. This he converts into an absolute railing against Providence, though it in fact is the reverse. But this we could forgive. What I complain of, is not merely a misunderstanding, but a misquotation, and that a very gross one, of Clarke's, I will not say sentiments (for these he might not understand), but his language, which every one is bound o set forth in fairness."

"That is so clear," said Tremaine, "that I shall be surprised as well as sorry if you make it out."

"Yet he observes," continued Evelyn, "that Clarke complains that there are not, in many ages, plain evidences enough of the interposition of divine Providence, to convince men of the wisdom, any more than of the justice and goodness of God.*

"Will it be believed, that this is stated as a real representation, and the very pages referred to as proofs!"

"In what are they not?" asked Tremaine.

"Judge for yourself," said Evelyn. "What Clarke really says is, that *at first sight* it may appear strange that in physics the use of every thing, from the star to the pebble, seems plain at once; while in morals, there seem not in many ages plain evidences to convince men of this wisdom, justice, and goodness. 'But if,' he continues, 'we consider the matter more closely and attentively, it will not appear so strange and astonishing.'

"He then goes on to compare this world to a great, complex, fine wrought, and admirable machine; of which, if a man examine it by parts, he cannot, he says, be a fair judge of the whole, though he may understand the immediate use of the parts; and that the whole will only be revealed to us 'at the con-

* Fragments, sect. 55.

clusion of this present state,' when men '*will be surprised with the amazing manifestations of justice and goodness, which will then appear to have run through the whole series of God's government of the moral world.*'

"Here let us pause," said Evelyn.

"I see all the comment you are inclined to make," cried Tremaine, "and I am willing to spare myself the pain of thinking how accurately you have brought home your charge against a man I had thought at least more correct."

"You see he is absolutely false," continued Evelyn. "He is false in saying Clarke '*complains.*' He is false in suppressing that what did seem to appear strange, *only did so at first sight;* and he is particularly false in representing Clarke to say, that there are not plain evidences enough of justness and goodness; of which, in the end, he actually says, the whole moral government of the world will appear to be full, when all are considered together."

"This is but true," said Tremaine.

"Such," continued Evelyn, "is his representation of others. Now as to his own tenets. If Wollaston whined or was lunatic, be Bolingbroke's the praise of firmness and of common sense, who reduces us all to grovel in our instincts,—denying us the power, by abstract reasoning and induction, to arrive at the nature of the soul, so far as to believe in what we hope—

her immortality. Be his the praise of not being able to contemplate any thing beyond his outward senses; and being ready, therefore, to sink in death with his fellow-brutes, unmindful of his Maker; and at best, indifferent whether he is minded by Him."

"I should say this was not a just account," observed Tremaine, "for he always admitted there *might be* a future state, and as such prescribed the hope of it."

"For which hope," interrupted Evelyn, "he not only never gave a reason, beyond that it was not impossible, but attacked all reasons that ever were given for it by others, with a rancour which was only the more remarkable for those very shallow dogmata of his own, on which his enmity to others was founded."

"I know not your exact allusion," said Tremaine.

"I mean," replied Evelyn, "those wonderful discoveries which he details with such dignity, that what has existence exists, and what has no existence exists not; that sensual objects are the objects of sense; and objects knowable, are objects of knowledge. This one could bear, as what I have called it, a pompous nothing; but when he goes on, and sums up all his admissions as to the Deity, into a sense of his power,—denying any proof of his goodness and other moral attributes, we know not which to do most—hate such ingratitude, or deride such emptiness."

"With my present feelings," observed Tremaine, "I can allow you to say this."

"But pray observe the reasons," continued Evelyn, "of this wonderful reasoner, who was to beat down all reasoners that ever went before him. He goes on to tell you, that you are to inquire no farther than what appears,—content with phenomena; that a plain man, who is your only true philosopher, presumes not to affirm any proposition not affirmed by those phenomena,—which cannot lead him far in his inquiries about spirit, though very far as to corporeal nature; and that if he asks, why? he will give himself this plain answer—that men have, as to the one, means in their power, proportioned in some degree to the end; but they have them not in the other *in any degree*, though they proceed *phantastically* as if they had."*

"Thus, all the high reasoning, the grand, the intense interest which agitate the soul as to its being, its operations, and its ultimate fate, are, according to this Lord, this infallible, and, indeed, only discoverer of truth, a mere phantasma."

"Are you clear that this is so?" cried Tremaine; "or have I so misread or so forgotten him, as ever to have believed otherwise?"

"I am very clear," said Evelyn, "for he proceeds with his plain man, and observes, that if he is asked

* Essay I.

whether he thinks matter can be pleasure or pain, or feel desire or aversion, or have ideas, the plain man can only answer, that he cannot conceive how matter becames capable of all this, any more than how many other things are as they are; '*but that he has pushed inquiry as far as the true means of inquiry are open; that is, as far as phenomena can guide him; that he cannot draw any other conclusion from them than this,—that all animal systems are material, and that he must content himself with this, unless some other can be drawn from the same phenomena.*'—And this is the sum of his boasted philosophy."

"Yet he allows," said Tremaine, "that thought could not be matter; and so far you agree with him."

"I do," replied Evelyn; "but you will recollect, he also denies it to be spiritual,—with a view, of course, to get rid of its immortal nature. And he solves the difficulty, it must be owned, with most admirable proof."

"I know not what is coming," said Tremaine.

"Why, this wonderful stickler for sensible demonstration; this enemy of all hypothesis; this stern and stubborn demander of evidence, who rejects all argument from feeling, and derides all those who presume to trust any thing to supposition,—tells you, that 'the faculty of thinking, in all the modes of thought, *may have been* superadded by Omnipotence to cer-

tain systems of matter;' and this, in all the dignity of the dogmatism he so abuses, he adds, it is not less than blasphemous to deny."

"I remember this," observed Tremaine, "nor can I even now see he is wrong."

"Agreed," said Evelyn, "and I allow the possibility (and that is all) to which this amounts. But is *possibility* then, after all, the whole of these boasted discoveries?—possibility unsupported, and not even attempted to be supported, I will not say by argument, but by any thing. Is it for this that Bolingbroke is canonized? This possibility, observe, is not that matter thinks, but that thought *may be* superadded to matter. And is this giant, who is to destroy all systems, founded upon ever so much seeming probability, such universal and intense feeling in every man's heart—is he himself to be let off with a '*may be*,' founded upon nothing? Is this the doctrine which is to overturn all we so fondly hope, and put down all that has been so excellently reasoned; to convict Clarke of presumption, Wollaston of impertinence, and all divines of hypothetical dreaming?

"But that I know he meant the reverse, I should say that, in this, he even agreed with *us*. For what do we hold, in addition to the impossibility of matter's thinking, but that there is an union of two distinct substances, matter and spirit, mysterious and unknowable, and only certain in its effects?"

Tremaine seemed to assent, and Evelyn went on:

"What I chiefly, however, mention this for (next to the wish, as I said, of taking measure of this Lord's wonderful discoveries), was to shew the extraordinary right he has to quarrel with others, for presuming to rely upon supposition, although never so warranted by fact. In particular, I would wish to correct by it his arrogant taunt of Wollaston, where he observes, how little it becomes him or any man to presume to urge in defence of hypothesis, that 'many things are by ways which we cannot understand.' Let his own '*may be*' answer this."

Tremaine, in some agitation, and after two or three questionings, allowed that he found Evelyn was right.

"Are you satisfied, then," pursued his friend, "I will not say to *be* the brute he makes us (for that no one would be that could help it), but to believe it *proved* that you are so, by evidence so clear, by reasoning so profound, by superiority to all intellect and all learning, so manifest and so consummate?"

"You triumph," said Tremaine.

"No! not absolutely triumph; but I own I wish to prove that I am not unjust in the contempt I have professed for this very shallow, and very self-sufficient Lord. When he comes to broach his own principles I give his pen all the credit you can claim for his well-turned periods; nay, I will own, he is

powerful in sifting and overturning the errors of others; but with such personal vanity as swells him, such affectation of wisdom, such real weakness, may I not be permitted to bestow upon him the very epithet he does not blush to apply to Seneca, whom he calls *a stoical fop*—himself the prince of all fops?"

"Still you think too meanly of him," said Tremaine.

"I think him," replied Evelyn, "as I have said, a flimsy sciolist, with all his learning; nor can we wonder at Burke's exclamation, 'Who now reads Bolingbroke?—who ever read him throughout?'"

"My dear friend," said Tremaine, "if I allowed you to go on you would become a railer. You almost already emulate Warburton, and but that you are not absolutely so coarse, I should have thought that divine had uttered many of the sentences I have been listening to. You must not be surprised if I am not at my ease to see a once dazzling authority so broken down, and his acquisitions (admired and acknowledged by all) so undervalued. At any rate, I own you beat me out of all guard and fence. I must ever admire St. John, but I can no longer shelter myself behind him as an authority."

"Let us compound," said Evelyn: "I will join you in the admiration of his parts, and you shall give him up to me as a philosopher."

CHAP. XIX.

PREPARATION.

" I dare not say
" How near the tidings of our comfort are."

SHAKSPEARE.

The notes from which I have formed this history supply me with little more of the philosophical or religious discussions between our two friends; certainly, with no more that occurred in the Episcopal garden at Orleans.

In fact, Tremaine is described as having become silent and abstracted during the rest of the excursion, and as scarcely uttering a sentence during the row back to Mount St. Jules, at the foot of which Evelyn landed him, and they took leave of one another with emphatic and meaning looks, though almost without a word. Each was nearly exhausted, and stood in need of repose. Here, however, Evelyn had all the advantage; for to see, and be greeted as he was by Georgina, after so many hours' absence, was repose enough.

It was late in the day when he returned, and his

daughter, with opening arms and a beaming countenance, was at the little garden-gate to welcome him, after what she called a long, long delay.

Such greeting could not fail to dissipate the air of seriousness which hung still upon his brow—the consequence, not merely of the deep discussions in which he had been tried, but of the various plans which he had been revolving during the passage from Orleans, for which Tremaine's silence and self-meditation had given him ample leisure.

In all his reflections, however, there was now something consolatory. Whatever difficulties still remained to be smoothed, it was evident he had gained a sincere victory in essentials, over the scepticism of Tremaine. The whole fabric of that friend's doubts had been undermined, and they tottered to their foundations. It was scarcely possible, after his frequent and candid, we may say his joyful admissions, that complete recovery was not at hand, although time might certainly, and surely not unnaturally, be required to settle the many complicated topics which had employed him, into something like order. In the main, however, Evelyn saw enough had been done to open a wide passage to all he so devoutly wished. He could not but remember the important position from which Tremaine had set out, two days before, that if the difficulties presented by natural religion, by metaphysics, and the philo-

sophy which, through Bolingbroke, had for so many years swayed him, could be got over, the admission of all those important postulates which Paley prefixes to his Evidences of Revelation, would soon follow, and then ..... !

All this had flashed through Evelyn's mind, with the rapidity of thought when it obeys our happiest hopes, our fondest desires; and though he allowed as much as any one for the return of old feelings, yet he recollected that still older feelings, in short, the earliest, had been of a contrary cast. Can we wonder, then, if this good father, naturally confiding, and even sanguine in his nature, fond of Tremaine, and actually admiring him for the utmost delicacy of honour, should already have conceived hopes that all he so wished was upon the eve of being accomplished?

When he met Georgina, therefore, at the gate, he had shaken off his seriousness, and greeted her with more than his usual happiness of smile; and when—half jest, half earnest—she complained of his very long absence, and asked what he had been about, that had so detained him, he replied, "I won't be catechized," with so much of (almost) playfulness mixed with his decision of tone, that, though her curiosity was raised, all uneasiness was put to flight.

A second attack upon him was parried by a declaration that he was so cravingly hungry, it was impossible he could give any account of the fine service

he had attended in the cathedral, or the fine holiday he had been witnessing in the Bishop's garden, till after dinner. Lisette had told Georgina that it was a *grand jour de fête* at Orleans, with something like a sigh that she had not been able to attend; and had said so much about the grand ceremonies, and grand music, and the promenade afterwards in the palace-garden, and Georgina had been contriving so many plans to gratify her, though all had proved abortive; that, in truth, a less guileless young woman than herself would have been content to lay the blame of her father's absence entirely upon the occurrences of this fête alone.

And now the Doctor, having got rid of all the Orleans dust, with which the sand of the Bishop's walks had plentifully supplied him, and having, moreover, in the few minutes of his retirement, taken his resolution how to act, rejoined his daughter,—determined from that moment to prepare her for all the wonders he had to relate. He sat down, therefore, to his repast, in the highest good-humour, both with himself and Georgina, whom he complimented on improved looks, with peculiar pleasure. He was soon, however, pressed into the service of relating all he had seen in the chapel and the palace, not a little to the discomfiture of Lisette, whose waiting was completely spoiled by it. The regret, indeed, of having missed "*un si grand bonheur*," entirely got the better

of her, and, after two or three mistakes behind Georgina's chair, she exclaimed, in all the bitterness of a French girl's despair, "Oh! mon Dieu! toute la ville, et je n'y fus pas!"

The Doctor, to console her, said they should all go in the new barge to Orleans the next day, when the service was to be repeated, and the promenade too.

"I think you so improved, my dear love," said he to Georgina, "that even you might enjoy it, if the weather, as is likely, continue."

Georgina sighed at the word *enjoy*.

When they were alone—"I agree, my dearest Georgy," said her father, "to enjoy is much for us to expect; and yet, from my own sensations, I am not without the hope that joy is not yet extinct for either of us."

"I could almost suppose from your manner, my dear father," replied Georgina, "you had made some discovery that was at least agreeable."

She said this with inquiring, if not anxious eyes, and she thought of her general situation, rather than of Tremaine particularly; though, if an indistinct idea of his image flitted across her imagination as she said it, you who have ever known what it is to love, much more to be forced to banish the object of your affections, say whether you can blame her!

"Not to keep you in suspense, my sweet Georgy," replied her father, "I confess that I *have* discovered

things at Orleans rather of more consequence than Jomelli, or the happy *bourgeoisie* I have been describing."

"You will tell it me in your own good time," cried Georgina, striving to suppress agitation which began to be too strong for her.

Her father, who watched her critically, then said, "To prevent too great expectation, I will tell you at once, dear love, that you may soon expect to hear of your pretty friend Mélainie."

The joy with which this was received was certainly not unaccompanied by disappointment, and even by something like vexation. Evelyn saw this, when, in return for his communication, she expressed the pleasure it gave her, and asked particulars, perhaps not with so much eagerness as, at another time, she would have shown.

"One seldom goes into a continental banker's shop," replied he, "without picking up something besides money: so I have brought away the newspaper, with an account of the changes of quarters in our army of observation in France, in which I naturally looked for any thing that might concern Colonel Osmond and his bride."

"They are at Cambrai," said Georgina.

"They *were* at Cambrai," returned Evelyn; "but the Cambrai letter here says, 'We have lost our commandant, who has asked and obtained leave of ab-

sence for two months, to visit, with his beautiful bride, the inheritance of Mount St. Jules, near Orleans, to which she has so recently been restored.' "

" Good Heaven !" exclaimed Georgina, with eagerness, " Mount St. Jules ! This is indeed a wonder no one could have expected."

" And why not ?" said the Doctor. " Where is the wonder, that a lady should succeed to an estate entailed upon her by her grandmother, or visit it when duly put in possession by law ?"

" But that we should be here in her own very house, and know nothing of its being her's..... !"

" How could we," returned Evelyn, " when it is only a banker that knows any thing, and it was only to-day that I saw Monsieur d'Oisant and his newspaper ?"

" Ah ! my dear father, it cannot have been without design you brought me hither. In this pretty place your romance seems to have revived, and even revelled. It accounts for your long absences at the château. You have known this secret long, and only kept it from me in consideration of my weakness and my....."

At this she stopped, a deep sigh escaped her, and her nerves were beginning to be unstrung.

" On my word," said her father, moved by her emotion, " I knew not, till I first visited the château, to whom it belonged; nor, till Monsieur d'Oisant

told me, how soon our little friend and her gallant husband might be here."

"Tell it me all," said Georgina, thinking now only of Mélainie.

The Doctor then recounted, with some care, lest he should be caught tripping, and not, as he said, without a little cheating of the devil (a favourite phrase of his), what he had learned from Tremaine, the Banker, and the Bishop; that old Madame de Montauban, the Count's mother, had been the heiress of St. Jules, which was settled, on her marriage, upon her second son if she had two; if only one, on her eldest daughter; failing which, upon the children of her heir, in the same manner; that, leaving the Count her sole heir, the estate descended to Mélainie, in due course of law; and that, after a long and hopeless interruption, occasioned by the Revolution, the return of the old order had invested her with this agreeable inheritance, which, in company with her husband, she was hastening to visit, without the least knowledge of who were in the neighbourhood.

"And when may they be expected?" asked Georgina.

"To-night, to-morrow, or next day,—any day, or any hour," said Evelyn. "Monsieur d'Oisant has hurried on the furnishing, and has announced that the château would be ready by the time they could arrive; and to-day's newspaper, you see, tells us they have set out."

"My dear Mélainie!" cried Georgina: "But she will find me much altered."

"I trust you will alter again, my love," observed her father, cheerfully, though thoughtfully; "and then my favourite line of prophecy will be realized—

'The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
'Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl.'"

So saying, he embraced her, and, without knowing why, she felt much soothed.

CHAP. XX.

DISCLOSURE.

"What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? And when shalt thou see him again?"

SHAKSPEARE.

PERHAPS I need not inform the reader of what his imagination must have told him, the moment Mélainie was mentioned—that it was the connection of Tremaine with his excellent friend Osmond that had seated him in the retirement of the château of St. Jules.

Recluse as he thought himself at Oxford, and as

indeed for several months he actually had been, he caught a sudden alarm at the sight of the superscription of the letter from Mr. Davenport to Evelyn, which has been mentioned. His resolution, his thoughts, occupations, and studies, were all overturned by it; and he fled, almost the next day. At that moment, he received from Osmond an account of Mélainie's establishment in her rights, adding so romantic a description of the château, which he lamented that his duty prevented him from inhabiting, that Tremaine caught at it, and only the more for its deserted state. He asked and received the loan of it from his friend, whose steward he offered to be till he wished to inhabit it; fitting up only a room for himself. This, Osmond, who knew and indulged his humour, instantly complied with.

Hence all that has been related, both as to the at first denuded state of the house, and the busy bustle that instantly succeeded, to make it habitable.

Upon being acquainted with the particulars of Mélainie's succession, Georgina became remarkably thoughtful. Her joy at the expected meeting was most sincere; but her thoughts wandered. Nor was Evelyn much less meditative and absent.

At length, after a pause, "You bear this, dear love," said he, "less well than I had expected."

"I hope not," replied Georgina; "I am sure I rejoice to think such good friends so near; but I own....."

"What does my Georgy own?"

"I am wondering whether Colonel Osmond will not bring us some information concerning———him we have lost," faltered Georgina.

"Perhaps he will," replied her father, as coolly as he could.

"'Tis at least natural he should know something," said the anxious girl.

"Nothing so natural," rejoined her father.

"And yet, when you wrote to the Colonel," observed Georgina, "he knew, or would tell nothing."

"That was a long time ago," said the Doctor.

Georgina looked in her father's face, to see if there was any thing there that gave a meaning to these words, more than their simple import; and, in her anxiety to know, she thought she could discover there was something still behind, that he was desirous, yet hesitating to tell.

"My dearest father will not, I am sure, deceive, nor even conceal from me any thing I ought to know," said Georgina; "only tell me that all is well, or at least not ill, and I will be satisfied."

But here emotion got the better of her, and her quick breathing, which always created alarm in her anxious parent, for a time made him repent his too sudden design (as he began to think it) of disclosing all he knew.

Big, indeed, with so many important objects and

feelings, he was scarcely less moved himself; and his eyes more than glistened when he told her that all was not only not ill, but, as he hoped, well.

Georgina, astonished, begged him to go on,—declaring she was particularly calm; and, to prove it, gave him one of those smiles which always forced him to do whatever she pleased.

But here, reader, I must stop, and crave thee to help me in what remains of my task. It is not easy, neither would it perhaps amuse, or even interest, to tell thee in detail, what thou must long ago have foreseen, and what, if thou hast a heart such as can taste this history, thou canst imagine better than I can tell it thee.

In fine, Evelyn, perceiving that his daughter was in such a state of suspicion, of raised expectation, of hope, doubt, and fear, that it would really do her more harm than good to leave her longer in ignorance, resolved, whatever the consequence of discovery, to go on with his design; and he did so the more readily, I may say the more cheerfully, from the conviction which he assured Georgina was on his mind, that the errors of Tremaine were fast fading away, if not entirely cured.

Georgina's was, as we have seen, a firm mind—firmer than most; and it must be owned, it required all the firmness she possessed to bear this communication, so as not to be entirely overset by it. The

embraces and soothing of her father, and his encouragement of her, not merely to talk, but to give vent to her feelings, were at last attended with what he desired,—a soft relaxation of that pent-up effort which sometimes is too much for our nature.

He was, therefore, not ill pleased to see, instead of violence and hysterics, her eyes overflow in precious drops, which might truly be compared to a 'gentle rain from Heaven,' if the paleness of her cheek, and the agitation of her features, had not rather likened them to what the same inspired painter has called—

"The honey-dew upon a gathered lily."

It was, indeed, long, very long, before she was sufficiently recovered to speak with common collectedness.

That Tremaine—the admired, the loved, the respected, (respected with all his errors)—should be so near her, nay, have been so for three whole days—approaching so fast, as her father said, to all they both wished, so as to remove the whole cause of that dreadful mental and bodily suffering which had almost reduced her to the grave;—that he should have preserved all his love, and, what was almost of as much importance, cleared himself of those semblances of unkindness on his retreat, which had so much added to her distress;—that all this should be, seemed indeed a dream, if not a miracle; and the task of

her father, to keep her calm, was, with all his caution, difficult indeed.

Good sense prevailed, and resignation, which often supplies its place where it is not. United, how could they fail? The evening was not far advanced, when Evelyn had the delight of finding her inclined to walk, and, though agitated, yet not enough so to alarm him for her, while questioning him even to minuteness upon all the great points that now involved her dearest interests.

We may suppose the great point of all was not forgotten; nor can we be surprised that, on this, her father's asserted satisfaction was sufficient warranty for her's.

"I think we may depend upon it," said her father, "that his pride is beaten down; and his masters having lost their authority, nature and natural feeling have resumed their power over him. In truth, he is no longer the same person. I had a fear, indeed, but it was dissipated almost as soon as conceived."

Georgina somewhat anxiously asked the nature of that fear.

"I feared that you, or the hope of you, might have had too much influence in the change; but I am convinced it is not so. Indeed, the obstinacy, or rather pertinacity, with which he defended all his doubts, proves this: for he was armed at all points, and so powerfully, that I assure you I scarcely wonder at his

resistance, or the hold which error had taken of him. His very enthusiasm (for I think his feeling amounted to it), made him only the more obnoxious to mistake. No ! much as he loves you, I am quite sure that even *you* have had nothing to do with his renunciations."

" Did this appear ?" asked Georgina, with some curiosity.

" It more than appeared," said Evelyn; " it was solemnly asserted by himself; and I am convinced that what he intimated was true—that his very jealousy and suspicion of himself, in this particular, have only prolonged this singular contest. But for this, he would not have fled from Oxford—perhaps even would have returned to us."

" He will return now?" said Georgina, hesitatingly.

" I have but to hold up my finger," answered Evelyn, " and he will be at your feet."

Georgina trembled, and leaned more closely on her father, who felt he had gone as far as her state would permit.

" Be not alarmed, my love," added he ; " you shall yourself be the arbitress of his probation; I only give you leave to make it as short as your feelings and your strength will permit."

CHAP. XXI.

CONCLUSION.

" This day shall be a love-day."

SHAKSPEARE.

" I do not shame
" To tell you what I was, since my *conversion*
" So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am."

SHAKSPEARE.

All the belfries in Orleans, and one or two *clochers* to boot, that reared their little heads between the city and Mount St. Jules, had been ringing their hearts out for full an hour, before Osmond and *sa belle héritière, en barouche à cinq chevaux*, arrived at Monsieur d'Oisant, the banker's, and, after partaking a collation offered them by that well-bred gentleman, embarked in a barge he had prepared for them, in order to proceed by water to their newly fitted chateau.

An attendant barge, filled with music, the horns of which excited beautiful echoes on both sides of the river, accompanied them on the way; and the acclamations of a cloud of people styled *les pauvres de*

la ville, among whom Osmond had ordered fifty louis to be distributed, raised a cry of joy, not the least of those satisfactory sounds which welcomed Mélainie d'Osmond, *née* de St. Jules (for that was now her designation), to the seat of her ancestors.

The scene was so gay, so gilded, so happy—a virtuous (are we not to add, a romantic?) union seemed so perfectly crowned—the boatmen were so proud of their pretty mistress, and the vessel seemed so proud of itself—it danced, indeed, so buoyant on the waters—that we who saw their approach thought of some of the most beautiful passages of Gray, without their threatening conclusion:—

> " Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> " While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
> " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,—
> " Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."

So it seemed, and so it was; for happier people never existed than Osmond and his bride. But there were others as happy.

It will be recollected that Georgina, too, had a boat, not so fine, indeed, as Monsieur d'Oisant's inventive powers had made the bridal couch (for such was its French taste) of Mélainie, but still a very pleasure-giving boat; and this had pulled up to the stairs of the fishing-house but a few minutes before Tremaine led her (for he actually did lead her) through the walk that was bounded by the river, and

embarked with her and her father to meet their friends, whom they now judged to be midway from Orleans to the château.

But, as I have observed, I never was good at a *scene*, though I can relate what is told me with fidelity enough. And this must be my excuse, if I have passed over a much more touching, as well as important one, than the meeting of these good friends, which yet I mean to pass over too.

Tremaine had received that beckon of Evelyn, which he talked of making when Georgina permitted it; and the consequence was exactly as Evelyn had prophesied,—for, in a very few minutes indeed after Tremaine received the summons, he was at her feet: not, however, to be unqualifiedly happy—for the wan and worn countenance he beheld struck him with dismay; nor was it relieved by the sweetness of that heavenly smile which we have so often endeavoured to make the reader feel. In truth, the contrast only made both more affecting: for if he thought Heaven opened upon him, it was only to fear that it was about to close for ever.

And yet a delicious confusion tinged for a moment with rose the wanness which appalled him;—but only for a moment: for it was the rose of joy, indeed, but not of health; too sad, as well as too beautiful an illustration of a beautiful description, I think, by Fox:—

"And friendship gives what cruel health denies."

Forty-eight hours, however, produced changes that rejoiced his heart; for, as restraint, anxiety, and uncertainty wore off, ease and even cheerfulness returned, and he had the bliss of recognizing something like a renovation of those *riants* looks, and that delightful sweetness, which, as he thought, no other countenance ever exhibited.

We may suppose farther explanations were held with Evelyn, and, through him (for he would allow none from Tremaine himself), with Georgina; but I will not mention one of them. It is sufficient that all Evelyn's hopes were realized, and that he already felt full conviction that the terms originally proposed by Tremaine might now be accepted, with the most perfect reliance upon not merely a future, but a speedy satisfaction, upon *every point.*

Yes! upon *every one!* For, "vain wisdom" and "false philosophy" being now beaten down, how easy, as well as how consoling was the belief of revelation! —and if Locke, if Newton, if Bacon, if Boyle were Christians, because wiser than all others in metaphysics, as well as physics, and profoundly wiser in the very points of what Bolingbroke so strongly demands—*phenomena*, what wonder if Bolingbroke's pupil, his mistakes set right, felt obliged to follow them?

And follow them he did, even their whole length, and with his whole heart; and, almost by the time

that he led his rich reward, his lovely bride, to the altar; certainly before he had been long the happy husband he afterwards became.

In fact, the arguments that have been related, pondered over and over again, led him to this:—that there was no contradiction; but, on the contrary, that every thing in natural, led to the support of revealed religion: and that the very doubts and difficulties which attend the one, are the strongest reasons (always supposing contradiction removed), to induce the belief of a necessity for the other.

I have little more to say; nay, I have done: for the total change of that mental feeling, which had been the sole cause of Georgina's decay of health, soon produced that other change which it pleased Heaven not to deny; and it was with delight, exquisite as had been his misery, that Evelyn saw the opinion of the physicians confirmed, that bodily disease had not irrecoverably spread.

Near two months spent in absolute bliss at St. Jules, where she daily gained strength, proved this to all their heart's content; after which it had been settled that they should return to England, and in a month more that our admired girl should be established mistress at Woodington, as she had long been enthroned queen in the heart of its owner.

All these tidings were duly communicated to one whom we hope the reader has not forgotten: that

trusty, rough, but excellent friend, that zealous, bustling, and original piece of Yorkshire, that type of honesty and all good feeling, Jack Careless, who has been but too long out of sight. His affliction at losing his friends had been so great, that he fain would have accompanied them, notwithstanding his hatred to France; and this perhaps was only forbidden by Georgina's weak state, which made her father fear so robust a companion.

To him, however, every thing that might be deemed incident, was now communicated;—the stopping at the fishing-house, the meeting with Tremaine in the gallery of St. Jules, his sojourn there, his junction with the Evelyns, his offer, and his acceptance. Nor do I know that I can better wind up this history, than with the answer of this genuine son of nature and Yorkshire, exactly transcribed as follows:

"*Bachelor's Hall, August —.*

"My dear 'Squire and Doctor,

"I never was so surprised nor so overjoyed in all my whole life, as at the receipt of your kind letter. I was so happy for dear Georgy, to think she was better, and you so hopeful she would get well, besides them other extraordinary things you

tell about, and all that was to be, that in short I could eat no dinner yesterday, though my supper was not the worse for it.

"I hope I did not do wrong in telling Becky a great deal, but, indeed, the poor woman thought dear Georgy worse, seeing I could not eat, and began to take on so, that I was obliged to give her a bit of comfort, so now the whole town has it, and the bells at Belford, Evelyn, and Woodington, are all ringing as if it was statute fair.

"I have set a barrel of beer a-running, and am just come out of the cellar with half a dozen bottles of wine for Becky for dinner, for I have sent to Checkers for John Christmas and Mary, and to Evelyn for Margaret, gardener, butler, and cook, and went myself to Woodington, to inform Mrs Watson, and ask her to the feast; but the old soul declined, telling me that it was not the way to thank God. She, however, cried enough, which I suppose was *her* way, and an odd one too. I also nabbed landlord of Hound and Horn, who happened to come in just in the nick, and them and the farmer and his wife, and any more as I dare say I shall see that loves Georgy, will make it merry enough. I am not sure that I shall not take a bit with them myself—why shouldn't I?

"Every body is mad with joy at your all being so much better, which seems to me, however, rather

out of the way in regard to the place. For I often wonder why it is that sick people so often get well in France, when they can't do so in England, not even in Yorkshire. Howsoever, I care not how it is done, if my dear Georgy is really better, and though I am to lose my little wife, I won't mind if its for her good, which to be sure it is, for Woodington 'Squire is a noble fellow, with all his crankums; don't tell tho'. As to your account how it all came about, that is the most wonderful of all. It seems downright conjuration, and I should say Rector was bamming, if I did not know he would scorn to do so with such a friend as me. But, indeed, it was a little queer that you should have found 'Squire where you did, a-top of an old tower with a little staircase. And yet it is just like one or two he has got here in his own hall; so that it makes it more surprising that he should run the country and quit Yorkshire to be married in France, in a castle belonging to Bonaparte—that is, it would belong to him if he was still Emperor. For if the 'Squire and Georgy were to have made this match, it is marvellous, dear Rector, that it was not done long ago in the West Riding, where both lay so handy to it.

"However, I should be glad to know how the trout bite in that river you mention, where I own the fishing-house stands comfortable enough; but as for the castle, I do hope it will not make so fine a

fellow as Colonel Osmond forget old England, tho' I believe he is but Lancashire. You will please to give my humble service to him and the 'Squire, whom I can't but say I envy a bit.

"Who would have thought it after all!

"But I must give over, for clock has struck two, and I never wrote so much in all my life, no, not even to Farmer's Magazine, where, by-the-bye, my last account of fattening pigs on mashed turnips was thought so good, that Editor says I shall always be welcome, so pray make haste home with your dear girl, and gladden us all again by the sight.

"I am,

"Dear Doctor and Friend,

"Your's till death,

"J. CARELESS."

THE END.

NOTE.

THE Author wishes, not so much to correct, as to alter, an assertion in the argument, *à priori*, as it is called, in the Ninth Chapter of this Volume, on the Natural Immortality of the Soul. It is in Page 99, where it is stated that the brain is dissolved once in every forty-eight hours. Though undoubtedly the Author did not venture this assertion except upon what he thought good authority, yet as he is aware how difficult it must be to prove it, and it has excited remark in very sensible men, he would rather incline to the argument as put by the late learned and ingenious as well as pious Mr. Rennell, who contents himself with stating, that from the fact of the existence of absorbents in the brain, there must be a periodical change in that organ, and this change, he collects, must *at least* be once in every ten years.* Now, however great the difference between ten years and forty-eight hours, the consequence drawn from the argument against the Identity of the brain is altogether the same. The Author is therefore the less anxious to rest upon it in the extent to which (relying upon the authority he followed) it was carried in the first Edition.

This part of the general Argument was written long before the Author had the good fortune to see Mr. Rennell's Treatise.

* " *Remarks on Scepticism.*"

LONDON:
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 056526400